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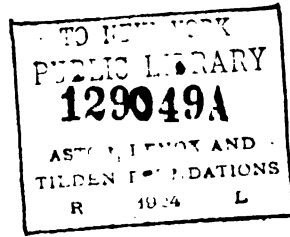
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Present Conditions in the Yukon Gold Fields

By A. A. LINDSLEY.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

VOLUME III

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1899

NUMBER 1

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THE CHRISTMAS number of *The Pacific Monthly* will be of unusual interest. A new and attractive cover design is being prepared, and a heavy enameled-book cover paper will be used. The contents will be interesting and varied. The new department, "The Home," will contain Dr. Whitaker's "Some Suggestions on Domestic Economy"; Captain Harry L. Wells will have a story about "The Oregon Trail"; there will be a sketch by Ella Higginson, several short stories, "A Twentieth Century Problem," a study in social conditions, and short, crisp treatments of questions of the day. In addition to these, other articles by prominent local and Coast writers are being prepared for this number.

New Department, "THE HOME," begins in this number.

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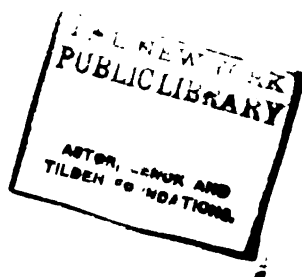
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ALFRED PETERSON, Photo.

The Boy with the Hoe.

(See Page 10.)

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. III.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 1.

Present Conditions in the Yukon Gold Fields.

By A. A. LINDSLEY.

WHEN one realizes that the wonderful deposits of gold in the frigid and inhospitable region of the Klondike are covered with many feet of frozen muck and earth and gravel, it is a never-ending cause of surprise that they should ever have been discovered, and is so even to him who has personally known the ferment produced in humanity by the sacri auri fames.

In the richer creek claims the depth to bedrock averages less than thirty feet, but shafts have been sunk through more than one hundred feet of earth frozen to that great depth. Inasmuch as in the coldest of modern winters the ground freezes for no more than six feet, and since throughout the Yukon watershed generally the frost reaches no greater depth than this, the only reasonable explanation of conditions as they exist on the Klondike and in other limited areas of the Yukon basin is that the ground has remained frozen ever since the glacial age in which the gold was deposited where it is now found.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THAWING.

To reach pay gravel and the still richer bedrock the ground must all be thawed. In the past this has been done by the direct application of fires built upon (or in the drifts, against) the frozen muck or soil or gravel, a slow and tedious process expensive of labor and wasteful of fuel. In winter the danger of asphyxiation entails additional cost of sinking an air shaft if the work is rushed, and in summer the added risk of car-

bonic acid gas so intensifies the danger that there has been almost no summer work except where the shallow depth to bedrock permits of summer sluicing, a condition seldom existent in creek claims, but found in many "bench" claims.

Many and costly experiments have been conducted looking to the saving of labor and fuel, and now these efforts have been crowned with success through the application of steam conducted by pipes from boilers on the surface down the shafts along the drifts, and allowed to escape through steel points driven several feet into the frozen earth. The new process has worked a complete revolution in many respects. Less labor is required at one dollar or more per hour. There is a great saving in fuel, which is a very important consideration in a sparsely settled region in some parts of which wood already costs \$30 per cord.

One of the greatest gains is in the adaptability of the new process to summer work. It is then that men labor more advantageously through twenty-four hours of arctic daylight, returns are immediate, and ten per centum or more is saved by depositing pay dirt directly in the sluice boxes, as against rehandling the winter's dumps the following spring. On many claims there will also be a great gain by use of steam power for hoisting, sawing and pumping. Another distinct gain to the mining interests of the Klondike through the use of steam is found in the fact that the

greatly reduced cost of operation will enable owners to work many claims at a profit which must otherwise have remained unworked. Many steam plants are already at work, and almost all the available spare boilers on the Pacific coast (with some that are not suitable) have started for Dawson, but many will not reach their destination until navigation opens in 1900.

SUBSEQUENT METHODS—OWNERSHIP OF CLAIMS.

The primitive method of thawing by fire has had its day; that of steam has now come, and by it individual owners will continue to operate for years with satisfactory results. Then the ground, reverting to the Crown, will be turned over to concessionaries, who by hydraulic process will extract at least as much of the precious metal as has previously been secured by individual effort.

Under the mining laws and regulations of Yukon territory, individuals cannot acquire title to placer mines, but receive annual grants which are renewed as long as the requirements are complied with as to licenses, royalty, and work performed. Creek claims are limited to five hundred feet in length, and although individuals and corporations may acquire by purchase as many as they pay for, questions of water rights and dumping ground make it almost impossible to operate on the large scale demanded for successful hydraulic work until the time comes when, private rights having expired, concessions of miles in length may be handled as single propositions. Then will all the valleys and hillsides be scoured clean to bedrock, and the gold secured which has escaped the individual because of inefficient facilities, cost of handling waste, accidents and the obstructive forces of nature generally and particularly. None can, therefore, predict the length of life of the Dawson mining district (as it is now officially designated), but it is safe to prophesy, in view of the wonderfully rich deposits and for the reasons already outlined, that it will continue for a great many years to furnish a very considerable portion of the world's supply of gold.

CAPE NOME.

The Klondike episode has so stimulated the search for gold in Alaska that discoveries already made promise to rival the Klondike in extent and total returns, if not in richness. Of the many gold-bearing fields the first that can pose successfully as a rival to the Klondike is Cape Nome, which, although generally regarded down to as late a date as August of this year as having occasioned an unwarranted excitement, has already produced gold running into the millions.

The gold is secured with far less effort than on the Klondike, the ground not being frozen to unknown depths, nor is bedrock so far below the eager search of the prospector. Though their great value has been established, but little work has yet been done on the gold-bearing creeks of the new district, the time since discovery having been too brief; but on many miles of ocean beach hundreds of miners with rockers each limited to a strip sixty feet in width, close down to the heavy surf, have saved from \$10 to \$100 of the precious dust during each working day of the later summer of 1899. As on other gold beaches, the dust found in the sand is very fine, but this beach is unique in having a cement bedrock bearing a thin stratum which carries coarse gold.

Except in regard to the mining laws and regulations, conditions have thus far been more trying than on the Klondike, owing to the worse climate, the lack of all timber except driftwood, and the lack of the creature comforts that will come later. But lumber, fuel and supplies are easily accessible from the lower coast, and next season will witness great activity at Cape Nome. As far as is known all the rick creek claims are appropriated, and the beach diggings will not last forever, from which it would appear that men should not go there unless to trade or work for wages. But the limits of the district do not seem to be yet defined, and the hope of new discoveries there or elsewhere in Alaska promise to occasion a rush to the district next spring of many thousands who are prejudiced against prospecting on Canadian soil by mining experiences in

the Yukon and Atlin districts.

AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES.

Although a few hardy vegetables can be raised on the Yukon, it is preposterous to talk seriously of any agricultural development of the region, nor will it ever come to the front as a stock-raising country until some genius shall domesticate the caribou or evolve a profit from rearing the hybrid malemoot. Whatever settlements may become permanent on the Yukon will be resultant upon the development of other than agricultural resources, some of which will yet astonish the world.

DAWSON.

Dawson itself has seen great improvements in many respects within a twelve-month. The water front is now used for legitimate purposes, for wharves and warehouses. Better buildings have replaced those destroyed by fires of last winter, and sanitary regulations are so well enforced that it is really a healthy city. Law and order have always been enforced by the Northwest Mounted Police in a manner to win the hearty admiration of the most critical of foreigners. The population of the district has been reduced to one-half of that of 1898 by the exodus of prospectors to the American side of the line and of the quitters

who have not yet learned why they took the tiresome northern journey. As a direct result, wages have materially advanced. Provisions are plentiful at reasonable prices.

THE PROSPECTS.

For the quarter ending September 13, 1899, the purchases of gold by the United States assay office at Seattle exceeded eight and one-quarter millions of gold, which breaks the record. Practically all of this came from the Klondike and from Alaska, the latter a vast region the exploitation of whose mineral resources has hardly begun. Rich deposits of placer gold have been found widely distributed, nor is it unreasonable to expect that the ceaseless energy of the prospector will yet lay bare many others. The gold-bearing quartz veins already located are almost innumerable, on one of which 840 stamps are crushing ore with a never-ceasing iteration. The swift advance of gold production of this northern region indicates that it may soon lead the world in its output. Its other resources as yet undeveloped, but partly known to the explorer, and practically unknown to the world, offer wonderful promise to commercial enterprise, and bid fair to furnish for a century to come the most profitable market of all that are naturally tributary to the Pacific Coast.

To a Chrysanthemum.

With rain-clouds scudding o'er the skies,
When blooming-time with summer dies;
When winter's chill fore-running breeze
Has snatched their robes from shiv'ring trees;
When earth a brooding silence keeps,
Like mother when her baby sleeps;
With bird-songs hushed in Nature's calm,
Before the deep Thanksgiving psalm,—
The heart were sad, the lips were dumb,
But for thy face, Chrysanthemum!
October's winds nor frosts offend,
For thou art no fair-weather friend.
Thou hardy, stalwart, high-born knight,
With shield of gold or plume of white!

Josephine Kraal.

The Fish's Eye.

By HERBERT V. PERRY.

THE rain had been pouring down for hours. We had long since given up trying to ride, and now it was with the utmost difficulty that we could even push our wheels before us as we walked. Every few minutes we came to a halt, and I turned my light on the doctor's wheel, while he scraped off the sticky, red clay from the sprocket and forks; and when he had cleared it sufficiently to allow the wheels to revolve, he turned his light upon mine, while I performed the same operation. It was as dark as pitch, and as we proceeded the road grew worse and worse, and the rain came down in torrents.

"You are sure we are on the right road?" queried the doctor, as we stopped to puff a bit, after slipping and sliding across a rocky ravine.

"Oh, yes, there can be no doubt about it, for old Pete told us to take the first road to the left, which, he said, would lead us to the trail down to the river. This shower will be over by morning, and the fishing is always better after a rain," said I encouragingly, but, to tell the truth, in my own mind I was beginning to have my doubts about the road.

These doubts grew into certainties before we had gone much farther, for the road was crossed here and there by fallen trees, and low underbrush barred our progress. At last, realizing that it was useless to try to go any further, I stopped, and had the mortification of owning up to the doctor that I had led him astray. He was better-natured about it than I had hoped for, and, leaning our mud-clogged wheels against a tree, we sat down, dripping and dismal, on an old log that lay across the road.

"Well Doctor," said I, taking a comforting puff at my pipe, "the question is, What shall we do, turn back, go forward, or camp?" I tried to say "or camp" as cheerfully as possible, for, pri-

vately, I thought that that was the only thing we could do; but what a camp! The rain was pouring down in a steady, determined manner, as though with the fixed intention of driving us back, and the trees dripped tearfully about us. To make a fire was out of the question, for everything was literally soaked.

The doctor remained silent for some time, and then he said slowly: "If we return to the main road we will be no better off than we are now, and if this is not the road we were directed to follow, it will lead us to the river anyway, so that it won't matter much; and as I do not feel inclined to sit here till I am chilled through, I say, let's go ahead."

I had made up my mind to abide by the doctor's decision, so, without a word, I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, put it in my pocket, lifted my wheel over the log, and went slipping and sliding on as before.

Thicker and thicker the brush, and dimmer and dimmer the road. At last, when almost worn out with hauling ourselves over logs, I discovered a narrow path leading off to the right of us, and as the path was well-worn and free from brush, we came to the wise conclusion that it must lead somewhere, and straightway turned aside to follow it.

We had not gone far before we caught the sound of the river, roaring and rushing, below us; thus encouraged, we quickened our pace, now turning to the right and now to the left, until suddenly we both stopped and uttered an exclamation of delight. Far down through the dismal, dripping trees a little light twinkled cheerfully.

We hurried on, our wheels bumping over the sticks and stones, and the pedals occasionally clipping us on the shins as we dragged them through the tangled vines that now and then obstructed our way. At last we reached the light, which

we found to be the rays of a lamp straggling through the small, half-curtained, solitary window of a rude cabin.

Leaning our wheels against the wall, we stood on the steps and knocked loudly. After waiting for some time and receiving no response, we again knocked somewhat louder than before, and then remained silent, listening.

We could now hear some one moving about in the cabin, and we called out to know if we could have shelter for the night. We received no response, but the rustling about continued, and after waiting patiently for some time we were at last rewarded by the sound of clanking chains and bolts, and finally the door opened and a quick, snappy voice said sharply: "Come in, come in; don't keep the door open so long."

We did not wait for a second invitation, but stepped inside, and walked up to the fire, which was burning brightly in a rude fireplace at the end of the cabin, while the person that admitted us bolted and barred the door again, and then silently walked over and sat down in the corner, where the shadow partially concealed him from us.

I confess that I began to feel a little queer, and I think the doctor did too, for he edged the box, upon which he was sitting, around closer to me; and when the figure in the corner picked up an axe and began toying with it, I think we both wished that we were out in the cold, pelting rain again. But there was no help for it. We were in and the door was fastened, so we must make the best of it.

"Would you mind opening the door again, so that we might bring our wheels in out of the rain?" asked the doctor.

"Thank your stars that you are in," snapped the figure, again picking up the axe which he had dropped at the first sound of the doctor's voice.

"We do thank our stars and you also," said the doctor, persuasively, "but our provisions are strapped to our wheels, and if they remain out all night in this drenching rain, we will have to further encroach upon your hospitality by breakfasting with you."

"Breakfast or no breakfast," interrupted the figure, "I've already taken a great

risk by opening that door to let you in, and I'm not going to open it again to let you out. You need not be afraid of me or the axe. I won't harm a hair of your heads, but I tell you for the last time, I won't open that door again tonight, so you might as well roll yourselves up before the fire and go to sleep."

It is needless to say that neither of us were inclined to "roll up and go to sleep," so there we sat blinking at each other and casting furtive glances at our host. He paid no further attention to us, and made no movement, except now and then to throw more fuel on the fire, which he kept blazing brightly. We remained silent, neither of us having anything particularly interesting to talk about; in fact, I think we both felt pretty dismal. The warm fire, however, soon dried our clothes, and, worn out as we were by our recent exertions, we began to nod and doze, now and then rousing up, trying to look wise and wide awake. But nature asserted her rights, and we were both soon fast asleep. How long we slept I do not know, but we were rudely awakened by a terrible racket, and, half frightened out of our wits, we jumped to our feet.

Rushing about the cabin, his long arms brandishing the axe, cutting and hacking at the scant, rough furniture, and striking wickedly at the wall, was our strange host. The doctor grabbed the box and I seized the stout three-legged stool upon which I had been sitting. With firmly set lips and bated breath we silently waited the attack which we thought was inevitable, and a great sigh of relief escaped us when, apparently worn out with his frenzy, the madman dropped his axe and sank to the floor exhausted.

Glancing over to where we stood, he said faintly: "Sit down, boys, sit down. I told you that I wouldn't hurt you. I had to chase it out, curse it! I knew it would get in. Keep the fire burning, boys, keep the fire blazing; it don't like the light."

Here he fell to muttering, so low that we could not make out what he was saying, but all the while piling dry fuel on the fire, till every corner in the cabin was lighted up with its ruddy glow. Our

nerves were pretty well shaken up, and while I was thinking the doctor acted. Reaching into his inside coat pocket, he brought out a bottle. We each took a good long pull at it and the doctor was just going to replace it, when, with the first sign of interest displayed in our actions, our host motioned for the bottle. Glad to get into the good graces of so strange a companion, he readily handed it over to him; then we looked at each other with a sickly grin as we saw him throw back his head, open his capacious mouth and heard the soft gurgle-gurgle as the amber liquid flowed downward. With a smack of satisfaction he wiped his lips with the back of his hands and corked and returned the half empty flask. "Feeling somewhat easier now, we again seated ourselves before the fire, drew forth our pipes, lighted them, and puffed away in silence. The clouds of smoke floated over our heads and permeated the cabin with their fragrance.

"If you boys don't mind, I'd like to have a pipe of that," said our host, drawing nearer to us. "It's a long time since I have had a pipe of real tobacco, for I've had to use mostly dried leaves that I gather on the mountain side. After I've had a fight with that thing my nerves are all unstrung and a smoke generally does me good."

He brought forth an old black pipe and filled it, and then sat in silent satisfaction for a long time, his features relaxing, and altogether assuming a different appearance than that previous to his insane outburst. Finally he said in a slow, confiding manner:

"Boys, what do you think of me? Think I'm crazy, of course; everybody does. But you see they don't know anything about it; I used to tell them, but they only laughed at me; but you seem like good sensible chaps, and, besides, you have seen it; you saw me drive it out with the axe, so I'm going to tell you all about it."

This was better than to have him sit silent and gloomy with the axe in his hands, so we urged him to go on with his story.

"You see, it happened so long ago that I have forgotten the year, but no matter, it all came about through my

love of fishing. I have fished all the trout streams of the Northwest, but nowhere have I had better sport than in the stream which flows below; and it was here, not a stone's throw over the bluff, that it happened. Season and after season I fished here, and always when a certain great, boiling, seething pool was reached, I met with a misfortune and disappointment; no sooner would my hook touch the water than—zip!—and it was gone. Try as I would, I could not capture that fish; all kinds of lines, all kinds of hooks were used; all were broken.

"Season after season passed with the same result, until I began to worry and brood over it night and day. One day, after a new line had been broken and half of it carried away, I left the river swearing that I would return and never leave till the day of doom if I did not catch that fish. So worked up was I that I never closed my eyes that night, and at the break of day was at the pool. My preparations were carefully made and with set teeth and grim determination not to fail, I cast in. No sooner had my bait touched the water than he struck it, and I was nearly pulled off my feet. To my great joy I had him fast. Away he went, lashing and leaping, now through the seething, rushing waters, now lashing the still, green water into a mass of foam. But I held him. Up and down the rocks I ran, now pulling him in and now letting him have it, until I was afraid that with all my precaution he would take all my line, when I knew he would snap it off like so much yarn; but still I held him and shouted for joy.

"It seemed like hours had passed by before he began to give up, but at last he grew weary with his wild lashing and plunging, and I was able to tow him about at will; and now I thought that it would be safe to attempt to land him, so I jumped over the boulders, intending to bring him up in the shallow water, but just as I was pulling him in my foot slipped and I fell, striking my head as I did so a terrible blow on the rocks, and with a half fearful look at the conquered fish my senses left me.

"When I came to I was lying in the shadow of a great boulder and my head

was throbbing as though it would burst. I tried to rise, and as I did so, my eyes fell upon the fish, which was safe by my side. Then, closing my eyes, I fell back with satisfaction. I will not tell you what a monster it was; you would not believe it if I did.

"For a long time I remained quiet, when gradually a strange, disagreeable feeling came over me. Half rising, the glassy eye of the fish met my gaze and I shivered from head to foot.

"I managed to crawl on the other side of it, but could not resist looking back, when, to my horror, I saw that the eye was still upon me. Crawl where I would, no matter which side of it, that eye followed me about, nor could I keep from turning to look at it.

"At last frenzy and terror gave me strength, and I sprang to my feet. Jumping up and down on that cursed thing, I gouged out the frightful eye and threw it into the river; then, weak and dizzy, I fell back to the ground.

"But my rest was short, for soon I felt it again, and, rising up, I saw the cursed thing floating round and round the pool, but ever turned towards me. This was more than human flesh and blood could stand, and I got to my feet and scrambled up the trail.

"All day I had been at the pool and the gloom of night was now falling over the canyon. Darker and darker it grew as I toiled upward, till nothing but the far-off twinkle of the stars through the fir trees relieved the inky blackness.

"And then I knew that it was behind me. I could feel its glassy gaze. I could not help it. I turned about, and there it was, almost upon me. I ran until my legs refused to carry me any further. Then, through sheer desperation, I again faced it and fought with it like a de-

mon, tearing the clothes from my body in my fury. I don't remember what happened after that. I think I must have fallen and struck my head again. It throbbed so terribly while they were carrying me in. Then I heard them say that I was crazy, and they clamped chains about my wrists and put me in a little room and locked me up. I begged them to take the thing out, but they would not listen to me. The man that brought my food to me laughed at me when I told him about it and I hated him.

"One day, when his back was turned, I struck him over the head with a stone that I had worked loose from the wall; then I took his keys away and slipped out. I came near going back once to hear what they said when they found him, but I changed my mind and came here to this cabin. Nobody knows about it, and here, watching day and night, I can keep out that cursed eye."

Here he ceased speaking and looked longingly at the doctor's pocket. The doctor glanced at me, and we both looked out the little window. The first streaks of grey had begun to appear, to our unutterable relief.

Then the doctor said: "If you will be good enough to unlock the door, I think I can find another flask in our pack; see! the day is breaking, and you will have nothing to fear."

After cautiously peering out the window, he drew the key from his bosom and unlocked the door, and with a feeling of intense relief, we stepped outside. The doctor lost no time in getting out the promised flask, which he handed to the strange figure, and, telling him that he was welcome to it all, we bade him farewell and walked rapidly down the trail.

To a Marie van Houtle.

When the fair goddess Flora first painted
your petals,
She wielded her brushes at even I know
For the light in your heart is the pale, gold
of sunset,
Your pretty pink blush is its warm after-
glow.

Mary S. Guyles.

The Boy With the Hoe.

By MARION PATTON.

See how he stands beneath the work-tool's weight,
Erect and eager, with the fire of truth
And youth's high courage in his fearless eyes;
Impetuous to take up the worker's task
And lessen toil for God's great common herd.

A flower-soul gathered from beside the Throne
In God's broad meadows of the sun-filled skies,
Smiled into life, brain-gifted, then dropped down,
(Its perfume subtle, as the senses deep—
Far deeper—as the self and centre-soul),
A guerdon for past pain and tears that flowed,
While worn upon the heart a few glad hours.

Then taking up the heavier task to come,
The brain begins to quicken and he leaps
From out the clinging arms that hold him back,
Into the world's arena, where the strife
Makes hard the muscles and makes firm the will;
Not for himself to struggle, but the weak,
The ignorant and oppressed; to gain the strength
To lift as high as to God's Mercy-Seat
Those who lie fallen, their souls' God-spark quenched.

O, Masters, Lords and Rulers in all lands,
The child today of generations past
Is part and parcel; yet he has cast off
From memory, as one discards old clothes,
The wounds and battle-scars of ancestors,
To stretch his young limbs in the sun of hope
And grow to stature of a God-like man.

O, Masters, Lords and Rulers in all lands,
Here is thy hope of progress yet to come;
The prowess of this young, new race enfolds
All promise for the power of future ones.

Wyeth's Expeditions to Oregon.

By F. G. YOUNG, of the University of Oregon.

A Chapter in the History of the Occupation of Oregon. Concluding Paper.

THE preceding installment of this series of articles in the August number closed with a reference to the mutual respect and good feeling cherished between Captain Wyeth and Doctor John McLaughlin.

The following expressions of esteem among others are found in Wyeth's papers: "I find Doctor McLaughlin a fine old gentleman, truly philanthropic in his ideas." "Arrived at Fort Vancouver, where I found Doctor McLaughlin in charge, who received us in his usual manner. He has here power and uses it as a man should to make those about him and those who come in contact with him comfortable and happy."

Wyeth was on good terms with all of the leading representatives of the British interests in this Northwest country. But these were purely personal relations. He fully realized at the time, or at least as soon as he had had leisure to reflect on the significance of his experiences during his expeditions, that in his business relations the Hudson's Bay Company through its congenial representatives was pursuing a policy of cut-throat competition toward him. For in his views on the Oregon question, submitted to a congressional committee in 1839, three years after his return from his second expedition, he says: "Experience has satisfied me that the entire weight of this company will be made to bear on any trader who shall attempt to prosecute his business within its reach. * * * There has never been any successful trade in this country by the Americans, and it is only by trapping that they have been able to make any use of it; and in this they are much annoyed by the English traders, who follow them with goods, and do not scruple to trade furs

from hired men, who they are well aware do not own them."

Wyeth established two posts to serve as centers for his operations west of the Rocky mountains. Fort Hall was a base for his fur-trading expeditions. It was located near the present site of Pocatello in Southeastern Idaho. Fort William, on Sauvie's island, at the mouth of the Willamette, was designed mainly for facilities for salmon packing. He naturally had occasion to send parties back and forth between these two places. In the fall of 1834 such a party was going from Fort William to Fort Hall, taking with it twelve Kanakas whom the vessel, the *May Dacre*, had brought from the Hawaiian Islands. When the party had gotten a little beyond Walla Walla the Kanakas deserted. Captain Wyeth was coming up a few days behind the main party. On hearing of the desertion and finding traces to indicate that the Kanakas had set out for California, Wyeth, with a small party started in pursuit of them up the Deschutes river.

It is the month of December. Their only dependence for food is their guns. They press on until about the middle of January. Wyeth's journal entry on January 11th, 1835, gives one a faint conception of his experiences and frame of mind:

"Last night grew cold and set in for a hard snow storm with a gale of wind from the W. S. W. which continued without intermission until sunset today. so we did not move camp. The cracking of the falling trees and the howling of the blast was more grand than comfortable."

"It makes two individuals (the party had divided) feel their insignificance in the creation to be seated under a blanket with a fire in front and three and one-

half feet of snow about them and more coming, and no telling when it will stop. Tonight 'tis calm and nearly full moon. it seems to shine with as much indifference as the storms blow, and whether for weal or woe, we two poor wretches seem to be little considered in the matter. The thoughts that have run through my brain while I have been lying here in the snow would fill a volume and of such matter as was never put into one—my infancy, my youth and its friends and faults, my manhood's troubled stream, its vagaries, its aloes mixed with the gall of bitterness and its results, viz.: Under a blanket, hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles from a friend, the blast howling about, and smothered in snow, poor, in debt, doing nothing to get out of it, despised for a visionary, nearly naked, but there is one good thing—plenty to eat, health and heart."

I shall rely on extracts from Wyeth's letters to depict the progress of their author to defeat and gloom in his Oregon ventures. These letters were written in September, 1835, from Fort William:

"My last was dated Oct. 6th, 1834, from this place, since which time there has been the Devil's own work in this country. Fourteen of our people drowned and killed and much property lost. Personally, I am still happy-go-lucky, with only a broken toe and two or three upsettings in cold water. This, you know, I am used to. I expect to come to Boston about Nov. 1st, 1836, perhaps to stop."

To another he writes: "I am too busy and too unwell to write much even to you. It sometimes appears to me that the nearer a person is to whom I write the less competent is the mood to the ideas I could wish to express. However this may be, one thing I know. That to my best friends I always write the shortest letters—in fact I had nearly written to you as short a letter as Caesar's to the senate, viz.: 'I am sick, dead and buried,' and yet * * * and yet the last principle of human life is not extinct. Hope still maintains her throne and throws the mists of futurity over the deformities and misfortunes that she cannot hide.

"Our salmon fishing has not succeed-

ed. Half a cargo only obtained. Our people are sick and dying off like rotten sheep of bilious disorders. I shall be off by the first of next month to the mountains and winter at Fort Hall. In the spring I shall return here, then again to Fort Hall, and start about June to see all in the States, lucky if I get through all this without accident."

A still deeper insight into the abyss of his miseries is revealed by the following:

"I am now a little better from a severe attack of bilious fever. I did not expect to recover, and am still a wreck. Our sick list has been this summer usually about one-third of the whole number, and the rest much frightened. Thirteen deaths have occurred besides some in the interior killed by the Indians. I leave this in a few days for the interior to winter at Fort Hall. I intend in the spring to return to this place and take up goods. Then I shall turn my face toward the rising sun, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you about the last of October, 1836. I some think of taking the route by Santa Fe and New Orleans, but hostilities of the Indians render it uncertain what route I may be obliged to take. But without serious accident I shall not be far from that time. I am surrounded by difficulties beyond any former period of my life and without health and spirit requisite to support them. In this situation you can judge if memory brings to me the warnings of those (wiser and older) who advised a course which must at least have resulted in quietness. Yes, memory lends its powers for torment. A few days ago she told me a tale which carried me back to early life, led me through the varying shades of days and years while at every step the trail grew darker and at last delivered me to the horrors of the present time. What at that moment they were you may imagine—a business scattered over half the deserts of the earth, and myself a powerless lump of matter in the extremity of mortal pain, with little hope of surviving a day, and, if it could have been said 'he never existed,' glad to go down with that sun. But with coming health comes also a sense of obligations that we are under and say to us 'Up and be doing!'"

This heroic spirit and an iron constitution brought him back to Boston. There he lived, twenty years longer, the same strenuous life, but turned from exploration and hazardous venture to lines of invention and general management in the ice industry, having associations with such men as James Russell Lowell and referred to by all interested in Oregon. The Boston Transcript, in its notice of his death, August, 1856,

said: "It is not, perhaps, too much to say that there is not a single tool or machine of real value now employed in the ice harvesting that was not originally invented by Mr. Wyeth. They all look to Fresh Pond as the place of their origin. As one who laid open a new field of honorable industry," he was held "entitled to the rank of a public benefactor," and he was regarded as "one of the remarkable men of New England."

Agnes.

Where the Coliseum's ruins
Rise to a majestic height,
And the Forum's laureled arches
Mark proud Rome's triumphal site;
'Neath Italy's sunny skies
Lived a maid so pure and fair
That her name in golden letters
Angels guard with loving care.

II.

'Twas the time when Pagan tyrants
Christian persecution waged,
Tried to crush the faith of Jesus,
Spared then neither young nor ag'd.
Oft had one of Rome's proud scions
Sought that pure young heart to gain,
Naught of wealth nor pomp could tempt her,
Pleadings, promises were vain.

III.

"Hear me, Agnes," spoke the noble,
"I will give thee wealth untold,
Richest robes from farthest India,
Wrought in threads of brightest gold.
Gems, too, of the purest water,
Bliss, unclouded, shall be thine
And a wreath of rarest jewels
Shall thy queenly brow entwine.

IV.

"Listen, Prefect," answered Agnes,
"Already have I paid my vows
Tho' I still remain a virgin
Wedded to a heavenly spouse.
One whose glory far surpasses
That of any Earthly King,
And before whose throne, in rapture,
Virgin choirs ever sing."

V.

Love then turned to bitter hatred,
Baffled passions writhed with pain
As the Prefect filled with anger,
Turned to Agnes once again.
"Go, thou wretched unbeliever!
Go, and meet the Christian's doom!
Ere the night its mantle lowers,
Thou shall see the phantom groom!"

VI.

Why does now the Forum's Pathway
Ring with clamoring anxious life?
Is some fearless, surging army
Marching to victorious strife?
See! above the careless rabble
Stands our noble Agnes there
Shrouded in a golden garment,
A miraculous wealth of hair.

VII.

Soon the burning flames leap round her,
Firm she stands without a fear
Thinking only of her bridegroom,
Longing for his presence dear.
Lo! a miracle of wonder!
When the flames have ceased their glare
Stands our noble Roman maiden
Like a spotless lily there.

VIII.

But, ere night its mantle lowered,
One more saint in Heaven there shone,
One more spouse of Christ was seated
On an everlasting throne.

Elisabeth M. Leland.

Maya, The Medicine Girl.

A Story of Fort Yamhill, in Sheridan's Time.

By *SAM L. SIMPSON.*

One of the few manuscripts left by the late Sam L. Simpson, Oregon's greatest Poet. Now for the first time published. Begun in October. Concluded in December.

Chapter II.

I READILY assented to Buckstone's proposal, and we were soon on the road. We had not gone many steps when, glancing backward over my shoulder, I called Buckstone's attention to the attractive picture made by the garrison buildings and grounds behind us. We both turned and looked.

Not a vestige of old Fort Yamhill now remains with the exception of the long, barrack-like structure formerly occupied by the post sutler, which now expiates its ante-bellum gaiety and folly by doing duty as a dingy country store. All the other buildings were removed long ago, and the parade ground on which the trim, soldierly figure of Sheridan was so often seen in full uniform, is now a ploughed field.

But the scene at which Buckstone and I turned to gaze was different. The fort occupied the sloping top of a great hill which, standing at the gateway of the Grande Ronde valley, was naturally adapted for military occupation. The crest of the hill made a semi-circular sweep on the east and south, the ground falling away abruptly from its clear-cut rim to the winding course of the Yamhill river, far below. On the east, too, a phalanx of firs, scaling the rugged heights, waved their green plumes over the row of neat white cottages occupied by the officers and threw their morning shadows across the smooth plateau of the parade ground. The other buildings of the post, soldiers' quarters, mess-room, hospital, commissary, guard-room, etc., occupied the remaining sides of the quadrangle, all marvelously white in their constantly-refreshed coats of whitewash. On the western side of the

quadrangle, with fine oaks flanking it on the north, stood the regulation block-house, strong, dark, menacing. A stately flagstaff, supported by two gleaming brass field pieces, stood in the center of the parade ground. This, under the purple sky, radiant with constellations of almost Syrian lustre, and idealized by the silvery splendor of the summer moon, was what we saw.

To enhance the effect, a group of soldiers, out on the crest of the hill, were singing plaintive, sentimental songs of love and home in the moonlight. The flash of the sentry's musket, as he marched and wheeled on his beat near the guard-house, gave further touch of martial romance to the scene.

We took the road leading downward and westward around the long slope of the hill for about three-quarters of a mile, until we came to the banks of a clear and sparkling stream which, emerging from a heavily-wooded gorge, wound its way with idyllic grace among the skirting alders and willows northwesterly through the newly-reclaimed fields and pastures of the Indian reservation.

In the edge of the woods near the debouchure of the stream, stood a cluster of white tents, with many others, further down, half-hidden among the alders and willows. It was the custom of the wilder tribes on the reservation to desert the smoky little cabins the government had built for them, and live in tents picturesquely pitched along the banks of the Yamhill river and its tributaries, in the summertime, and it was a beautiful and healthful change.

This was a Shasta encampment. At some distance from the other tents,

under the spreading branches of a bowery, magnificent maple, stood one which was conspicuous for its better appearance and the general neatness of its surroundings.

Thither Buckstone led the way, cautioning me to make as little noise as possible. The door of the tent was opposite the direction from which we approached, and when we had moved stealthily around so as to get a view of the front, Buckstone paused, and, with a flush of admiration on his face, pointed toward the foot of the maple tree.

I moved up beside him. There, at a little distance from the tree, on a bright-hued blanket spread out for a carpet, sat Maya, the Medicine Girl. To my young imagination she was, in her sylvan setting, more beautiful than an Ovidian nymph, an enchanting picture of barbarian romance.

A red silk shawl was thrown gracefully over her shoulders, and the light lawn dress which draped her girlish form, flowed about her in fleecy waves and ripples almost as soft as the moonlight which played over her exquisite features. Two glossy braids of black hair, caught with a bow of white ribbon, hung down her back. Several strands of beads circled her slender neck and lay gleaming on the wave-like swell of her bosom, and she wore a chaplet of odorous vanilla leaves and dreamy wood-flowers, poetically suggestive of the *Oreads* of Greek mythology.

She was gazing pensively toward the western sky and singing to herself in a low sweet voice, as if in accompaniment to the weird, murmurous rune of the waters down among the willows.

"Maya!" called Buckstone, softly.

She rose, somewhat startled, but, with a rapturous glow of welcome in her face, was about to fly to his arms, I think, when, seeing that he was not alone, she stopped abashed, murmuring:

"You come late, Edmund, and you bring somebody with you."

Stepping forward, Buckstone laid his hand softly and caressingly on her shoulder. "It is only Hank, Maya—your friend and mine," he said; "are you not going to welcome him?"

She looked up, with an embarrassed expression in her gentle, dark eyes, and said simply:

"I am glad to see him," and then, with a quiver of amusement about her lips, "But I jealous, too, you talk so much of him."

Buckstone laughed lightly. "How is the child?" he asked.

"She sleep nice now; my mother watch her," the girl answered.

We went into the tent then, which was divided by a calico curtain into two apartments. Putting the curtain gently aside Buckstone led the way into the inner and smaller room, where, on a clean and comfortable pallet, lay the little patient.

It was still sleeping, its soft, regular breathing indicating that it was doing well. An old but dignified Indian woman, the mother of Maya, sat near the child, and by the screened light of a candle, was braiding and beading a tiny pair of moccasins. She bent her head with a kind, motherly smile, toward us as we entered, and I was constrained to admire the grave majesty of her features. The Shastas were a noble-looking tribe, however, and this old woman came of a patrician strains of chiefs and warriors.

"The child is doing finely now," said Buckstone, when we returned to the front room, "and will certainly get well if the family to whom it belongs does not interfere and take it away, just at the time when the least exposure would be fatal. I try to keep them away from it as much as possible. It is like this, you see: the child is the daughter of a Shasta family which has, for more than a generation, been in rivalry with the family to which Maya belongs with respect to the chieftainship of the tribe. For this reason they hate her with all the strength of their savage natures, and I am fully aware that they were incited to give the child up to my doctoring and Maya's nursing with the expectation that it would not recover. This would give them a chance to slay Maya, according to their old, bloody code. In a few days, however, all danger will be past and our duty will have been fulfilled."

When we had lingered a little while

longer in the tent, we all three went outside and sat together in the moonlight. After considerable persuasion from Buckstone, Maya was induced to sing a love song in her native language. It was a low, thrilling, mystical chant, such as the sirens, floating their golden tresses in the wind, must have sung to Ulysses and his comrades in the Homeric story, and the effect was indescribably wild and touching—the dark-haired singer crowned with flowers, and the ceaseless murmur of the stream down among the willows.

All next day I was haunted by the remembrance of the Shasta camp in the moonlight, and the strange refrain of Maya's song. There was a scent of ambrosia in it for me, for I, too, had strayed within the roseate nimbus of love's young dream and my mind was in a singularly receptive mood for the lights and shadows that weave such fateful mysteries in the myrtle groves of Venus.

A few weeks before, while attending a Friday night spelling contest at the little country school house on the Willamnia, about seven miles from the post, I had met my fate.

She was the school teacher. I had never met anybody like Miss Alma Rutledge before and my surrender was complete and unconditional. She was a blonde, and, in my eyes, beautiful beyond the wildest dreams of the countless hosts of young men who had, in all ages, worshipped at other shrines.

In addition to her personal charms Miss Rutledge was an accomplished musician and linguist, a *rara avis*, indeed, for that rude frontier neighborhood. She was from the East and, a total stranger, had come into the Willamnia district with a good recommendation from a well-known minister residing at the county seat, and easily got the school, as teachers were scarce in those days in the outlying counties of Oregon.

Notwithstanding the usual prejudice in country sections against "stuck-up" people, that is, people who show good breeding in their manners and conversation, and pay some attention to fitness and elegance of dress, Miss Rutledge, who was an admirable tactician, as well

as brilliantly attractive, soon became a favorite.

She seemed to single me out for special favor, and in my supreme self-conceit I fancied it was because I was wholly different from the awkward "yahoos" who worked on the ranches and herded cattle on spotted cayuse ponies in the hills—was better looking, better dressed and better educated.

Her power over me was immediately established, and, although it was plainly evident to everyone besides myself that she was my superior in years as well as everything else, I was not greatly troubled by any misgivings on that score.

Our acquaintance ripened wonderfully in the ensuing weeks. It was the summer vacation for her, and she rode in from the residence of the family with whom she was domiciled as much as two or three times during the week, more for the outing, I thought, than for the purchases she made, to say nothing of other attractions, nameless now forevermore.

I was always on the lookout for her on these occasions, and would gallantly assist her from her horse and convey her into the backroom of the store, where she could rest and refresh herself with a glass of lemonade or light wine.

I was charmingly innocent, withal, and hopelessly enamored. The soft rustling of her robe, the music of her voice, the radiance of her hair, the sweetness of her smile, the magic splendor of her eyes and the ineffable faint fragrance that hung about her always—ah, me! after all the years that have come and gone they haunt me yet, like the wistful yearning of a summer twilight—

The consecration of a poet's dream!

Without disclosing anything of her own history, she continually provoked me to babble incontinently about myself and my friends. She seemed to take a great interest in the course of life at the post, and, strange as it may seem, induced me to talk about the relation of Buckstone and Maya—a treacherous betrayal of confidence of which I could not have been guilty under other circumstances.

When I was led, unconsciously, to discourse on this subject I observed even then, pitifully infatuated as I was, that she seemed at times to be strangely interested, almost agitated; but I laid this to the effect of an outre revelation on the mind of a pure and refined maiden, to whom, however, even the wildest romance of the grand passion must have a significant and vivid interest.

On one occasion she asked carelessly: "This Sergeant Buckstone is, after all, only a common type of soldier, I presume?"

As Buckstone was my hero this interrogatory incited me to enter upon a glowing description and fulsome eulogium of the man, to which she listened in absorbed silence.

She seemed to have a horror of coming in contact with any of the officers or enlisted men, and for this reason never entered the main store when any of them were about, having me bring to her in the back room samples of such articles as she wished to buy. Both the sutler and his clerk, at her intimation, I think, yielded to me this pleasant duty, with many side glances and grimaces.

I told Buckstone about my incomparable innamorata, but, much to my astonishment and relief, he did not seem to be affected by the confidence further than to twit me about it occasionally when he felt in the humor.

In the afternoon of the day succeeding the visit to the Shasta camp I fully expected Miss Rutledge at the store again and made special arrangements for her reception by brushing up the backroom and placing a cool bouquet of ferns, mosses and starry wood-flowers—a present from Maya—on the card-table for the further embellishment of that modest bower.

About 3 o'clock she came. Buckstone and two or three other non-commissioned officers were standing on the high front porch of the store at the time, and she cast a swift, instant look at them as I assisted her from her horse, regarding them, I thought, as lawless, brutal brigands, in whose presence no lady could be safe. She stayed but a comparatively short time on this occasion, and never

even put aside her veil, which was always worn when riding, she said, to protect her face from the sun and dust.

I noticed, too, that her usual, kindly, vivacious manner was wholly wanting and she seemed to be preoccupied. "I am not at all well today," she said in explanation, "and really should not have ventured out, the heat is so oppressive."

Then, with a deep sigh, she fell silent, sipping the lemonade I had brought her, her fair hand visibly trembling as she lifted the glass. In half an hour, having made a few purchases, she announced that she was ready to go, and I brought her horse to the side door and assisted her to the saddle.

She leaned over and took my hand at parting, and I shall never forget that close, clinging clasp. After all these years, with the best part of my life behind me, and the lengthening shadows of my declining day wheeling solemnly toward the East, I still feel its lingering thrill, when my thoughts recur to those happy, bygone days.

I stood thoughtfully gazing after her as she rode away up the lane toward the high reservation gate, where a blue-clad sentry paced to and fro in eternal vigilance over the comings and goings of the treacherous wards of Uncle Sam. The reddish dust of the road, and the white picket fence and buildings of the garrison shimmered almost painfully in the brilliant sunlight, and from the tall flagstaff on the parade-ground the lovely folds of the national ensign hung listlessly in the breathless air.

I returned to the store by way of the back room and there, on the floor, near the chair my goddess had recently occupied lay an exquisite little linen and lace handkerchief, as white and delicate as the frailest and fairest flower. I took it up tenderly and held it in my hand a moment and its faint, delicious odor filled my soul with infinite longing. I then thrust it in my bosom hurriedly, as some one called me from the outer room, and treasured it for many a year thereafter as a token of my first and sweetest love.

Events then began to move rapidly. The bombardment of Fort Sumpter had

already sounded the tocsin of war and its fateful reverberations had not died away before the stormy rising of the North had begun. Its effects were soon visible in this remote post in Western Oregon. It was certain that the whole body of our little regular army, now scattered in small detachments over the new States and Territories of the West, to hold the numerous tribes of hostile Indians in check, would be immediately pushed to the front, and Captain David A. Russell, commander of the garrison at Fort Yamhill, had been advised to hold his company ready for removal.

Company K, Fourth Infantry, had been stationed at the post for nearly three years then and had become as thoroughly domiciled as the nature of the service would permit. Some of the enlisted men had formed quasi-matrimonial relations with Indian women, who bore their names and were at least partially supported by them. Captain Russell and Lieutenant Sheridan had purchased certain grazing lands near the fort and stocked them with cattle. The post

garden had become the wonder and admiration of the rude ranchers in the vicinity. The garrison and its grounds had, by continuous care and labor, reached a state of almost elegant refinement. It was ideal soldiering, and a stranger within the gates for the first time, charmed by the prettiness of the picture, would naturally expect to see the brazen mouths of the glimmering field pieces on the parade ground curtained by the silvery tissues of the spider's web and the muskets of the sentries garnished with woodland wreaths.

But the war-note had sounded and Pan put up his pipes, there was an angry whirl in the rattle of the drum and a shriller call in the notes of the fife. Good-bye to Arcadia! In the bosom of every individual of the command the war-spirit was lighted. Fort Yamhill and all its pleasant accessions, material and sentimental, would soon become a dream of the past and Company K would be swallowed up in the smoking vortex of a tumultuous war.

(To be concluded next month.)

POEMS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Violets.

By *BELLE W. COOKE.*

I.

One night as the dews were falling,
I sat with head bent low,
And I heard the violets calling,
While the west was all aglow;
They called to the sweet-eyed daisies,
With piping voices shrill,
"The beautiful spring is coming,
We've seen her smile, on the hill."

II.

Her voice has waked the wild flowers,
The buttercup has heard,
And the wood prepares her bowers
With the buds for the early bird;
Then wake, and call your neighbors,
Snow-Drop and Daffodil,
For the garden flowers should equal
The wild ones on the hill.

III.

But March, the gruff old lion,
Was playing saint, at first,
And the breeze he feigned to sigh on,
In sudden fury burst,
And the daffodils and daisies
Stood trembling and afraid,
And shivered 'neath the snow-wreaths
That on their heads were laid.

IV.

But the violets true hearted,
With faces bright and brave,
Till the terrible storm departed,
Bowed low in a snowy grave,
Then lifting heads of beauty,
They sung in chorus, all—
" 'Twere better to bloom too early,
Than never to bloom at all."

Salem, March 13, 1870.

Where Lies the Blame?

By *GEORGE MELVIN.*

ONE of the saddest spectacles to contemplate of this, or any age, for bread riots are not a product of the nineteenth century—is the armed opposition of Labor and Capital. Everybody feels the futility of it, and everybody comprehends, too, in some vague fashion, that it is all a needless and gigantic mistake—a hopeless, unnecessary blunder growing out of human shortsightedness and human helplessness, and appalling, often, in results.

Who is to blame for the conditions that make these mistakes possible and frequent? Everybody in general and no one in particular. They are the consequences of social misconceptions, combined with a misinterpretation of corporate and individual rights. The laborer toiling for his daily bread and the capitalist or corporation which employs him look at the same object from totally opposite points of view. The man who earns by the exercise of brawn and muscle a bare subsistence for himself and family blames the company or the corporation which profits by his work for the hopelessness of his lot and the hardships which he endures. He sees too clearly the unequal distribution of wealth and opportunity, but when it comes to causes therefor his vision is blurred and distorted by the unfortunate medium through which he is compelled to look. The employer, on the other hand, is no less blinded by what he fondly believes to be his self-interest. He, too, sees but one side of the vexing problem. To him, however, reaping as he does the fruit of his brothers' toil and possessing life's luxuries, the outlook is not so tragic.

These two forces, interdependent though they are, and drawing existence from each other, are yet opposed in bitter enmity. A sorry sight, truly—and one that deepens too often into tragedy—cruel, useless and desperate as that which was enacted but a few months since in

fastnesses of the Coeur d'Alenes, the final chapter of which has not yet closed.

The anonymous pamphlet entitled "A Report on the Labor Unions of the Coeur d'Alene County, With Reference to the Crimes Committed by Members of the Organizations" is so obviously unfair and so prejudiced in its statements of facts and incidents that it defeats its own purpose and excites an active sympathy for the men who, driven to desperation by wrongs, real or fancied, rushed blindly and destructively upon the foe that should have been a friend.

To the onlooker there is always and inevitably one ending to these labor riots—the discomfiture of the laborer who has, in his frenzied rage, destroyed his sole chance of earning an honest livelihood and become a criminal because he was not content to be a slave.

Twelve hundred workmen banded together, and bent upon the destruction of the lives and property of those who employ them is a sight so awful and so tragic in its significance that society shudders and recoils at the mere thought of it.

Lying in the quiet canyon, whose rugged walls are rich with hidden ore, the little town of Wardner felt a premonition of impending evil. The air was troubled—disturbed by rumors of coming disaster. Like a human tornado the maddened horde of miners swept down upon the busy place, spreading terror and desolation, and leaving in its track the wreckage of a storm whose fury, even yet, is hardly stilled.

Arms, ammunition and dynamite in the irresponsible hands of a mob over a thousand strong! No wonder the terrified citizens of Wardner cried to the Federal Government for protection! There was, apparently, nothing left to do. Helpless to protect themselves, with life and property both in danger, panic-stricken, knowing not what further out-

rage to expect, they saw no other course to pursue. Their petition was heard and granted. General Merriam, in command of United States troops, hastened to the scene of the riot and Northern Idaho was placed under military censorship and so remains.

Of course from all this terror and confusion it necessarily follows that much seeming cruelty and injustice is evolved in the name of law and order. But life and property must be protected, and perhaps it is not too much to hope that out of it all some lasting grain of good may result. For if the poet voices the truth, and who dares doubt it—

"From evil some good always springs."

Here and there the dark pages of that fearful record are illumined by individual acts of heroism. Instances of courage, self-forgetfulness and tenderness are set like stars in the midnight sky of a month that will not soon be forgotten. To the intrepid coolness, the dauntless bravery and decisive action of one man in particular during the troubled season that intervened between the twenty-ninth of April and the arrival of General Merriam, the people of the terror-stricken region owe much more than can be lightly expressed. Dr. France was the man for the emergency, eminently qualified to meet the exigencies of the hour. He acted in the dual role of sheriff and physician, fearlessly facing danger, forgetting it in the presence of duty, and by force of his own powerful personality

sternly and resolutely assuming command and controlling the perilous situation.

It is chronicled that one hundred and thirty arrests followed in a single day the advent of the United States troops in Wardner. Every suspect was seized and thrown into prison, and in no case was bail accepted, though it was admitted that the ringleaders in the strike escaped before the troops took the matter in hand.

At Burke, the headquarters of the dynamite conspiracy, every man in the town was captured. It is by no means pleasant reading—the account of that human "round-up," when it is recorded two hundred and thirteen persons "were herded into a train of box-cars and so conveyed to Wardner to await a hearing." Men are not cattle, and there is little permanent gain in curing a disease by drastic measures, while the cause of it remains untouched.

"And we are brothers! Man and man,
All fashioned from the self same clay
There mounts not any soul so high,
Since that vague hour when time began,
There falls not any flesh so low
But lifts us up, or drags us down.
The tramp may clutch the monarch's crown,
The monarch fling his sceptre by—
A human life—'tis but a span
An empire flourishes a day.
When Ninives stately towers uprose
The vicious prickly cactus grows
The hot winds of the desert blow—
But human love and brotherhood,
Lo these endure for aye and aye,
And these alone, God counteth good."

When Two Souls Meet.

When two souls meet, and part, but for a
season,
The looked-for joy of meeting once again,
And mem'ries sweet with calm serene un-
reason,
Fill the slow days till there is naught of
pain.

When two souls meet and part, to part for-
ever,
Is there in life a tragedy more vast?
The empty years in grim array arising,
Seem deserts wide, through which the feet
must pass.

Cora J. Snyder.

The Indian "Arabian Nights."

Being a Series of Indian Stories and Legends relating to the region around the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon.

By H. S. LYMAN.

THE STORY OF KONAPEE.—Concluded.

"VERY early this morning," she began, "I awoke and said: 'I will go to the Tlah-tsops.' I was at the Neahkowin. I arose. It was yet dark, though the stars were disappearing. I came and overlooked the sea at the foot of Ewilsilhulth. But oh, wonder!" and here she shut her eyes and began to scream until the tomaniwan man began to say "Na, Na, Nakahni," and then she resumed: "I saw the strangest thing—a black canoe, with white wings, big as ten thousand pelicans, and it rose up from the sea with the waves breaking about it. I was afraid, and saw no more but have run hither. It was such a sight as has never been seen since the day of Tallapus."

The old dreamer, Soatlesullthi, waved his hands and the people began to shrink back; but the chief, Tlah-tsops, stood forth sternly and said: "We will go to Ewilsilhulth and see this wonder."

Tsealth was already by his side, her long hair waving and her lithe figure, with the whitened doe-skin suit, forming a strong contrast to the shapes of the men.

It took no very long time to reach the sea-ridge, and from its crest to look down upon the beach, and the ship—for such it was—lying in the surf with the waves breaking all around it. All were awed and silent, but long before any other noticed them, Tsealth had drawn her eyes from the wonder of the ship to a spot on the shore where two men were bending over a fire. "There!" she whispered softly to Tlah-tsops. Then he looked and saw the men. The fire over which they bent began to grow brighter as it was fed with pieces of drift-wood. As the coals fell the two castaways began to prepare their morning meal, watched by Tlah-tsops, and now by the whole

tribe with absorbing interest. But most of all were the people of the tribe, who stood concealed in the tall grass of the hill, astonished when the kernels that the two cast upon their fire began to pop open and turn white; but it was with satisfaction they saw them eat of the snowy flakes.

Old Tlah-tsops presently led the way down to the wreck and with his people surrounded the castaways. The thing that troubled him was just what these might be who had come up out of the sea to his land. Were they animals, or gods, or men.

Chewumps approached and said "Let us kill them."

Tsealth whispered to the old chief: "Speak with them, or find out what they are."

"How shall I find, my daughter?" he answered.

"Bring them here and let us see," she answered.

Commanding all to be silent, the chief beckoned them to come near. After looking an instant into the face of Tsealth, who seemed to assume an air of kindness, the stronger of the two obeyed and his companion followed.

"Their white skins and the hair upon their faces are not like men," said the chief; "and they have not the skin of men, nor yet of animals upon their bodies."

"Let us kill them," said Chewumps, and he began to raise a long howl.

"But see!" whispered Tsealth, "they have neither claws like beasts, nor fins like fishes, nor wings like birds. They have hands like men, and such hands may work well and serve great Tlah-tsops." And here, approaching, with a little blush deepening the color of her already ruddy face, she took the hand of the captive and held it up to the view of

her chief.

"Aye," he said, with a loud voice, "these have the hands of men; they can work like men, and shall be my slaves. Let no one harm them!"

Tsealth had dropped her eyes, but for an instant they sought those of the white. She laid her hand upon her lips and looked away, then she said to the old chief: "Bring them to the village and let them eat."

It naturally happened after this that Tsealth had much to do to direct these two white castaways and to prompt her old chief, and, indeed, to protect them from Chewumps and some of the other young men who desired to club them to death. She fed them, and as they were anxious to learn to talk, she taught them the language, counting on her fingers, pointing to the men and animals, the trees, land and sea and common objects, and the sun and moon. She made them understand that they were slaves and that she was also a slave, and great was her joy to see that their heads were not flattened, as hers also was not. But, though kind to both, there was a shade of difference in her manner toward them. It was to the stronger and the handsomer of the two strangers to whom she spoke oftenest—to him whose hand she had held up to the chief on that first morning. At length he asked her name.

"Tsealth," she answered.

"Soto," he replied, "a good name."

Then she asked his.

"Juan," he said.

"Ah," she replied, "Kon."

"Juan de Fuca," he said, completing the name.

"Kon a pee," she said with much satisfaction.

"Donna Soto," he said.

"Konapee," she returned.

In course of time Konapee led the old chief to the wrecked ship, and to show what he could do took out some of the irons, and heating them in a fire of hemlock bark coals, beat out from the red hot metal some knives and tempered them well. To the chief and to all the men of the tribe this was a wonder, and the value of such magic in their midst was fully appreciated. Konapee and his

companion were kept busy day after day hammering out knives. The demand seemed unlimited, for as soon as all the men of the tribe had knives they began trading them to others and coming back to Konapee for more. Even the ship was burned to get the nails and other iron to make over into knives.

But always at his task Konapee was cheered by the little slave, Tsealth, who brought him cool water and roasted fish and berries, and pitied his hard work—for the tribe in their covetousness for knives had little regard for the men who made them.

But at last as a year passed by, Tsealth whispered to old Tlah-tsops: "See, has not Konapee made you many knives, and have not your people been made great by this wonderful slave? Let him build his own house now and rest and be as one of your sons."

"Tsealth has a merciful heart and is gentle as a mother bird," said the chief. So she ran and told Konapee that the chief would speak with him. The promises were confirmed in the midst of the company, and as the autumn of the year approached Konapee went up the shore a little distance from Tlah-tsops and built his home, and there lived. He still hammered out knives, but no longer was treated as a slave, but was much honored and was allowed to sell his knives to acquire property of his own.

Tsealth often came, and as they could now understand each other well, they talked of many things. She told of Tallapus and his wonders; of subduing giants, changing foolish or bad people into rocks, and making the world beautiful. And she would always end: "They said Tallapus would never come again; but I knew that he would come up out of the sea, and when he came he would be a beautiful man, who made wonderful things."

Then he would smile and say: "But you must not think I am Tallapus; for he was a god, and I am only a man."

"Ah," she would say, "but is not every man that is good like a god? And when the real Tallapus comes what will he be more than a wonderful man? I do not like wonderful bears or beavers or

even coyotes or talking birds and trees. I like wonderful men—if you are nothing but a man."

"I am but a man," he would say.

"And I am but a slave," she would answer. "See, my head is as round as yours."

No doubt but the long days of Konapee's captivity were much brightened by the presence of Tsealth, but not even to her the name of his native land was known.

As another summer approached he said to the chief: "I have served you long; I have made many knives; I have caused you no trouble. Now let me go to my own land, which is far toward the sunrise. I would see my own land once more before I die."

Tlah-tsops was silent long; he had many counsellors about him but turned to Tsealth.

"Little slave," he said, "is it good? Shall Konapee go to his own land far away to the sunrise, that he may see it once more before he shall die?"

The girl looked very sad and her face had lost all its glow. "Let it be as Konapee wishes," she whispered. "Let the slave be free."

"Let Konapee depart to his own land," said Tlah-tsops. "Let him go far away to the sunrise, and as he has enriched our tribe send him not away empty. Send my greatest canoe with food for his journey, and let each give him a present of so much as he will take of otter skins and beaver skins, and the arrow points and of his own best knives; and let each give a haiqui shell. The slave is free; the Tlah-tsops is just."

For many days had Konapee looked from his lodge on the shore far up the river, where in the distance, during clear weather, he could see a mountain peak that had never lost its snow. Up the great river, explorer that he was, with one of the greatest secrets that the world had ever known, he would now point his canoe. Before him lay the river, the sunrise, a journey half way around the world, and perhaps at the end fame like that of Columbus or Cortez!

Bidding all good-by, he sailed. Old Tlah-tsops and his dusky people, some

(To be continued.)

low and square, some lithe, many old with the wintry snow on their heads, were all ranged along the shore. Tsealth was not there. This was a regret to Konapee. Most of all he would like to bid her good-by and thank her for her kindness; and most of all, he thought, should she wish to wish him well. But, though he listened and whistled as he made final preparations, many little bird notes that they knew between them, or perhaps in giving his order spoke in a voice so strong that it echoed on the trees like a bell, or, perhaps, as to let her know that he was off, still she did not appear.

At last he said to the old chief: "Where is the little slave?"

The old man made no answer, but bowed his head and covered his face, while his body shook. All the people were deathly still, except Chewumps, who came slowly and placed in Konapee's hand ten splendid haiqui shells, each worth a slave. Not fully understanding, Konapee ordered his rowers to move. The head boatman struck the time on the side of the canoe. It rang out over the water, and a low wailing chant, the farewell to the slave was taken up and the voyage to the sunrise was begun.

But where was the little slave? So it is said and rocks themselves whisper it is true, that some day's journey up the stream, where is the great tum-tum, or waterfall, and there are wonderful cliffs, a little canoe shot out from the shore, which had just one occupant. That was a girl, but dressed like a princess. It was Tsealth, and she said: "I am no more a slave. I, too, am free. This is my own country. Yonder great rock is my castle, and see, I have many haiqui shells strung on my arm! You will die if you go farther, for the people up yonder in the mountains are fierce and cruel, and are now at war. I came here before you. I came to welcome you to my own country."

And Konapee knew that it was true that the tribes above were fierce and at war, and though he had made the greatest discovery of the century, he was well content to stay with his little slave and live with her at the rocky castle.

An Incident.

By LISCHEN M. MILLER.

I.

IT was bitterly cold to the two men up there on the bleak headland. A grey fog drifted in with the darkness and wrapped them in its chilling folds. They were thinly clad and unaccustomed to the raw coast wind. Their hurried flight had left them neither time nor opportunity to provide themselves with proper clothing. In the summer heat of the valley inland they had not noticed the lack. Days, weeks, they had traveled; evading as far as possible the haunts of men, and treading with cautious foot and watchful eye the dim byways of the forest, the deathless solitude of rocks and hills; sleeping only when their tired limbs refused to carry them further, and eating anything that Nature, in her harvest time provided in the way of fruit and roots and berries. They waded creeks, swum rivers and crept through marshes. The long privation and exposure told terribly upon them; upon one of them, at least. The horror, the dread, the awful misery of those unnumbered days and nights to this man, no pen can portray. Sleeping or waking, there was ever present to his overwrought mind a fearful thing, a threatening shape, a ghastly horror, compared to which the innermost recesses of hell had nothing to reveal more terrible.

He was not afraid to die! He knew that in death alone could his tired body find rest; but the black cap, the rope, the fettered hands and feet! These, these he could not face. Call him coward, if you will, that is, if you dare judge him.

In the damp and dark that had settled down upon them his companion slunk away, seeking shelter from the heavy mist under some wind-beaten shrubs. It must have been near midnight when the solitary watcher on the cliff roused himself from the bitter reverie into which he had fallen and moved forward in the darkness. In the course of a few steps he stumbled against something; stoop-

ing down he felt about among the wet leaves of the dwarfed salal and found his companion, sleeping. Mechanically he took off his tattered coat and spread it carefully over the recumbent figure; then rose and went forward again in the darkness.

II.

A short distance south of Cape Perpetua is the bold promontory known as Heceta Heads. In the summer when the trade winds prevail, there is a strong current running south along the base of the Heads and setting inshore where they recede to make room for a smooth stretch of beach. Just here, in a sheltered nook is a tiny cabin built of driftwood, and redolent with the mingled fragrance of cedar and pine and the salt breath of the sea. It is so small, its eaves are so low, and it nestles so closely in its little hollow there under the hills that, coming up the beach, or down the winding path from the grassy heights above, you would scarcely notice it at all, unless you saw the curling column of smoke ascending from its wooden chimney, or heard the echoing music of young voices from within.

It was early morning. There was a warm glow in the eastern sky above the Heads, and the crested waves of the incoming tide flushed under the sun's first kiss. On the door-step of the cabin, two girls stood looking wistfully out upon the wide expanse of sea and sky.

"Another long day begun. I suppose it will be just like yesterday and the day before and——"

"Tomorrow and next day, Lean. How dissatisfied you are!"

"And you, Neja, I believe you are always satisfied"

Neja gave a little gasp under her breath, as of pain. "The ocean keeps one from loneliness," she said evasively. "And this life is such a change, you know, from the crowded city and the ceaseless round of lessons."

"Yes, I suppose so; but you see I have never tried the city, and I know this life by heart. It is monotony. Oh, if something would happen once in a while! For instance, if we could see a wreck drifting in down there on the beach, or if those escaped convicts for whom the sheriff is searching would come down the trail this morning and frighten us half out of our wits—or anything for a sensation, you know."

"Don't, Lean, please. I cannot bear to hear you go on so. They may come, and it would prove anything but a jest."

"Well, if they did come, Neja, just supposing, you know, what would you do? Capture them and claim the reward?"

"What! accept the price of a human life? Have you forgotten that capture means death, the most shameful death to one of them?"

"Dear me, how tragic you are! I will tell you what I would do if he turned out to be handsome. I'd hide him away in the cave down there, and send the sheriff and his young man off on a wild goose chase if they came prowling around asking questions. And perhaps, in course of time, he might fall in love with me, and I might marry him, and we would sail the seas a la Captain Kidd."

"Marry whom? the sheriff, or his young man?" asked Neja, amused in spite of herself.

"The sheriff, indeed! Have you no romance in your nature? Why, marry the lieutenant, of course. The papers all agree that he is striking and attractive in appearance."

"Lean, Lean, how can you utter such wicked nonsense? The man is a murderer! His hands are red with human blood." There was such a look of horror and alarm on Neja's face that Lean laughed out gleefully.

"There, you dear, I have shocked you enough for this time. Now forgive me, and I will promise to be good."

They walked leisurely out to the edge of the bank that rose steeply several feet above the soft sand lying between them and the hard, smooth beach. They were as unlike in personal appearance as in

nature and disposition, these two, thrown together so strangely in this wild place. Lean was short and inclined to fullness of figure. Her pretty expressive face had a peachy bloom which wind and sun alike were powerless to impair. Neja was tall and slight and dark; her eyes were often full of gloomy shadows, though when the mood seized her she could be as gay as the gayest.

The awakening wind, blowing up from the sea, caught the folds of their dresses and puffed them out airy and toyed with their curls. Both girls enjoyed the crisp kisses of the morning upon cheek and brow. To Lean the pleasure was purely physical; to Neja it was something more; for the moment her face lighted into positive beauty.

"Oh, look there!" Lean pointed as she spoke to an object upon the crest of a great green wave.

"Yes, I have been watching it."

"What can it be?" But this time Neja did not answer. She was already down upon the sand and half way across the beach. Breathless with expectation, thrilled, too, with a vague half-dread, Lean followed. The huge wave had curled over and broken in a seething line of foam, and for a moment that seemed an age to the eager watchers upon the beach, the burden that it bore was lost to sight.

"There it is," cried Lean, as something dark showed through the foam and was caught and lifted in another billow. "Oh, my God!" and she covered her face with her hands; for there in the green transparency of the wave before it broke, they beheld a pallid human face.

If exclamation escaped Neja's lips at the ghastly vision it was lost in the roar of the surf. She remembered afterwards the deep unspoken prayer in her heart.

When Lean looked again it was to see her friend struggling in the breakers; managing somehow to keep afloat, to work toward, and after repeated efforts, to reach and grasp a helpless tossing hand. And then, heaven help her! must she, too, drown? Must she give up and sink in that mad swirl of waters and be swept to sea? She felt the undertow dragging at her feet.

"Neja, Neja! Let him go and save yourself! Oh, come back! Come back before it is too late!" cried Lean from the shore where the rising tide broke about her knees.

But when Neja felt her strength going, when hope had all but left her, and she was conscious of naught save a great darkness everywhere, her feet suddenly touched the firm sand once more. Still the receding waters would have torn the precious burden from her benumbed grasp but that Lean, seeing her chance to help, dashed bravely to the rescue.

Together they bore the lifeless form through the shoaling surf to the dry sands out of reach of the tide, and there Neja sank beside it, weak, cold, almost fainting.

"He is dead. O, Neja, what shall we do? And you—why, you are half drowned, too." Lean took her hands and tried to pull her upon her feet. She herself was in a glow. The dash of salt water had only exhilarated her. "Come," she cried, "come up to the cabin and let me help you to get off these wet things. We can do nothing till some one comes to bury him. The man is dead."

"Yes," answered Neja; but she did not rise. The thought of death had always been horrible to her. She had never touched a dead body. A corpse!—something to fear, to shrink from in repulsion and terror!

"Help me," she said; and Lean, lending a hand, they turned the white face up to the morning light and wiped away the clinging sand and wet; and the sun, peeping over the Heads, touched tenderly the closed eyes and the colorless lips and brow.

"I thought," said Lean, lifting one of the slender hands to lay it across his breast, "I thought the dead were always rigid. See how pliant these fingers are. Perhaps there is life here yet." But Neja did not wait to make reply; she was frantically tearing away the ragged covering from the hollow chest.

"Quick, Lean, put your hand here, mine is so numb. Does the heart beat? Does it? Oh, thank God! thank God!"

What need to tell how those two brave girls worked that morning, fighting a

fearful battle with death; praying for help, for someone to come, casting hurried glances down the beach fading away in the distance southward, lifting eager anxious eyes to the trail winding about the Heads. But they watched in vain. Ten miles from other human habitation, what help could come? Sometimes a settler from up the coast, or a rare traveler passed that way; but there were often days, even weeks when they saw no one.

Somehow, they never quite knew how they did it; they managed to get their strange guest up to the cabin. But the sun was high in the heavens, when, faint still, and ghastly pale, though living and breathing naturally once more, the stranger rested upon their low, rude couch in front of the cheery cabin fire. He had spoken only once down on the sand and that was to implore them, in panting whispers to leave him, to let him die in peace. He lay now with closed eyes, his face as white as the pillow upon which it rested.

Neja, now that the strain was over, had thrown herself down upon the sea lion pelt in the corner by the fire, leaning her head against the foot of the couch. She was so tired, she told Lean, too tired to rest.

The day wore on. The level rays of sunset streamed across the misty water and through the open door. The fire smoldered on the hearth. Lean had gone down to the beach to gather driftwood to replenish it. The stranger seemed to be sleeping when she went out. He had slept through all the afternoon. When, however, Neja lifted her head, she met the gaze of a pair of eyes that seemed to burn in that pallid face like twin stars.

"It was you," he murmured. "I felt your hand close over mine down there in the surf. I know it was you. I should not have lived another minute but for you. Do you know whom you have risked your life to save?"

Neja shook her head. She felt the tears coming and dared not trust herself to speak. She was so tired and so over-wrought with the terrible strain of the morning, and it was such a relief to hear his voice, to be sure that he was really safe.

"Come here," he said. She obeyed him. "Lean down, I want to tell you what you have done," he spoke harshly. She thought it must be because the effort to speak cost him pain, and said, stooping to arrange his pillows: "Do not talk, I am afraid you are not strong enough yet."

"I must," he replied. "You should know whom you have saved, and for what fate."

She bent to catch the name he would not utter aloud and started when she heard it, and glanced fearfully around.

"You have heard, then," he said quietly, watching her intently.

"Yes," in a whisper. Then, as the full realization came upon her, she fell upon her knees beside his couch and, hiding her face in her hands, cried out in passionate pain and alarm: "Oh, the danger, the danger! You do not know! They may come at any moment—they were here yesterday. They have gone down to the village for supplies and may return!"

A sudden excitement gleamed in his eyes, a faint color fluttered in his wan cheeks, then fled and left them paler than before. He reached one thin hand and clutched her dress. "They will return! Of whom do you speak?"

"The officers—the sheriff and his deputy. They have been watching—expecting you to come this way."

"And their names?" She gave them; but his interest had passed.

"You see," he said wearily, "you should have left me to drown. It would have been better."

She uncovered her face and, still kneeling there, looked at him. There are times when speech is unnecessary. Her eyes in that one glance told him more than any words could have done. He turned his head and gazed out over the level sea.

"It would have been better," he repeated sadly, and this time it was of her he thought.

The shadows deepened in the corners. The sun had gone down and night was

coming on with a red glow in the western sky that would linger for hours yet.

"You have heard the story of my crime," he said, tossing restlessly upon his pillows. "I will not repeat it, or ask you to believe me less black than I have been painted. My victim, whether he deserved his fate or not, has been avenged. You have saved me from a coward's death, and I would thank you if I could. I go now to meet a felon's—you have given me courage to do this. I was mad to dream of escape."

When the stars came out and they heard Lean singing down on the beach, he rose. "I am going," he said. "It is the only thing to do. I must not risk the pain and annoyance my presence here might cause you were I to remain longer. Good-by." He turned to go. He was still very weak and staggered as he walked. She was at his side in an instant.

"Oh, do not go," she implored. "It is cold and you are ill, and you have no coat." Even as she spoke she caught up her own shawl and put it about his shoulders and passed out with him into the dusk of the clear summer night. What words were spoken as she helped him up the steep trail to the cliff Neja never fairly remembered. She only knew that to her, at least, each step of the way seemed one nearer to the scaffold; and yet, in spite of all the pain and the horror of it, there was a sweetness, an exaltation that lifted them both out of the damp and dark until they seemed very near to the gates where the stars stood guard.

Late in the afternoon of the day following there might have been seen a little cavalcade of armed men, winding slowly down the trail from the Heads. In their midst rode a man, muffled closely in a grey shawl, a man with a perfectly pallid face and great burning, dark eyes. His horse was without a bridle and under the concealing folds of the shawl the man's thin hands were securely chained to his saddle bow.

Our Point of View

It has been said that the first year of a magazine's existence, like the first year of married life, is so important that should it prove successful, a prosperous and happy future is assured. If this is the case the publishers of the Pacific Monthly have good reason to felicitate themselves. The magazine begins, with this number, its third volume, and the past year has been unusually successful and satisfactory. For this result the publishers are very largely indebted to the local advertisers who have so generously patronized the magazine. There has also been a general spirit of helpfulness among the literary workers of this section, and we wish to express our indebtedness to them. Every effort the circumstances allowed has been made to make the magazine genuinely valuable to the reader and advertiser, and while the magazine has fallen far short of our aims, "Rome was not built in a day." The publishers, however, realize the short-comings of the magazine, and during the next few months it will be materially improved. That there is a field for a magazine here has been demonstrated; that the Pacific Monthly will meet that demand in a satisfactory way we are determined.

From an American standpoint the result of the international yacht races was a pleasant and unexpected surprise. The Shamrock had shown up so remarkably well during the trials when the boats failed to finish in time, that so astute and experienced an observer as Hank Haff, who captained the defender in the preceding races, announced that the Shamrock was the superior boat and that only an accident would prevent her from winning the series. The races themselves, however, proved the very opposite of this to be true. The Columbia showed herself not only better designed and better constructed, but to have been more skillfully handled. The

victory was decisive. As a result of the races there has been considerable speculation as to the factors which gave the victory to America. Seamanship, undoubtedly, had much to do with it, but the best sailors in the world cannot make a poor boat a good one. The chief honor of the victory must, therefore, be placed with Herreshoff. America has in him the best yacht designer in the world today.

Many attempts have been made to establish a socialistic community, but a record of failure has so inevitably followed each attempt that we have come to look upon such undertakings as dreams of fanatics that are impossible of realization. All have recognized, however, the desirability of the movement and what its successful organization would mean for mankind. That there has been an unbroken record of failure has been due as much, probably, to the lack of good business management as to the Quixotic nature of the undertaking. This does not argue, however, that all such schemes are bad or impracticable. We might as well maintain that a Democracy is an impossibility because the early attempts at it were failures. After all, it is only by experience that lessons are really learned, and experience has been necessary in this movement for the betterment of social conditions. The pioneers in the field have suffered. They have lost much in time and money, and have been rewarded by a goodly amount of ridicule. But thought has been crystalizing all this time, and doubtless, some day, some genius will evolve a plan that the world will seize upon and make its own. Of one thing there is no doubt: The world will see wiser and more Christ-like adjustments of its social conditions during the next quarter of a century than it has seen in any previous periods of its history.

The Month

IN POLITICS—

The declaration of war and the beginning of hostilities in the Transvaal are the result, according to the London Spectator, of a determination on the part of President Kruger to fight because he wants to fight. He might have had peace at any time by making "simple and reasonable concessions." So much depends upon the point of view, however. Possibly the "concessions" did not look so "simple" and "reasonable" to President Kruger as they appeared to the English. "The Boers are determined," continues the Spectator, "that they have a right to do what they will with their own."

Leading English journals are kind enough to hope that before the new year dawns the American forces in the Philippines will be commanded by a general who understands that capturing villages and retiring from them is rather worry than war."

The crisis in Austrian state affairs is not passed. No one seems anxious to accept the premiership and there is an avowed intention to make the German language the official tongue.

The proposition for a temporary adjustment of the Alaska boundary line has been accepted by the Canadian government. The divisional line is so drawn as to shut Canada out of a sea port, and Canadians are not permitted the free transportation of goods across Alaskan territory save in case of miner's outfits. The modus vivendi follows the precedent established by Secretary Evarts, in 1879, in the agreement upon a temporary boundary on the Stickeen river, in Alaska, by the exchange of notes. The line on Chilkat river is $22\frac{1}{2}$ statute miles from the head of navigation on Chilkat inlet, on Lynn canal, and the Kholinie river, 12 miles further inland, and the

whole valley of the Porcupine is included within American lines. As to White and Chilkoot passes, the line is fixed at the summit of the watershed, being the points which for some time past have been observed by customs authorities of the two countries.

Senator Hoar declares in favor of Quay, and thinks he is entitled to a seat in the United States Senate. He bases his belief in the right of the governor to appoint a senator to fill a vacancy upon "the contention that it was the purpose of the framers of the constitution that the senate should always be full."

IN SCIENCE—

Dr. Georg Steindorff, of Leipsic University, is about to undertake a journey into the heart of Africa in the interest of science.

Plain soda water, it has been satisfactorily demonstrated, is a palliative for hunger.

The automobile exchange and training school is a necessity that has arisen to meet a present demand.

A process has been recently patented in Germany by Dr. Gustave Pum, of Graz, for the manufacture of artificial sponges.

Paper tiles for roofing are a new, hard, cheap and durable. They are glazed and made in any shape, color or size to suit the purpose.

IN LITERATURE—

Olive Schreiner has taken up the woman question in the *Cosmopolitan* and treats it far more clearly and comprehensively than any one else has yet done. She goes in to the subject in the most exhaustive manner, and sees in changed conditions consequent upon the advent

of steam, electricity and mechanical devices for the lightening of labor, the cause for the unrest that characterizes the woman of today. In other words, woman, like Othello, finds her natural occupation gone and clamors to be given something to do in place of it.

Lippincott's, last month, published another of Paul Laurence Dunbar's entitled "The Strength of Gideon." It is a chronicle of slavery days, and is superior to "Called" in many ways.

An edition, in five small volumes of Dean Plumptre's translation of Dante, is one of the desirable things of the month issued by D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston. This translation is considered one of the best, the most poetic and scholarly, and has until now been published only in cumbersome and expensive form.

Clara Barton is arranging and writing an autobiography.

The title of Frank T. Bullen's next book is "The Way They Have In the Navy." If it is half as interesting as his preceding volumes, "The Cruise of the Cachelot" and *Idylls of the Sea*, it will be well worth reading.

Richard Henry Stoddard's recent review of "The Man With the Hoe" is, according to *Literary Life*, "quite the most remarkable thing of the kind known in American letters." It is not a criticism, it is an unjust and unwarrantable abuse.

The second volume of *Lady Randolph Churchill's* magazine was published in October by John Lane of the Bodley Head, and bound after a design by *Déroule le Jeune*, 1770-80.

An addition to the great Variorum edition of Shakespeare's plays has just been completed by Dr. Horace Howard Furness and will be shortly presented by the J. B. Lippincott Company. The new volume is "Much Ado About Nothing." Dr. Furness has just returned to

this country from England, where his literary abilities and pre-eminence as a Shakespearean authority obtained recognition at Cambridge University, which conferred upon him the degree of D.Lit., an honor that has been shared by only two other American scholars, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Charles Eliot Norton.

Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, whose writings a year or two ago attracted much attention in the literary world, is the guest of Joaquin Miller, at the latter's home on Oakland Heights. Since the abandonment last fall of a paper Noguchi started here, he has written nothing for publication, but it is understood that his pen is not idle, and that something up to the standard of his "The Voice of the Valley" and "Seen and Unseen" may be expected soon.

IN ART—

The young artist who furnishes the decorative covers for McClure's, Harper's and the Book-Buyer is a pupil of the matchless illustrator, William H. Low, and his name is Charles Louis Hinton. He lives in New York and he is a sculptor as well as an artist. His father, Louis J. Hinton, is a decorator and wood-carver and has done some really notable work along these lines.

Two note books, once the property of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and filled with pencil drawings, pen-and-ink sketches and character studies by that wonderful artist, have recently been purchased by an American, Mr. J. W. Bouton.

Sir Alma Tadema's paintings are on exhibition at the Holland Fine Art Gallery in London, together with the work of notable Dutch artists.

The Sketch Club of Portland will hold an exhibition in the club rooms in the Worcester Block in November. There will be some new and excellent work exhibited by the members who have been painting in silence and solitude for a whole year and over.

Zolnay's bust of Poe was unveiled at the University of Virginia. It occupies an alcove in the new library building in the rotunda. The poet is represented in a reflective mood, his head bent and one hand grasping the lappel of his coat. The features shown are those of an intellectual man in a state of dejection, with something of pathos in the impression one receives. It is not the Poe of Griswold, but the man more truly drawn for our instruction by Mr. Woodberry. The bust bears a fac simile of the poet's signature and the inscription, "Edgar Allan Poe, 1809-1849. Student of the University of Virginia, February to December, 1826."

At the forty-fourth annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, in London, two Americans, Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz and Dudley Hoyt, each received the much-coveted Royal Medal, the highest honor to be won in the photographic world.

The annual exhibition of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg occurs this month. Jean Francois Raffaelli, the French impressionistic illustrator and painter, and William Stot, of Oldham, England, are members of the artists' jury together with leading artists from New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

IN EDUCATION—

S. T. Dutton, superintendent of schools in Brookline, Mass., has published a book in which he sets forth his idea of public schools as they should be, not as they are. He believes that the public school should "provide effective training for body, mind and heart." Its mission is to develop the individual and to this end it must become less a machine. It can be made a cure for crime by the building up of character.

Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, the new president of the University of California, has entered upon his duties and is warmly welcomed to the Pacific Coast as one worthy to stand at the head of a great institution of learning like that at Berkeley, and as a man whose place in

the world of literature has been forever nobly fixed by his splendid story of Alexander the Great.

A "Liberal University" has been opened in Silverton, Oregon. Its articles of incorporation provides that all of its "courses of education, instruction, art and culture shall be conducted and kept forever free from, and uninfluenced by any kind or form of theology, sectarian religion or supernaturalism, Christian or other, and that no religious creeds, catechisms, dogmas, public prayers, masses, sacraments, incantations or religious exercises shall ever be allowed upon its property or premises under its control, or be used or connected in any way with any of its discipline, courses of study or functions of any kind except for the purpose of historical exposition or illustration; but the main purpose shall be in regard to religious matters and culture, to replace all of the said past phases of religion by the universal religion of Liberty, Science, and Humanity."

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

The Bishop of Winchester has declared most strongly against the confessional. He holds that it is forbidden by the Church of England. "The wisest human counsellor is he who leads the sinner to need human counsel least," is the way in which he expresses the truth of the matter as it appears to him.

"Reincarnation is the key to the seeming-injustice of life," said Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the Theosophist leader, in a recent interview, "and the greatest force for good, for the soul is inspired by it to believe that what it sows in one life it reaps in the next."

The "Communion Hymn," the first two stanzas of which are given below, is by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the author of "In His Steps."

Oh Prince of Life Eternal,
Shine forth o'er all the earth!
The stars of all the ages
Has glowed above thy birth;
'Through every coming empire
Thy kingdom shall extend,
And over all the nations
Its sway shall never end.

Thou are the first in heaven,
 The first in earth art thou;
 Before thy matchless beauty -
 Both men and angels bow;
 We hail thee as our Savior,
 We crown thee as our King,
 And out of all our treasures
 The best we have we bring.

George D. Herron, "Professor of Applied Christianity," in Dow College, in a recent issue of the New York Journal, says: "We all believe in a God of the dim past and in a God of the remote future, but how many believe in an actual living God of this present month?" His idea of a religion that will meet the needs of the day and satisfy man's nature in all ways, is indicative of the new thought that is taking hold upon the world. He further says: "Evil is, only because we think that it is. It has no reality beyond our belief in it; no power save such as our belief invests it with. Evil exacts tribute because we are stupid enough to come to terms with it. The devil exists because we unconsciously worship him as the real power, when we think that we are worshipping God. We have strife, competition and struggle. We have the palace beside the sweat-shop, the wretched tenement behind the church; the monstrous lobby in the legislative hall, the swarms of political and commercial parasites on the social body, because we believe in all this hideousness and tyranny as real and potent; as having always been, and as therefore always to be. But there is no evil except our belief in evil."

A Plea.

My home, my sunny, Southern home,
 The friends my childhood knew,
 I left, mid foes and frost to roam,
 That I might follow you;
 The laurel wreath I won from Fame
 Beneath your feet lies low,
 Your white hand stained my honored name;
 And, since you will it so,
 I die; nor beg your pitying sighs;
 And yet—I ask this dole
 Oh, turn away your glorious eyes,
 And let me keep my soul.

Adonen.

LEADING EVENTS—

September 24.—Julia Dent Grant is married to Prince Michel Cantacuzene at Newport, Rhode Island.

September 25.—The Battleship Kearsarge makes a successful trial trip over the Cape Ann course from Boston.

September 25.—Idaho and North Dakota volunteers are mustered out at San Francisco.

September 26.—Admiral Dewey arrives in New York.

October 1.—At Manila General Otis refuses to recognize Aguinaldo as "president of the republic."

October 2.—General Otis rejects a letter presented to him by Filipino envoys.

October 3.—The first race between the Columbia and the Shamrock is declared off for lack of wind.

October 4.—Admiral Dewey advises the president to send the Brooklyn and other warships to reinforce the squadron in the Philippines.

October 5.—Indo-British troops fight with Arab forces on the Somali coast near Berbera.

October 6.—President McKinley is endorsed by the Massachusetts republican convention.

October 7.—President McKinley is entertained by the Marquette Club of Chicago.

October 8.—American troops are advancing from Bacoar along Cavite peninsula.

October 9.—The American army occupies the Filipino stronghold.

October 10.—The Boers send an ultimatum to England. They demand the withdrawal of British troops from the border.

October 11.—President Kruger answers a cablegram from the Chicago Tribune and declares that South Africa must be free.

October 12.—Martial law is proclaimed at Pretoria in the Transvaal.

October 14.—Sir Redvers Buller is given supreme control of the English forces in South Africa.

October 15.—A revolution threatens in Venezuela.

October 16.—General Shafter in his report advises that the Presidio recruiting station be continued.

October 17.—In South Africa the Boers attack the British at Mafeking and are repulsed.

October 18.—President McKinley declares himself upon the question of the Philippines.

October 19.—In the house of commons Joseph Chamberlain defines the policy of England in Africa.

October 20.—The Columbia wins in the final race with the Shamrock.

October 21.—The Boers suffer defeat at Elands laagto.

October 31.—Report from London says that the Boers captured two regiments of infantry and ten field pieces.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

ANNEXATION AND EXPANSION.

The question of expansion raises the question of the power of congress, under the constitution, to legislate for and control its colonies and dependent territories. This power, if derived at all, must be derived from Section 3, Article IV, of the Constitution, which provides that congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting, the territory or other property of the United States. At all events the only authority or right that congress has, under the constitution, or otherwise, to deal with the acquired territory is to foster and encourage its development, so that the same may become a state as speedily as possible, and the right of congress to legislate for it must be strictly confined to the accomplishment of that purpose, and only those laws can be enacted that are necessary to preserve the territory and hasten that end.

To undertake to do otherwise would be a dangerous and unprecedented experiment, without sanction or authority under the constitution, or passage—an indirect violation of the spirit and intent of the constitution, and against precedent and tendencies of the drift of public opinion. This is clearly shown from an examination of the history of our country—as well as from the views of the earlier law writers and commentators.

Take, for example, the language of Chancellor Kent, in the first volume of his *Commentaries on American Law*. On page 386, he says: "If, therefore, the government of the United States should carry into execution the project of colonizing the great valley of the Columbia or Oregon River to the west of the Rocky mountains it would afford a sub-

ject of grave consideration. What would be the future political and civil destiny of that country? It would be a long time before it would be populous enough to be created into one or more independent states, and in the meantime, upon the doctrine taught by the acts of congress and even by the judicial decisions of the supreme court, the colonists would be in a state of most complete subordination, and as dependent upon the will of congress as the people of this country would have been upon the king and parliament of Great Britain, if they could have sustained their claim to bind us in all cases whatsoever. Such a state of absolute sovereignty on the one hand, and of absolute dependency on the other, is not congenial with the free and independent spirit of our native institutions, and the establishment of distant territorial government ruled according to will and pleasure, would have a very natural tendency, as all pro-consular governments have had, to abuse and oppression."

It is an innovation upon our American ideas and institutions, and would require a complete change. While our constitution is and has been very elastic, and has been made to fit new and strange conditions, unthought of at the time of its adoption, I am satisfied it could never be stretched so as to meet the necessities of the new proposed conditions. Expansion beyond the limits of this continent, and an attempt to acquire and control other territory is a theory tending directly to imperialism, a condition which a republic, formed and maintained as ours is, can never conform to. It is entirely destructive of that patriotism which is the foundation of our government.

It is impossible for a conquered peo-

ple, after a long and bloody strife, to readily adopt the views and ideas of the conquerer. Patriotism is a tender plant; it cannot be forced; it cannot be made. It comes from natural causes; it is inherent, and a republic without patriotism in the hearts of the people, from whom all just power is derived, cannot live.

In reading the masterly and interesting discussion of the constitution as contained in the "Federalist," one is impressed with the fact that it was this power of acquiring and governing dependent colonies that filled the minds of the authors of that remarkable document with the greatest alarm. They were too conversant with the history of the great republics of the past not to feel that this power could not be too closely guarded.

The description of the gross abuses and oppressions of which the Roman magistrates who governed with despotic sway the distant provinces of that great nation, as pictured in the glowing rhetoric of Cicero, affords a warning which modern nations would do well to heed.

From the time of the first acquisition of territory by the Louisiana purchase through the session of Florida, to the Oregon treaty and the Mexican treaty, in no instance, except in Alaska, has congress failed to leave the inhabitants of the acquired territory the right of making its own laws, reserving only a general supervision which in no case has

been unreasonably exercised. Alaska being the only exception, and the shameful disregard with which this district has been treated by congress requires no condemnation at my hand for the reason that it is universally conceded. Imagine the result had this district been populated by Filipinos instead of patriotic, intelligent American citizens, who love their country.

Can we not see that something more must necessarily be done for them if annexed than has been done for us; and it is from the application of these wise principles of self-government and careful recognition of the privileges and immunities so dear to the American citizens that this peaceful and successful result has been obtained. But how can those islands be brought up under the tutelage of this republic? How could they receive the benign influence and enjoy the freedom and appreciate the blessings of such a government as ours? They must, of necessity, be governed as colonies, and such is not the policy of our government, nor ever can be. Such was not the intention of the framers of the constitution; such has not been the spirit of its interpretation. The intention and interpretation of the constitution has always been to guard against every exercise of despotic power—to grant to the people the largest liberty consistent with safety.

W. C. Crews.

Juneau, Alaska.

Past.

We met, once more the summer wave
Of pleasure caught us in its net;
So tossed, we took what pleasure gave,
We met.
But passion faded to regret,
Blooms never more in colors brave;
Nor can she ever quite forget,
Or give again the hope she gave.
Youth's earliest sun is scarcely set—
But love is dead, and by his grave
We met.

Florence May Wright.

Men and Women

"WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?"

A Reply to "The Minister," in the October number.

"The Minister" heads his sermon with this query, in the October number of the Pacific Monthly. I wish I knew who the minister is; whether he is young or old, male or female. Then I could better judge him. I should say, from the sermon, that he is one who knows more of the theory of existence than the practical workings of it. I should say that he sits in his office and writes sermons, but does not go out among God's people, reading them. Young Minister, let me ask you, what is the saddest thing in all the world? Is it loss of friends, death, disgrace, poverty, disappointment, wrecked hopes, shallowners, love of 'play,' lack of seriousness, —is it any of these things? Unless you are very young, you will say, "it is not." You will agree with me that the deepest tragedy of human existence comes when a man has passed through the usual programme of hopes and fears, stands on the threshold of a future, which holds out no allurements and looks back on a past that is barren, and asks that most fatal of all queries, "What is it all for?" And yet you would have him ask it. You would condemn his interest in the "day's pleasures," the "play" and put this awful unanswerable outcry of the great human heart on his lips.

A thousand times, I protest. Leave man to enjoy as long as he can enjoy; to fill his days and years with honest toil, brightened by the natural, healthy pleasures that every nature must have for its entire development. Let him be as childlike as nature would have him, and then if his life is not full, if a pause must come when he wearily asks, "What is it all for?" pity him. Do not tell him we are here to "prepare for the next life" any more than that Monday is merely a preparation for Tuesday. Monday is just as important, every whit,

as Tuesday. It is the beginning of the week. True, the successful passing of the week may hinge on the start made on Monday; but Monday is primarily important for its own lessons, not for a preparation day for all that is to come after.

So in life. We begin here, and it is well to begin aright, but this life is just as important as the one to follow. More so to us, for this is in our hands to mould as we will. We know nothing of the future. It is God's. Let us not trespass. Let us live out our lives nobly seeing so many duties and pleasures, on every side, that we have no time to ask, "What is it all for?"

Make much of the little things that fill up the day. See the funny side of the puzzling tangles. Laugh more and question less, and when your time comes to die, die bravely, with no misgivings about the future. Trust the God who created you.

Anne Shannon Monroe,

704 North Second street,
Tacoma Wash.



THE POWER OF A WORD.

Who shall measure the power of a word? Written or spoken it is difficult to estimate its importance, or to limit its influence for good or for evil, and yet there is nothing, absolutely nothing, which we use with such recklessness and extravagance as we use words.

There is that old couplet about "A man of words and not of deeds—" etc. What child in this land of the free ever escapes having its meaning duly impressed upon his mind? One of the aphorisms we are taught by our pastors and masters in our early youth is to the effect that "actions speak louder than words," and we go through life laboring under the mistaken idea that it makes lit-

tle difference what we say as long as we do the right thing. It is an idea, too, which we do not outgrow, but which rather assumes greater importance as we look upon it from the vantage ground of middle age.

"As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," and it is not to be wondered at that in our eagerness to pay deference to the act we form the habit of underestimating the value of the word. We, all of us, daily disregard the wisdom of the wisest of kings who wrote in the days of prophecy:

"He that ruleth his own tongue is greater than he that taketh a city."

A word! a mere sound breathed out upon the air. Heard, perhaps, by one alone, and vanishing on the instant, yet in effect far-reaching as space, and outlasting time itself. Ah, the word! Consider that first verse of the Gospel According to St. John: "In the beginning was the Word. And the Word was with God." Out of the Spoken Thought came all created things, for "The Word was God." And yet we go on saying that words do not count, that the action is all in all. And we are wrong.

An action may be forgiven, no matter how cruel or how productive of pain, of

loss, of anguish of mind and body—an action may be forgotten, no matter how kind or generous, or great, but a word will be remembered forever and ever. Its sting is as sharp at the end of the years as on the day when it first cut the heart with its scorpion lash, or gladdened the ear with its tender music.

"Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours,

For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each chasing each through all the lonely hours,

And meeting strangely at one sudden goal.
Then blend they like green leaves with golden flowers,

Into one beautiful and perfect whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day."

"So long as a woman loves she loves right on, steadily. A man has to do something between whiles."—Jean Paul Richter.

It was de Maupassant who said that in order to render women comprehensible one must appeal to their intelligence through their feminine nature, for they see all things through sentiment.

Love's Questioning.

How do I love thee, Love, my love?

I find no words to say;

For oh, the love words can portray,

It passeth in a day.

Why do I love thee, Love, my love?

When Eros goes before,

He carries in his hand the key

To Fate's mysterious door.

When do I love thee, Love, my love?

Why every day and night

And hour, and golden minute,

Marked by heart-beats in its flight.

How do I love thee, Love, my love?

I cannot tell thee how;

I only know that ev'n in death—

I'll love as I love now.

Lisken M. Miller.

The Idler

CONDUCTED BY CATHERINE COGGSWELL.

As a Theosophist might say, the drama moves in cycles. In the last fifteen years this has been demonstrated clearly. Shakespeare—or the legitimate—fell almost into the absolute silence of non-production, the lurid melodrama became obsolete, and comic opera reigned supreme. Bright, tuneful music prevailed the atmosphere theatrical—only to be succeeded by the society play. These in turn were relegated to oblivion by the ever-to-be-wooed public, and a wave of erotic, unhealthy pieces lived their little day. Then vaudeville became popular and, to some extent, still is the fad of the hour, but the theatres of New York show that the dramatized novel is what draws best at present.

The praised-to-an-early-death "Trilby" was the first to set foot on the ladder of fame. Then followed the romantic "Prisoner of Zenda." These instances are by no means meant to imply that there were not many other plays founded on books, but these were the outposts of the standing army of novelized dramas, or dramatized novels. There was comment of all kinds on "The Christian," but the people flocked to see it, and today Thackeray's "Becky Sharp," produced and played most cleverly by Minnie Madern Fiske, is the most-talked-of production. Zangwill's "Ghetto," the Jewish contribution, "Phroso," still another, and last tho' by no means least, Stuart Robson in "The Gadfly," throng the metropolitan theatres. It is a difficult matter to imagine Robson as a morbid young priest, with no hint of comedy in his composition,

centred solely on revenge. Yet the press and the public acknowledge the success of this, one of the latest of the book plays.

Anthony Hope's stories, it would seem, lend themselves readily to dramatic adaptation. "Rupert of Hentzau," the sequel of the ever-charming "Prisoner of Zenda," as a novel, though not lacking in dramatic incident, is in some ways not so satisfactory. As a play it is not inferior to its exquisite predecessor. To my mind it is the pure romance, the tender love-making, the fine thread of humor that characterizes Anthony Hope's books that makes them so perfectly enjoyable and gives them their hold upon the public both as novels and as plays. It remains to be seen how long the original authors of dramatic efforts will allow their field to be usurped by the novelist.



Scene—A Dramatic Agent's office.

Dramatis Personae—A Leading Lady, A Spanish Clown. Both waiting to see managers.

Leading Lady (wishing to be agreeable)—Ah, Mr. —, looking for an engagement?

Clown (airily)—I expect to sign contracts this morning for a turn at the best vaudeville houses.

L. L.—Indeed! You are fortunate. I really think I'll have to go into the Variety myself, the days of the Legit. seem to be in the sear and yellow—

Clown (positively)—Oh, but, Miss—you have to be really clever to do anything in Vaudeville.

A Day of Hope.

Into a narrow life one day there came
A hope that warmed and brightened it like
flame,
And tho' at night-fall cold and dead it lay,
It lived not all in vain, that one sweet day!

Florence May Wright.

The Home

HOUSEKEEPING AND HOMEKEEPING.

Something more goes to the making of a home than the careful ordering of a house. A good house-keeper is not always a successful home-keeper, and of the two the latter is the more necessary to domestic comfort. There are houses so exquisitely kept, so severely clean and neat that it seems almost a sacrilege to invade their immaculate precincts with shod feet. One instinctively pauses upon the threshold, for there is always a faint chill in the atmosphere in these temples of purity that is disconcerting to the ordinary mortal, who loves warmth and light and freedom, three essentials of the home.

Neatness and order in the home are not to be disregarded, but they must be unobtrusive, subservient to comfort, and not permitted to interfere with the freedom of the members of the household. Home means so much more than mere shelter from the elements, a place in which to eat and sleep. It is the garden of life, wherein blossom the fairest human flowers, and flowers to bloom in full perfection must have unstinted sunshine. The warm light of love and sympathy must pervade the home, whatever else is lacking, and it is one of the evidences we have of the Divine ordering of human affairs that these, the first essentials, are within the reach of all who aspire to make a home. Every couple who can afford a roof over their heads may, if they really desire it, possess a home, that is, if they understand the basic principles of home-building. In two or three rooms, in one even, it is possible to live the ideal life. And many a man who is born and brought up in the midst of luxury goes to his grave without ever having breathed the atmosphere of that beautiful place which James Howard Payne immortalized in tender verse.

The home instinct is inherent in the race. It is particularly emphasized in

woman kind, though not always developed. Indeed the fashion of the day, in spite of the prevalence of cooking schools, science in the household, hygienic housekeeping, etc., tends to discourage home life. Girls are educated with the mistaken notion that they must enter some profession, that they must compete with men in the marts of trade, that, in short, the first duty of women is to earn her own living by selling the efforts of her hand and brain for dollars and cents. The boasted equality of the sexes, the independence of woman, the unnatural craving for recognition outside of the home and social circle, stimulated by so-called reformers, must be held to answer for this present state of things.

There was once a woman in this great Northwest who went about lecturing upon the proper care and scientific upbringing of children, and it is common report that her own child, left meanwhile to look after himself, died from lack of attention.

This woman and others of her kind are the unfortunate products of mistaken methods of education. Scientific child-culture is a poor substitute for mother-love, and the girl who is brought up to believe that she can best deliver her message to humanity from the platform, and fulfil her mission to mankind in a public career is erroneously and injuriously instructed. She wields a wider influence when she lets the light of her loving wisdom illuminate her own home circle, and the word that goes out from her own hearthstone may be heard around the world and echo for all time down the vista of the coming ages.

• • •
SYSTEM.

During the past few years a great deal has been written about the education of women. In nearly every case it has eith-

er been urged or taken for granted that woman's work lies in the home, and the suggestions for her education have been made with that condition in mind. In all that has been said, however, there has been a very general disregard of emphasizing the important elements which determine the success or failure in the management of a home. The most important of these is unquestionably "system." Yet very little is done toward inculcating this very desirable quality in the minds of those who are to be mothers and rulers of homes. In the practical affairs of life with young men the condition is very different. A young man must go through a prolonged training of apprenticeship in nearly every business, and a disregard of system, he is soon taught, would mean confusion and failure. Is the management of a home a less practical or serious undertaking than a commercial pursuit? Certainly it is not. All the ingenuity and skill in systematizing that are so necessary in business, are equally, if indeed not more, necessary in the management of a home. This question is of too serious a nature, it touches the well-being of humanity too closely for it to be left to the slipshod, chance settlement that has characterized it in the past. There must be some reform along the lines of home management and duties, and woman must either settle the question herself in a practical, sensible way, or admit that it is too much for her and turn it over to man. If we may dare to suggest it, this question is of greater import than woman suffrage, prohibition, and the discussions that generally occupy the attention of women's clubs.



THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT.

In a recent address, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie called attention to the fact that Scotland, a little country far to the north, under dolesome skies, and swept by depressing mists and chilling winds, has been very fertile in men of genius. Every one of its generations during the last five centuries has produced a Scotchman to give literary expression

to the emotions and imaginations of English-speaking peoples.

Mr. Mabie's explanation of this fertility is that there is something rich and grand in the race, something deep in its heart, which even the Scotch peasant has the insight to see and the power to express.

"Last summer," says Mr. Mabie, "I was talking with one of the foremost contemporary Scotch writers, and I said to him: 'Is there not a great deal of poetry among the commonest and most uneducated people in Scotland?'"

"Said he: 'They are saturated with it.'"

"One day in the early spring he was walking along the side of a mountain in Skye, when he came to a hut in which lived an old man he had known a great many years. He saw the old man with his head bowed and his bonnet in his hand. My friend came up and said to him after a bit:

"'I did not speak to you, Sandy, because I thought you might be at your prayers.'"

"'Well, not exactly that,' said the old man; 'but I tell you what I was doing. Every morning for forty years I have taken off my bonnet here to the beauty of the world!'"

"Where untrained farming folk go out and take off their hats to the beauty of the world, it is there that we may expect to find poets.

"Peasants do not use the language of poets unless they have the souls of poets in them."

But whence comes the peasants' sentiment and power of expression? "Is it my belief," answers Mr. Mabie, "that the Scotch people have derived their inspiration from their knowledge of the great poetry of the Old and New Testaments. Nobody can know the Psalms of David or the prophecies of Isaiah or that sublime Book of Job, without being imbued with a keen imagination. So, I believe that it is largely because of this that a little people so far to the north, so out of the reach of balmy skies and tropical influences, are so rich in the greater elements of thought and knowledge and art and life."—Youth's Companion.

Books

WISDOM AND DESTINY.

Maeterlinck—Dodd, Meade & Company, New York.

Maurice Maeterlinck—a name, yes, but name that embodies “the music of the spheres,” a title that stands for divine harmony, a heavenly measure from some celestial chorus, chanted by angelic hosts.

Maurice Maeterlinck! a man as other men, perhaps, but a human soul to whom God has spoken, a medium through whom Eternal Truth and Wisdom find expression.

Clear and sweet and strong, vibrant with the melody and the meaning of life, his words give voice to the hidden good in the heart of man, and he who reads must heed and understand.

A mystic, would you call him, this dreamer of beautiful dreams that are true? a transcendentalist? a Neo-Platonist? Very well. Until the speech of man is enriched by some new word, some heavenly phrase down-dropped from the stars to tell what he is, we must be content to call him mystic. But is this mysticism, this simple sentence which even a child can comprehend?

“Ah yes—I declare that the joy of a perfect, abiding love is the greatest this world contains; and yet if you find not this love, naught will be lost of all you have done to deserve it, for this will go to deepen the peace of your heart, and render still braver and purer the calm of your days.”

Longfellow said much the same thing in his story of “Evangeline” though in less beautiful and impressive fashion:

“Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning

Back to their spring, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment,

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.”

This speech from the lips of the gentle Acadian maiden’s “Father Confessor,” lacks the directness and the simplicity that characterize Maeterlinck’s words.

“Wisdom and Destiny” is a book, its

translator would have us believe, that is “truly a faithful mirror” of the author’s own “thoughts and feelings and actions.” If, then, you would know Maurice Maeterlinck, gaze into this “mirror.” You will be startled to find reflected there many of your own half-thoughts. You will see your own faint perceptions of the truth taking form and your convictions regarding the unseen, which you have never had the courage to acknowledge, even to yourself, will confront you, demanding recognition. He has gone forward, this poet of the ideal, into that vast uplifted place where the soul expands, where the air is the breath of heaven and the wind blows out of the gates of eternal dawn. Most of us turn aside when we have come to the borderland of this lofty region. We are afraid to go on, because we are in love with our own delusions, and something whispers to us that we must lose them there. But this mystic, this dreamer knows nothing of fear. In the high altitude in which he walks, there is no room for doubt, or dread. With calm eyes and lifted brow he fronts the Unknown and writes in living words the meaning of the thing he sees. “Beauty” he declares to be “the only language of the soul.” Beauty is to him the all in all, but it is not mere beauty of form and color that he worships. It is rather the spirit of the Divine that breathes through and animates every living thing.

He is like Jean Paul, if Jean Paul could be stripped of the bewildering fancies, the voluminous, rainbow-tinted and rose-misted draperies in which he enveloped and strove to conceal his luminous thoughts. He is like Le Gallienne, that “young moon in a pine wood,” but goes far beyond and above him in that he beholds not alone beauty, but the soul of beauty.

“Ennoblement comes to a man in the degree that his consciousness quickens,” writes the author of “The Treasure of

the Humble," and you feel instinctively that he knows what he is talking about.

Of that chapter "The Invisible Goodness," I will not speak. It is too deep, too strongly moving in its effect upon the reader. It must be read, not discussed.

"Silence" is treated in a manner that arrests the attention by reason of its originality and holds it by reason of its truth. Have you not felt the force of this without knowing it really? "There is an instinct of the superhuman truths within us which warns us that it is dangerous to be silent with one whom we do not wish to know, or do not love; for words may pass between men, but let silence have had its instant of activity, and it will never efface itself, and indeed the true life, the only life that leaves a trace behind, is made up of silence alone."

The following sentence is from "The Deeper Life," one of the chapters in "The Treasure of the Humble," "To love one's neighbor in the immovable depths," Maeterlinck says, "Means to love in others, that which is eternal; for one's neighbor in the truest sense of the term, is that which approaches the nearest to

God; in other words, all that is best and purest in man." And again he tells us that "Nothing responds more infallibly to the secret cry of goodness than the goodness that is near.

Ah, yes, it is easy to believe that "Something divine has happened," and we know that "Somewhere our God must have smiled," when Maurice Maeterlinck was born.



George W. Cable's new novel is called "The Cavalier."

Jokai has written over three hundred novels.

M. Rostand thinks that to adequately describe the life of Sarah Bernhardt "would need a new Homer built up of Theophile Gautier, Jules Verne and Rudyard Kipling." And he says as much to Jules Huret, who is the author of the monograph on the celebrated actress.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar's second volume of short stories entitled "Stories of Cabin and Cottonfield," will appear some time this fall. He is writing another novel which will not be completed before next winter.

Phaon.

You came into my life unsought,
You called yourself my friend.
You made your friendship dear to me,
And now—is this the end?

You claimed my kindest thoughts and words,
Nay more—you asked for more.
And love's unselfish hand flung wide
My heart's long-bolted door.

Your presence brightened all my days,
And made my life complete.
I would have died to give you joy,
And counted death most sweet.

And you—how brief a dream may be!
Life is of dreams built up.
Who lives must dream, and dreaming drain
Love's sweet and bitter cup.

ORAARD.

The Financial World

CONDUCTED BY DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.

The speculative month has been replete with incidents that have been confusing to the speculative public and have been somewhat puzzling to those who have sought to follow the probable course of events in the immediate future. Chief among the recent developments is, of course, the British-Boer war and its influence on the money markets of the world. The Boer ultimatum, which proved, in effect, to be a declaration of war, was without demoralizing influence and appeared to have been pretty well discounted in the money markets of the world, despite the fact that the Transvaal has been contributing something like \$60,000,000 a year to the available supply of gold. Views of the outlook in that direction were unanimous in that there could be but one result to such a conflict, namely, decisive victory by the British. Therefore it was contended that the future was bright, in that the present and recent suspense caused by the Transvaal as a disturbing factor in the financial situation, would be forever removed. A war of two, three, or a half dozen months was held to be preferable to a continued state of anxiety induced by the South African situation. The trouble there, as affecting the financial situation, had become chronic; and while the time for settlement was inopportune from the financial view point, yet the Boer ultimatum evoked a feeling of relief, and the monetary system at London at once reflected an improved tone. Consuls advanced, discount rates became easier and for the last week the Bank of England statement exhibited an improvement in the reserve as compared with its predecessor.

At this point the money market has experienced rapid changes in sentiment. Rates for call loans this week have been very generally at or below the legal rate, and, in the market for time money, lenders have shown a disposition to be more

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liberal than they were a week ago. The most important incident in this quarter was the action of the Treasury Department in determining to prepay the interest due November 1, and also anticipate the interest on all bonds for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1890, at a discount of two-tenths of 1 per cent a month. This step was responsible for a temporarily improved speculative feeling, and a more cheerful tone throughout the financial community. Second thought, however, was not disposed to regard the benefits to be derived with any great amount of satisfaction. The offer of relief led to the direction of attention to the cause of the present stringency, and the fact that so little could be done by the Department and its unfortunately awkward system. Estimates of the total interest payments, if all bond-holders took advantage of the prepayment offer, were about \$30,000,000.

Wheat market conditions continue without notable change, the month closing with prices at Chicago at practically the same position as a month ago, there having been no unusual fluctuations during this period. The government crop report which at this time is expected to indicate the preliminary estimate of yield of wheat per acre, gives no light on the question, pending a fuller investigation than yet practicable. Until the indications heretofore evident are disturbed by new evidence it will probably be fair to regard the extent of the crop as approximately 525,000,000 bushels. There are estimates considerably higher, but the future course of events only can determine as to whether the higher or lower calculations more nearly reflect the extent of production.

The indications as presented by English statisticians are that European wants will call for practically all of the supposed exportable surplus of wheat in this country and Canada for the current year, but the plentifulness of stocks now in sight and available for a considerable time to come operates to modify speculative sentiment and to interfere with expectations of a rise in prices.

John H. Mitchell

Albert H. Tanner

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Chess

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The Gentleman's Game.

"It is a singular fact," says a writer in The American Chess Magazine, "that while all other games of chance or skill have at one time or another been denounced by the clergy of every faith, Chess alone has received their approbation, and among the best players of every land have been clergymen, priests, and bishops."

We know at least one clerical club where Chess is played, and it is not an unusual thing to see clergymen in the Chess-clubs of the large cities. There are several reasons for this "singular fact:" Chess is an intellectual game. It demands concentration of thought, and is really a deep and complicated study. The objectionable features of many other games are not found in it. It is preeminently the gentleman's game, and the Code among Chess-players prohibits everything that looks like trickery or even suggests the gamester. Those persons who object to Chess are simply ignorant of its high character. Because it is a game, they class it with games of chance, and condemn it as fostering the desire to win something, or, in other words, the gambler's spirit. Not only clergymen, but professional men everywhere, are interested in the game. This is especially the fact in reference to physicians, lawyers, and professors in institutions of learning. Chess is, indeed, the Royal Game, in every sense in which we can contemplate it.

"Janowski's Great Game."

Queen's Gambit Declined.

Steinitz. White.	Janowski. Black.
1. P-Q 4	1. P-Q 4
2. P-Q B 4	2. P-K 3
3. Kt-Q B 3	3. Kt-K B 3
4. Kt-B 3	4. B-K 2
5. Q-B 2	5. Castles
6. P-K 4	6. P x P
7. Kt x P	7. Kt-B 3
8. R-K 3	8. Kt x Kt
9. Q x Kt	9. P-B 4 (a)
10. Q-Q 3	10. P-B 5
11. B-Q 2	11. P-K 4
12. P x P	12. P-K Kt 5
13. Q-Kt 3 (b)	13. Kt-Q 5
14. Q-Q sq	14. B x Kt (c)
15. P x B	15. R-B 4
16. B-Q 3	16. R x P ch
17. B-K 4	17. Q-Q 2
18. B-B 3	18. P-B 4
19. Q-Q 3	19. R-K sq

Why Suffer Longer?

NEARLY EVERYBODY has corns, but very few people know what to do for them.

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MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 20. Castles Q R | 20. Q—R 5 |
| 21. K—Kt sq | 21. B—B 3 |
| 22. B x P (d) | 22. R—K 2 |
| 23. B—K 4 | 23. R—Q Kt sq |
| 24. K R—K sq | 24. K—R sq |
| 25. B—Q 5 | 25. R—Q 2 |
| 26. R—K 4 | 26. R—Q 3 |
| 27. Q R—K sq | 27. R (Q3)—Kt 3 |
| 28. K—B sq (e) | 28. P—Q R 3 |
| 29. P—R 4 | 29. P—Q R 4 |
| 30. P—R 5 | 30. R—K B sq |
| 31. P—R 6 | 31. Q x P |
| 32. R x P | 32. R (B)—Q Kt sq |
| 33. P x P ch | 33. B x P |
| 34. R (B4)—K 4 | 34. Q—R 8 ch |
| 35. K—Q 2 | 35. R x P ch |
| 36. K—K 3 | 36. R—K B sq |
| 37. P—B 4 | 37. Q—r 7 |
| 38. B x R | 38. Q x B |
| 39. R—K R sq | 39. P—R 3 |
| 40. R—K 5 | 40. R (B)—Q Kt sq |
| 41. B—K 4 | 41. B x r |
| 42. R x P ch | 42. K—Kt 2 |
| 43. Resigns (f) | |

♣ ♣ ♣

Notes from the Field, London.

(a) A fine move in conjunction with the subsequent P—K 4. Janowski plays with wonderful lucidity.

(b) If 13 B—B 3, then 13 . . , Kt—Kt 5; 14 Q—K 4, B—K B 4, and wins. Janowski must have foreseen all these variations, which shows him to be a player of great depth of calculation.

(c) This hasty move spoils the combination. 14 . . , R—B 4 would have given him a decisive advantage.

(d) White having had such a lucky escape (as it appears), should not have tempted fortune by the capture of a Pawn that opens Q Kt file. If he wanted a Pawn, why not B x P ch?

(e) The following beautiful variation shows how far Steinitz looks into a game: Supposing he had played the tempting 28 . . , B—B 7, the continuation might have been: 28 . . , R x P ch; 29 B x R, R x B ch; 30 K x R, h—K 7 dis. ch, and mate must follow in a few moves.

(f) A grand game, which is equally creditable to winner and loser.

♣ ♣ ♣

Emanuel Lasker in his first lecture on Chess established four propositions concerning openings: "(1) Don't move any piece twice, but put it at once on the right square, line, or file. (2) Don't move any Pawns except the Q and K P. (3) Don't play your Q B before you have brought out your two Knights. (4) Don't pin the adverse Kt before your opponent has Castled."—Literary Digest.

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British yachtsmen for the past fifty years—since the old America won the cup—have striven to capture the prize so zealously guarded by Americans. Sir Thomas Lipton is the eighth British challenger, and the 1899 series represents the tenth effort made to retake the cup.

The following British yachtsmen have come here with their yachts and have returned sadder but wiser:

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1876—Major Charles Gifford, Countess of Dufferin.

1881—Capt. Alexander Cuthbert, Atalanta.

1885—Sir Richard Sutton, Genesta.

1886—Lieut. William Henn, R. N., Galatea.

1887—James Bell, Thistle.

1893—Earl of Dunraven, Valkyrie II.

1895—Earl of Dunraven, Valkyrie III.

1899—Sir Thomas Lipton, Shamrock.

Next?

“What salary would you expect?” asked the theatrical manager.

“In the dinner scene,” demanded the gifted but gaunt tragedian who had applied for a job, “is the meal served a real one?”

“It is.”

“Then we will waive all discussion as to salary,” replied the tragedian.

Don't worry.

Don't hurry. “Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.”

“Simplify! Simplify! Simplify!”

Don't overeat. Don't starve. “Let your moderation be known to all men.”

Court the fresh air day and night. “Oh, if you knew what was in the air.”

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. “A light heart lives long.”

Think only healthful thoughts. “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.”

“Seek peace and pursue it.”

“Work like a man; but don't be worked to death.”

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal.

Never despair. “Lost hope is a fatal disease.”

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Some people can hold a conversation in pantomime, and some cannot. Of the latter class is an army nurse, recently returned from Cuba, who vows that she will never again go to a country whose language she does not understand.

It was before hostilities had come to a definite end that she was startled one day by the unexpected visit of her Cuban laundress. The woman was intensely excited. Anxiety sat on her brow, and sorrow dwelt in her eyes. She gesticulated and she talked.

The nurse knew not a word of what she said, but the pantomime filled her with terror. The Cuban's hands seemed to speak of an attack on the hospital—of wounded men butchered and nurses cut to ribbons. The nurse was frantic. She must know the worst.

In the hospital was an officer very ill with typhoid fever. She knew he understood Spanish. Only in a matter of life or death would she disturb him, but this was obviously a matter of life or death.

She led the Cuban woman to his bedside, and there the story was repeated. The officer listened intently. The nurse held her breath. The Cuban ceased. The sick man turned his head on the pillows.

"She says, he whispered, feebly, "she says that stripes in your pink shirt-waist have run, and she doesn't know what to do with it."

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along with a song;
But the man worth while,
Is the man who will smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."
P. S.—This applies to women also.

Drink less, breath more,—
Eat less, chew more—
Ride less, walk more—
Worry less, work more—
Write less, read more—
Waste less, give more—
Preach less, practice more.—

Queen Victoria, it is reported, has sent to Emperor William a prized copy of her family tree, showing King David at the top. A pet idea entertained by the queen is that she is descended from the Psalmist through Zedekiah's eldest daughter, and it is said that Emperor William's conviction of his divine origin is greatly due to his grandmother's folly.

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The Library Association will gladly pay all charges of postage or express upon material forwarded, and welcomes correspondence on this most interesting subject. Letters addressed to the librarian will receive prompt and grateful attention.

Ackers—Well, how am I today, doctor?

Dr. Healy—You are doing very well; very well, indeed. You may sit up for a while today.

Ackers—Thank you, doctor; that is good news. By the way, may I enquire what your bill is?

Dr. Healy—Presently, presently! You are not so strong as you think.

Bliss Ahead.

"Von fare for the rroundt trip?" asked the gentleman with the long coat and nose to match. "That's what," said the ticket agent, with the easy courtesy of one accustomed to accommodating the public. "Andt vill you tell me vich halluf off der ride iss der free halluf, so I can enchoy it?"

Pat and his friend mike had killed a snake in the fields. As the tail continued to oscillate, Pat remarked to his friend: "And is he dead, Mike, div ye think?" "Oh, yis, sure," said Mike, "he's dead, but he ain't conscious of it yit."

Didn't Know.

Guest—(Attempting to carve)—What kind of a chicken is this, anyhow?

Waiter—Dat's a genuine Plymouth Rock, sah.

Guest (Throwing up both hands)—That explains it, I knew she was an old timer, but I had no idea she dated back to the Mayflower.

A Record Breaker.

Miles—There is a man over in that museum who has lived for forty days on water.

Giles—Pshaw! That's nothing. I have an uncle who has lived for forty years on water.

Miles—Impossible!

Giles—Not at all. He's a sea captain.

"If," said the young lover, "love is mortal, then I do not wish for immortality."

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VOL. III



NO. 2

DECEMBER



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Read "OUR TALKS WITH THE PUBLIC" on next page.

Our Talks with the Public

READ, PONDER AND CONSIDER

I.

The Pacific Monthly begins this month a series of twelve talks with the public on "Advertising." The publishers have been led to adopt this course because they believe that advertising is an art that is appreciated by the advertiser himself, but, as a rule, given too little thought or consideration by the general public. This condition of affairs, however, has been undergoing a rapid change during the past few years. The Pacific Monthly wishes, in relation to itself at least, to hasten the process—hence these talks. The first one is on

THE MEANING OF ADVERTISING.

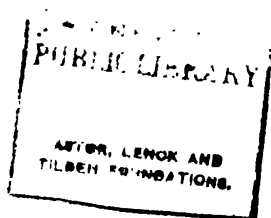
Advertisers do not, in the first place, advertise for the fun of the thing. A firm's announcements are printed with a definite purpose—a purpose that, when rightfully considered, is just as important as the purpose of the publishers themselves in bringing before the public **THEIR** wares or productions as represented in the body of the magazine.

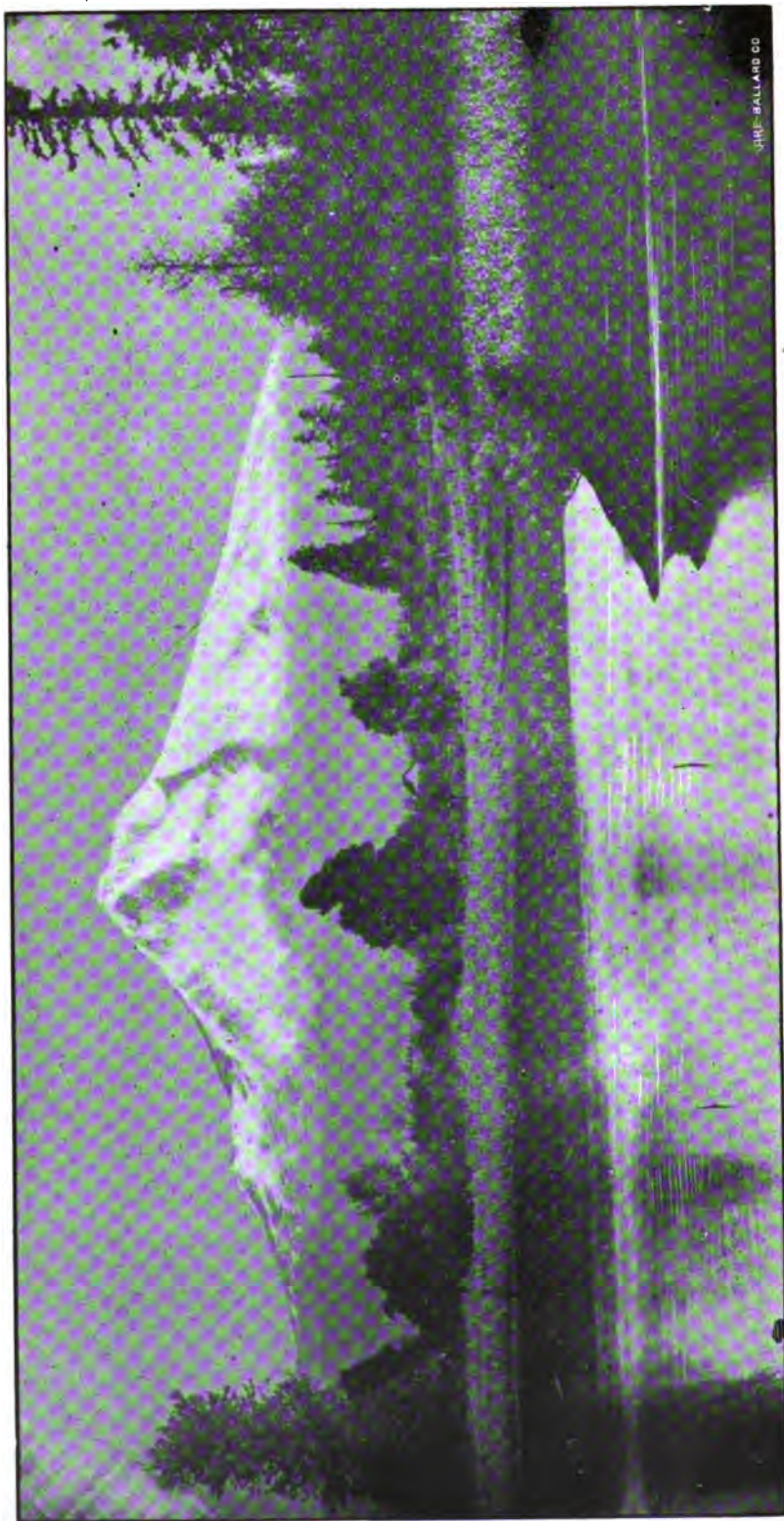
Which may lay claim to the most serious consideration is a question, though the unthoughtful may hastily pass by the "ads." There is no greater mistake, however, than this, that can be made in relation to magazine reading and buying.

Just as one who should neglect to keep in touch with the thought and feeling of the day as represented in the magazines would soon find himself woefully behind the times, and unable to take part in a fairly enlightened conversation, so the housewife who is on the alert for economical and advantageous purchases; the business man, the farmer who wishes to be up-to-date in his methods and means of production; the lawyer, the physician, the minister, all, in fact, who aim to keep in touch with business, its progress and possibilities, and who have an eye to economic conditions and commercial possibilities—must either read the announcements of the commercial world as represented in the advertising pages of a magazine or find themselves very often "at sea."

So thoroughly was Gladstone impressed with this fact that he gave it as his opinion that it is more important to read the advertisements than it is to read the body of the magazine.

The advertisement has a distinct message to every reader that he cannot afford to pass by. Take the advertisements in this number of The Pacific Monthly—they have a message to every class, but especially to the homemaker and business man. A careful investigation will convince you that this is true. Read them. Notice the expressions used, the ideas put forth, and you will find that you have spent your time in an interesting and profitable way. If you find something that you want, get it—and mention The Pacific Monthly.





Mount Hood, Oregon.

Copyrighted 1899
by L. J. Hicks.

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. III.

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 2.

A Trip to Mount Hood.

By JUDGE A. H. TANNER.

WITH the warm breezes of the opening summer days there comes a desire for a change of scene, a yearning for that abandon which can only be found in nature's more secluded haunts.

What a blessed comfort it is, when this feeling takes hold of one, to shake off the dust and dirt of the city, to leave behind its hot pavements and gloomy walls, and hurry off to some cool, breezy nook, among the mountains beside the many streams and lakes, which like jewels deck our Western slope! Man, after all, is a child of nature. He builds cities and palatial residences and all that, but when he wants peace, rest, rejuvenating he hies himself to the mountains, or the ocean, away from life's foibles and conventionalities, back to its real simplicity.

It is the purpose of this article to describe such an outing last summer at Mount Hood, and give our readers an opportunity to live it over again with us.

The trip to Mt. Hood has been so often written about and described from so many different standpoints that it seems impossible to say anything new, and yet each party making the ascent of the mountain has experiences and gets impressions of its grandeur worth relating.

We had talked about and planned for the trip for a whole year and when, on July 10th, 1899, we started, a merrier or more determined party never set out for the land of perpetual snow.

It was "Mt. Hood or bust" with us.

We had our own teams with all necessary equipage, and went leisurely, camping wherever night overtook us. Our route was along the section line road to Gresham by way of Pleasant Home, and on to Sandy postoffice, thence to Revenues on Salmon River, thence to the toll gate, and thence to Government Camp. A mile this side of the toll gate we struck camp by a beautiful stream, and enjoyed some fairly good fishing. From the toll gate on the road is rough and hilly with the hills all one way, leading to higher and higher elevations. The scene is one of grand confusion. Rocks and boulders, huge and ragged, lie strewn over the surface on every hand; deep, yawning ravines lie in the shadow of mountains thousands of feet high, bearing upon their brows trees beaten out of symmetry by the violence of the winds. The forest and vegetation becomes thinner and more scattered, and the trees more scrubby as if the brimstone from old Hood had withered their energies. Sometimes our eyes rested on a great white scar of broken calcorious rock, on which the moss cannot grow and the lizzards dare not creep. Then we see a cliff beetling far aloft, its crest streaked with snow. The streams, particularly the Zig-Zag and Still Creek, come leaping through the gorges with tremendous velocity, carrying everything before them. As we sat beside the Zig-Zag at our luncheon, we could hear the great boulders chink their heads together as they were being carried down by the waters of that

swift and turbulent stream. The Zig-Zag and Still creeks parallel each other for several miles, and finally empty into the Sandy River. At several places they come very near together, so much so that at one point one might stand on the ridge between them and cast a fly into either stream. The roaring of their swift waters is almost deafening. The occasional screech of the bluejay or the loud hammering of the woodpecker on some dead tree is all one hears indicative of life in the vast solitude.

After leaving Revenues, Mt. Hood was shut out from our view for a long distance by intervening mountains until we reached a sort of backbone several miles beyond the toll gate, when suddenly the peak stood revealed to us again in all his grandeur, apparently so near that we could see the rifts in the snow on his sides and feel the cool breeze which he seemed to waft us in welcome. The greeting we gave him in return made the welkin ring.

Another surprise equally pleasant occurred as we were toiling up a long hill in the heat of a July day, when some one suddenly exclaimed, "Goodness! whose flower garden is this?" The answer came immediately, "the Lord's." We were in the midst of a perfect garden of large and brilliant flowers, standing from one to ten feet from the ground, in great clusters as far as the eye could reach. They were the far-famed rhododendrons filling the forest with a blaze of glorious color, and a perfume as sweet as that of the heliotrope. Nestling beneath them and scattered here and there we found the celebrated Washingtonian lilies, sometimes called Mt. Hood lilies. We were much interested in the flora of this region and noticed one peculiarity, that as we got nearer the mountain, while the flowers were of different shades and colors and of different arrangement on the stem, they all had the conformation of snapdragons.

Traveling along in the midst of these exhilarating summer scenes, we were soon reminded that old Boreas has something to do with these flower gardens, for much to our consternation we found, for the next two miles, from one

to ten feet of snow on the road. A change from summer to winter scenes could not have been more sudden or complete. It was necessary to drive our teams over the snow for this two miles or turn back, and we had no thought of turning back. Our first attempt to scale one of these snow banks resulted in such a general mix-up of the horses, wagon and driver that it took sometime and profanity to extricate them. Fortunately the ladies had gone on ahead and will probably never know what a blasphemous pair of men were trying to control the destinies of the party. Notwithstanding this excusable lapse, our general course was such as would have pleased the most enthusiastic exhorter, for it was ever upward and onward.

Our subsequent navigation over this stretch of snow was exciting in the extreme, not to say dangerous. The hurricane deck of a spring wagon, with first



one wheel and then another breaking through and going up to the hub in the snow, and first one horse and then the other floundering out of an apparently bottomless pit into which he had dropped, was enough to try the nerve of a veteran stage driver. It can easily be imagined how it would suffice to make each particular hair of a novice to stand on end. We shall not soon forget what a satisfied and devout feeling took possession of our inner consciousness as we slid and floundered down off of the last one of those treacherous snow drifts

and stood once again on solid earth. Our vehicles had stood the ordeal, our horses were still alive, but looked as though they had swum the Willamette River, and as for ourselves, we wondered, after having recovered from threatened heart-failure, what we would have to encounter next. We were not long in finding out, for we were soon attacked in a most unmerciful manner by an enemy as numerous as the sands of the sea—mountain mosquitoes. Most people have had occasion to feel how affectionate and insinuating those creatures are. They approached first in battalions, then in whole armies and finally by the million. Having heard reports of the meddlesome disposition of these creatures, we had provided ourselves with plenty of mosquito netting, which served, to some extent, as a protection, but they would find their way in even through that. A snap shot of one of our party with about three yards of netting wound around his head and face would make a fine curio in photographic art, but he declined absolutely to allow it to be reproduced. However, we fought our way through to Government Camp.

Government Camp, it should be stated, is the stopping place for parties intending to make the ascent of Mount Hood, and they usually start from there on their long climb. It is located about four miles from the timber line and eight miles from the summit. One gets a fine view of the mountain from there, and can feel the cool air that is wafted from its everlasting snows. Barring the mosquitoes it is a delightful spot.

We rested here a day and made arrangements for the ascent. Our guide, Mr. O. C. Yocum, who is also the proprietor of Government Camp, busied himself during the day in putting spikes in the soles of our shoes, getting the alpenstocks in readiness, for ours was the first party of the season, and in telling us how easy it was to climb the mountain if we only just made up our minds to do it. He advised us to go as far as the timber line that evening, camp there over night and start at four o'clock the next morning. We decided to do this and set out in the afternoon for the timber line. We placed our

camping outfit on a sled, hitched a horse to it, and one of us led the horse while the others brought up the rear in regular Klondike style. After going about a mile over rocks and bowlders, we reached the snow, and from there on we traveled over snow sometimes a hundred feet in depth, judging from the fact that the tops of large fir trees in places were only just protruding above the surface. At other places the snow reached half way or more up the trunks of the trees. This half-submerged evergreen forest presented a rare scene, to which a Kodak cannot do justice. It was impossible to follow the road, for there was a road somewhere beneath us, leading to the timber line, but the guide picked out the way among the trees, chopping off limbs here and there to enable us to get through with the horse and sled. We intended to spend the night at Camp George, named in honor of Judge M. C. George, but found it under fifteen or twenty feet of snow, so we made a detour to the south about a mile where he found a bare place large enough for our tent and a campfire. Here, surrounded on all sides by oceans of snow, we pitched our camp, made a fire, and prepared to spend the night. We were not far from White River Glacier, but the moraines and the glacier itself were still deep under the snow. We anticipated a beautiful sunset, for even at this point we were far above the surrounding mountains, but a storm had been raging all day to the south and west of us, its distant thunders making us fearful lest it should reach us and compel us to turn back, but though it passed us by, the dark ominous clouds obscured the setting sun. That evening we took the sled up the mountain side and had a regular toboggan, the bracing winds making it seem like winter instead of the middle of July. About 10 o'clock the clouds disappeared and the stars came out, seemingly very near us, and shining with great brilliancy, reminding us of Poe's lines:

While the stars that oversprinkle,
All the heavens seem to twinkle,
with a crystalline delight.

An incident now occurred that we

men folks at least ascribe to the "miraculous." While the ladies were in the tent preparing to retire for the night, a large snow ball, apparently several inches in diameter, of a loose quality, indicating that it had only traveled through space a short distance, fell into the front entrance of the tent, and onto the ladies like unto a shower bath, greatly to their disgust. They at once began accusing us of the deed, and declared they would get even with us "in the morning," but we explained that we had been sitting quietly by the fire and finally convinced them that we were near the abode of Jove, and that the unexpected fall of the snow ball was simply one of his many atmospheric phenomena. Notwithstanding we were all made to realize by this "miracle" that we were in the domain of the mighty Jupiter, where he makes the meteors to shoot; clouds to form; lightnings to flash; stars to come and go and snow balls to fall in unexpected places, we were not made afraid, but laid down on the bosom of the mighty monarch of the Cascades and were soon in the land of dreams.

We had not been there long though as it seemed to us, when the guide



called us to prepare for breakfast. It was half past three in the morning, a villainous hour to get up, but we obeyed like soldiers, and by four o'clock had breakfast and were ready to be off. We marched out into the snowfields and began a most arduous day's work—a steady climb, like going up flights of stairs for four miles. We wore goggles

to prevent snow blindness and kept our faces covered with muslin to prevent blistering. Notwithstanding this precaution several of the party were badly burned. The rays of the sun were just beginning to shoot athwart the eastern skies, and brighten the gray dawn into the full light of a glorious day. As we swung away to the left the mountain was between us and the sun so we did not see the great luminary rise, but as compensation we were presented with a very perfect mirage off to the south, standing well up in the heavens, and presenting, in perfect outline, the shadow of Mount Hood.

Our general course was up the long slope stretching off to the south and plainly visible from Portland on a clear day. Nothing here could be more deceiving than distances. For instance, a place on the side of the mountain, known as the "Triangle Moraine" looked to us not more than two or three hundred yards ahead, but the guide told us it was more than a mile, and when we had walked it, we would have sworn it was three.

We trudged along up this wind-swept stretch without incident of note, our alpinestocks making a measured scrape, scrape, as they rose and fell in the snow, until we reached the "Triangle Moraine," one mile from our starting point. Here we "cached" our coats and skirts, the ladies making their appearance in bloomers, and began the more difficult part of our journey. The snow, newly fallen to the depth of several inches, was soft, and the walking difficult. We would sometimes break through the crust, beneath the layer of soft snow, and go in up to our knees; the steps made by those ahead would slip or slide out from under the next one in line, giving him or her a fall in the snow. From the "Triangle Moraine" we went in single file, the guide in the lead, who made steps for us to follow in, either by tramping the snow down, or, if the surface was frozen, chopping through it with his hatchet.

Our next point to reach was Crater Rock, which we kept steadily in view, the way becoming more precipitous all the while. We were allowed now to stop

every few minutes, as the guide told us to "catch" our "breaths;" as we did so we would be taking in the immense panorama stretching out around us as far as the eye could reach.

About half way to Crater Rock one of ladies called a halt, the first signal of distress; her husband immediately rushed to her assistance and the rest of us soon gathered around, when she said in a broken voice: "I am going to cry, but it don't mean anything; I am going on up." So she sat down on the snow and had a good cry. Her heart was beating very fast and she was having trouble to breathe. We had given the guide, for he would not permit us to have charge of it, a flask of whisky, which was now brought into requisition for the first time. After a rest of a few minutes and a "dose" of the stimulant, the lady was able to resume the upward climb, and had no more trouble. She remarked afterwards that when she "got her second wind" she was all right.

We tried frequently after this to persuade the guide that what we most needed under such circumstances was more of that stimulant, but he doled it out with a parsimonious hand, his excuse being that he wanted "none but clear heads at such dizzy heights." We were now well up under Crater Rock, which rose a hundred feet or more almost perpendicular in front of us. The guide warned us of the danger from loose rock bounding down upon us, and instructed us as a means of avoiding this danger to walk about six feet apart, so that when we heard or saw rocks coming we could step to one side or the other and let them pass. We made a long detour towards the south, out near the edge of the Great Crevasse, leaving Crater Rock to the left; thence north up a very steep place to a sort of bench on the Rock where we were to take luncheon. This we found the hardest part of our long climb. Slowly, foot by foot, sometimes almost pulling ourselves over the snow by means of our alpinestocks, we got over this precipitous pass and safely upon the solid rock. The fumes of sulphur were now plainly "visible," so much so as to be almost nauseating. The guide procured from

a point a few feet below rock steaming hot, against which the ladies warmed their feet. While standing there gazing at the wondrous scenes around us, we were startled by a terrific crash above and saw bounding towards us from the topmost terrace of Crater Rock an avalanche of loose boulders. We huddled together, expecting to be struck the next minute, but fortunately the avalanche fell away to our left several feet. We escaped the rock but we did not escape a severe reproof from the guide, by whom we were reminded that he had instructed us to keep well apart in such an emergency, and we had rushed together like a lot of sheep. In order to make our offending seem as light as possible, we told him that we were intending to separate if the rocks had come any nearer.

It was now noon and we had been eight hours coming two miles. The sun was beating down upon the mountain with an intense heat, which was melting and loosening the snow and ice, so that great slides from the cliffs above were moving down. From Steel Cliff, across the crevasse from where we were lunching, great avalanches of ice and rock would break loose with a terrific roar and go thundering down into the ravine to be finally carried into the glacier below. One seeing these processes at work—of avalanche slide and glacier—all tearing away from the mountain would naturally conclude that Mt. Hood will finally become what Joe Meek used to say it was when he first came to the country, "a hole in the ground." Pursuant to preconcerted arrangement we here signaled to Mrs. Yocum at Government Camp by means of a heliograph, that "all is well with us," and almost immediately received an answer from her to the same effect, which reminded us that we still bore some relation to the earth below us.

We now resumed our journey working our way back off of the rocks into the pass leading up to the Arete which extends from Crater Rock to the Great Crevasse. The Arete is a narrow ridge about three feet wide on the top, along which we had to walk. The sides of this ridge drop away almost perpendic-

ularly for hundreds of feet below. On the north side near the top we could see a rent in the snow, indicating a crevasse paralleling the Arete.

We heard from Mr. Yocum that since we were up there, he had gone into the cave near the base of Crater Rock and discovered a lake of considerable dimensions, overhung with icicles and presenting a very beautiful appearance. Judging from this the Arete is a sort of natural bridge across a subterranean lake.

We followed up this narrow path, looking neither to the right nor to the left (for the guide instructed us not to



look anywhere except at our feet), until we reached the edge of the Great Crevasse. Turning then abruptly to the north we followed the edge of the crevasse until we found a suitable place to cross it, when the guide went ahead feeling his way cautiously over unmeasured depths of snow and ice, to the cliffs beyond. We soon followed and proceeded thence in a southeasterly course under cliffs and overhanging rocks up a very steep and trying pass to the summit. Here we stood at last on the topmost peak, 12,225 feet above the sea. Some one was mean enough to suggest that we were probably nearer heaven than we should ever be again. A biting wind and the lateness of the hour admonished us not to tarry. We had no time to take in the details of the glorious picture. To use a slang expression, we could only "hit the high places." To the north

we could see Mt. Rainier, Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Adams, looming up magnificently to the view. South of us stood Mt. Jefferson and the Three Sisters, and far away in the distance, looming it above them all like a giant, Mt. Shasta reared his snow-crowned crest. To the east the wheat fields of Eastern Oregon stretched out before us like a great plateau. We could see the Willamette and Columbia Rivers looking like threads of silver winding their way through mountain gorge and hill and valley. As we looked down on the great range surrounding us we were impressed with its apparent insignificance; its countless summits seemed like mere hills, not heights, as they overtower thousands of feet above the sea. The rise and fall of the vision first to the tops of these mountains and then into the valleys beyond, reminded us of looking out upon the ocean when the great swells are rolling mountain high.

A strange weird feeling comes over one at such a height. The heavens seem to settle down, and the air to thicken into an intense blue, not a "darkness visible," exactly, but a something akin to that, as though the elements were conspiring to shut out some choicer view beyond. The acoustics of the place are marvelous. The lowest tone of voice could be heard hundreds of feet. Such was our feeling of awe and of reverence that we dared not yell for we knew not what it might bring forth. There is no place on this earth where one feels more keenly the presence, the power, and the majesty of God than on these Alpine heights. We could appreciate the full meaning and beauty of Coleridge's "Hymn in the Vale Chamonix."

"Ye ice falls! Ye that from the mountain's
brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain;
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty
voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddened
plunge!
Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of
heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the
sun
Clothe you with rainbow? Who with living
flowers

Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?

God! Let the torrents like a shout of nations Answer, and let the ice plains echo, God."

The spell was broken by the stern command of the guide, "we must start back." Slowly, as if awakening from a trance, we turned away from the majestic spectacle to begin the descent. We soon found that going down was quite a different process from going up. We had to set our alpinestocks on the lower side, step against them carefully, breaking the snow down until we found solid footing; then reset the alpinestocks another step ahead, and break down the snow beside them as before, and so on, repeating this with every step. In addition to these precautions, the guide furnished us a long rope which each took hold of, with instructions to hold onto it like grim death, in case of a slip or fall. In this manner we worked our way back down across the Great Crevasse, down past Crater Rock to the snow fields below. We now felt that all danger was

Government Camp, while the rest of us had to go to the camp where we had stayed the night before and bring the horse and outfit.

The only difficulty we had in this was to prevent the sled from running over the horse on the down grade. Sometimes, on very steep places, in the effort to hold the sled back we would be thrown heels over head in the snow, and the horse and sled end up in a confused mass at the bottom of the drift and we would have to untangle them as best we could.

Many times the sled would turn completely over and be on top of the baggage as it slid over the snow. Sometimes they would both be on the horse, and sometimes the horse would be on them. When we reached Government Camp one runner of the sled was gone, the axe and coffee pot had disappeared, and the baggage looked as though it might have participated in the attempt of Pharaoh's army to cross the Red Sea. The only presentable thing in the outfit was the faithful animal that had dragged our load to the timber-line and back.

We now began to realize that we were tired. Oh, so tired! The mosquitoes had their own way with us, for we did not have energy enough left to resist them. Even Mrs. Yocum's sumptuous dinner, which was all in readiness for us, with wild blackberry pie for desert, could not tempt our appetites. We were too tired, even, to eat. All we wanted, all we cared for, was a place where we could lay our weary bones down for a good night's rest.

We were greatly refreshed by morning, and delighted our landlady by doing ample justice to a fine breakfast. After resting at Government Camp a couple of days we went on twelve miles further, following the old Barlow Road over the summit, to Clear Lake, a beautiful lake nestling under the shadow of Mt. Hood and covering with its placid waters about 1200 acres. The only feature detracting from its picturesqueness is the fact that the lake is full of high grass, standing very thick and tall. Strange as it may seem, the water of the lake is quite warm. Trout are plentiful, the average size being from 10 to 12 inches, and



past and we could congratulate each other on our achievement. We prepared here for a grand glissade, and sitting down on the snow, guiding ourselves with our alpinestocks, we went down the mountain side for about a mile as though we had been shot out of one of the battleship Oregon's 14-inch guns. After that we were satisfied to walk the rest of the way, gradually cooling and drying off as we went along. The guide took the ladies in charge and made a "bee-line" for

they rise beautifully to the fly when the waters of the lake are stirred by a good stiff breeze. The high grass interferes somewhat with casting and makes one wish it was not there. Our principal pastime while here was "poling" a raft around over the lake and fishing. As the season advances the waters of the lake gradually recede, leaving hundreds of acres of green grass on the borders standing as high as timothy. Looking

from the lake north over the green border of grass and the high fir trees to the snows of Mount Hood only just beyond, one is presented with a fascinating picture. After spending several days in this cosy retreat we returned home, having been fifteen days in making the trip. Its hardships and perils were soon forgotten, but we recall its many pleasant incidents and revelations with ever-increasing satisfaction.

"Peace on Earth?"

You bid me echo the music
Of that first glad Christmas morn,
When angels sang to the listening world the
joy of Christ new-born.

But how can I sing of gladness,
When the moan of human pain
Proclaimeth the crucifixion of the Christ
again and again.

"Peace on earth," from heaven chorused
The shining host, "Peace on earth
And good will to man," and behold it is
strife from the hour of birth.

Two thousand years! And the lesson
His life and his death unrolled
Is still unlearned. And unheeding man
throttles his brother for gold.

And shall I echo the chorus
Of angels who sang in vain,
When the banners of battle proclaim it not
"peace on earth," but pain?

When the name of Christ is a by-word,
And freedom is smothered by greed;
And love is become a passion of earth, sub-
ject to jest and creed.

Oh, the pity and pain of living!
The children that cry for bread—
The weak that go down in the gutter—the
leaders whose hands are red!

From the mines and mills and sweatshops
A sound like the surf on the shore,
The moan of the toiling millions—God hear
it, and help us once more!

Lisken M. Miller.

The Oregon Trail.

By CAPTAIN HARRY L. WELLS.

A PIONEER episode that was the cause of much bitter feeling and contention for many years in Oregon was the opening of the Southern immigrant trail through Northern Nevada, the Modoc country, Rogue River and the Umpqua Canyon to the upper Willamette valley.

The general nature of Oregon's early settlement is well known. Regular immigration across the plains to Oregon and California may be said to have begun in 1841. In that year a company of one hundred and eleven persons arrived. They had made no effort to bring wagons because of the supposed impossibility of getting them through the mountains. In 1842 a train consisting of one hundred and nine persons, guided by Stephen H. Meek and Thomas Fitzpatrick, reached Fort Hall on Snake River, then a station of the Hudson Bay Company, having abandoned half their wagons at Green River. The other half they left at Fort Hall and finished the journey on foot, their effects packed upon the backs of their cattle and horses. How the eight hundred immigrants of 1843 were piloted by Dr. Marcus Whitman, demonstrating the fact that wagons could be brought through from Fort Hall to the Willamette, is an oft-told tale. The great and final obstacle that confronted immigrants, however, was the Cascade Range. There was no wagon route through the Columbia gorge, and but an Indian trail across the mountains. Wagons and other effects were loaded upon batteaux at The Dalles and brought down the river at peril of life and property.

In 1845 some three thousand persons started across the plains bound for the Pacific Coast. One thousand of these turned southward at Fort Hall and followed the Humbolt River route to California. The remainder, in half a dozen separate trains, continued on the Hud-

son Bay trail to Oregon. When some of the trains reached Fort Boise, a dispute arose as to the advisability of following the old trail or seeking a new. The discussion was precipitated by the offer of Stephen H. Meek to pilot them by a route free from the difficulties well known to await them on the old. Meek, as before stated, had been one of the guides conducting the small train in 1842. He was an old trapper, a brother of the noted Joe Meek, and had been a member of Bonneville's party when that energetic officer invaded Oregon a second time in 1834, in an unsuccessful attempt to convert theoretical joint occupation into an accomplished fact, and had afterwards been engaged in this region for several years as a trapper for the great fur company. These facts were all known to the immigrants, and when he declared his ability to conduct them across the Blue Mountains and the Cascades by a route south of the old one, and shorter and easier to travel, many believed he could do so. The credulous ones, therefore, branched off under the guidance of the trapper.

Meek had never passed through the country he was now entering. His knowledge of it was gained from the descriptions given him by Indians and trappers in the service of the company. The route had never, in fact, been traversed, even by these. But it was generally known that the region of South-eastern Oregon was less mountainous than that further north, and Meek counted upon this and luck to find a good pass through the Cascades. In this he failed, and as soon as the immigrants became satisfied that he was traveling by guess he found it convenient to decamp unceremoniously, to avoid unpleasant consequences. The party then turned down the John Day River, and after many hardships and privations, reached the Columbia in a deplorable and desti-

tute condition. Referring to this adventure Hon. Stephen Stoats, one of the train, said:

"It was but a few days after we left Fort Boise that Meek became hopelessly lost, and had it not been for the good judgment and determination of the immigrants themselves, many would have perished."

It has been persistently asserted that while Meek was wandering in the mountains after parting with the immigrants without the formality of saying good-bye, he suffered so extremely from thirst that he was forced to open a vein in the neck of his faithful mule and drink the blood.

At Fort Hall, Boise and Walla Walla, the Hudson Bay Company did a thriving trade with the immigrants, selling them supplies and buying, for a mere song, their worn-out cattle, or giving in exchange for them an order on the chief factor at Vancouver for a like number. These exchanges were unsatisfactory to the newcomers, for they invariably proved to be, when delivered, long-horned, untamable Spaniards. This, coupled with other causes, real or imagined, led to a very bitter feeling against the Company, and the discovery of a new route into the valley would have been hailed with joy.

A number of men who had settled in the southern part of the Willamette Valley, taking these things into consideration, set out to explore for another and easier route, one that would miss the Company posts and be feasible for wagons. They believed that Meek's idea of the previous year was a correct one, and that he could have brought his party through without difficulty if he had kept more to the south.

This exploring expedition consisted of Hon. Lindsay Applegate, Levi Scott, Captain Jesse Applegate, John Jones, John Owens, Henry Boggus, Samuel Goodhue, William Sportsman, Robert Smith, Moses Harris, John Scott, William G. Parker, David Goff and Benjamin F. Burch. They kept to the old Oregon and California trail through the Umpqua and Rogue River valleys, and turned eastward from the trail at the north base of the Siskiyou Mountains.

Just ahead of them was a party of about eighty French Canadians, half-breeds, Columbia River Indians, and a few white men, on their way to California. They had been skirmishing with the Rogue River Indians for several days and as the exploring party left the trail they heard the sound of warfare just in advance.

On the Fourth of July the expedition reached the Klamath river, not far from its source in Klamath Lake. A few miles further they came upon the scene of Fremont's unfortunate night battle with the Modocs two months before, in which three of his men were killed. On every hand, as darkness fell, they saw the signal fires of the hostile Indians, but were unaware of the tragedy that had been enacted here so recently. With the utmost caution they proceeded along the shore of the lake and came to a little stream, Hot Creek, where they found pieces of newspaper and other evidences of white men having camped there but a short time before. There was also a place where the willows and turf had been cut away and much trampled by the feet of horses. Though they did not then know it, they had discovered the graves of Fremont's men. But all these things served to warn them of danger at hand, and they were consequently watchful and on guard continually, and passed entirely through the Modoc country without being once attacked.

Crossing Lost River by the natural bridge, they skirted Tule Lake and the south end of Goose Lake and passed through Northern Nevada by way of Black Rock and Rabbit Hole Springs to Humboldt River, then northward to Fort Hall, which they reached in August.

At Fort Hall they had no little difficulty in persuading immigrants to leave the old trail and follow them, but being men of a personality to inspire confidence they prevailed upon one hundred and fifty persons with forty-two wagons to try the new route. The majority, however, continued on down the Snake River and reached the valley safely and without mishaps, while the smaller train wearily journeyed into the untried south. Among the latter were a number bound for California, and who left the

main party on the Humbolt. This was the ill-fated Donner party whose sufferings, a few months later on the shores of Donner Lake, constitutes one of the saddest tragedies of California's pioneer period.

All might have gone well with the Oregon-bound train if the self-constituted guides had remained with it. But they, having left careful directions as to the route, hastened back to the valley. Being mounted and unencumbered they traveled much faster than the immigrants and arriving home sent horses and supplies out to meet the coming train.

Left without guides, the immigrants began to have trouble at once. They found the grass and water insufficient. Traveling slowly of necessity, on account of the reduced condition of their cattle and horses, they were unable to make the camping places as the mounted road party had done, and were often compelled to camp without food or drink for their weary animals. From the Humbolt to Goose Lake the people themselves suffered from thirst, and the heat and the alkali dust of the deserts were something terrible to experience. The cattle became so weak that they could with difficulty drag the now almost empty wagons along the rugged way. Many of them lay down in that endless sea of sagebrush and burning sand to rise no more, and the wagons they had pulled over such countless miles were abandoned. From Goose Lake through the Modoc country, where one straggler fell a victim to the Indians, and even into the Umpqua Canyon, the grass was abundant, and there was no lack of water, but the season was so far advanced and their previous progress had been so slow that they dared not camp to recuperate their worn-out cattle,

and they reached the canyon in a sadly crippled condition. Such of the cattle as were still alive had not the strength to draw the wagons through the defile. Without provisions, haggard and worn, they found themselves at the threshold of the promised land, yet helpless to enter and take possession. Some, it is true, abandoning everything, pushed through and reached the valley in a desperate condition, but the most of them waited in a state of semi-starvation till help came.

That the Goose Lake route was a practical one, however, was demonstrated the following year, four trains passing safely over it. The first of these was piloted by Captain Levi Scott, the leader of the road party, who went to Fort Hall for that purpose, and made such changes in the route as the unfortunate experiences of the year before rendered advisable. Not having been exhausted by previous hardships, these trains reached the Umpqua Canyon in good condition, and passed through with little difficulty. This successful journey relieved the road party of any charge of intentional misrepresentation, except on the part of the few whose sufferings had embittered them too strongly. Others came over the trail in 1848, though many who originally started for Oregon changed their destination to California by the Humbolt route when they learned at Fort Hall of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill. The next two years California received most of the immigrants, those coming to Oregon taking the old trail. In 1851, gold having been discovered in the Klamath region, and in the Siskiyou Mountains, immigrants began again to use the Goose Lake route, and for several years poured into California and Oregon over that trail by the thousands.

Over the chimney the night wind sang
 And chanted a melody no one knew;
 But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
 Was Man and Woman and Child, all three,
 And said, "It is God's own harmony,
 This wind we hear in the chimney."

The Weaver.

By *ELLA HIGGINSON.*

A WEAVER stood at his loom weaving. The fabric lengthening beneath his patient hands was coarse and gray. It was strong and good of its kind—for he wove with care—but it was all gray. He glanced often, with a great wonder in his heart, at the other looms, where fine and beautiful threads flashed all day long; but he did not ask for other weaving than the coarse stuff which had fallen to his lot.

Those who were judges of that kind of thing came and looked at his work and marveled among themselves at the weaver. "It is so well done," they cried, "but so ugly! Why don't you use colors?"

Answer he made not, but went on weaving, as if he had not heard.

Months passed. He wove on patiently and silently. He asked no questions and answered none. But they gave him no peace. They kept crying out for him to put in color, color!

At last, after a long, long time, he sent them one day a fabric of such brilliant and exquisite color that they could have fallen down and worshipped him for its ravishing beauty. And they ran

to his overseer and cried out: "Give us more of this weaver's stuff—more, more! Give him any price. We must have it. There never was such a color on earth."

"But he is dead," said the overseer.

"Dead! Dead? When he has just learned the secret of his marvelous color? Why, what killed him?"

"The secret," said the overseer. "It is this way. They come in here by hundreds and want work. Usually they want color at once and we give it to them, and a great mess they make of it; and they weary soon and drop out. But a few come who ask only to work. 'To weave! To weave!'—that is their cry. We try them on the coarse gray stuffs. As soon as you discover that they are doing such work well, you cry out for 'Color, color!' We do not give it to them—for we know that they are the kind to get it for themselves in good time. And we don't keep any color like theirs."

"Why, where do they get it?" they cried, wondering.

"Oh, if I told you it wouldn't be a secret," said the overseer; and he went away sighing.

Christmas Tyde in Merrie England.

Ye yule-log burns for Christmas-tyde,
Ye grassy green is hidden,
And to each hearthstone farre and wyde,
Ye Christmas guest is bidden.
Ye hall is dight with evergreene,
Mixt with ye mistletoe,
And holly berries blaze betweene,
With redde coquettish glowe.
Last midnight chimes awoke ye lande,
To mad forgetful myrth,
As if a Prince of pleasure planned,
Ye poetry of earth.
For high and lowly, weak and wyse,
Have caught contagious joy,
And blythesome hearts and merrie eyes,
Playe on without annoy.
Peal out Ye bells, ye carrols chime,
For Christmas rules belowe,
Ye eye, ye fire of winter-tyme,
Mid-sommer in ye snowe.

Eva Emery Dye.

Maya, the Medicine Girl.

A Story of Fort Yamhill, in Sheridan's Time.

By SAM L. SIMPSON.

Chapter III.

Buckstone became silent and moody. His patriotism would compel him to sacrifice everything, even life itself, for his country, but Maya, sweet, loving, faithful Maya, what would become of her? Just about sunset, three days after Buckstone and I had visited the camp, Maya herself, her glossy hair floating in disorder over her shapely neck and shoulders and her eyes flaming with excitement, rushed into the store. I was standing behind the counter, near the door.

"The baby is lost!" she cried, breathlessly. "Somebody steal the baby, and Edmund must know!"

I was trying to calm the girl and find out what had actually occurred, when, fortunately, Sergeant Buckstone walked in. Then Maya managed to tell her story.

In the afternoon she had gone to the Agency on a matter of business, leaving her mother in charge of the patient. Along towards evening her mother had gone out for some firewood, and it was during her absence that the child had been taken. It was plain to all that the child's own people were concerned in the abduction. Buckstone did not appear to be much alarmed at the incident.

"Of course they have taken the child," he said, after a moment's musing, "but it is so nearly well that there is comparatively no danger of a relapse."

"Maybe they make the baby sick again, and she die," said Maya; "then," with a frightened, tender look at Buckstone, "you know what they do with me."

Buckstone took her hand gently, "There is little danger of that, Maya," he said; "they are mad and disappointed because we have saved the child's life, that is all. At any rate Hank and I will go over to their camp tonight and see about it, that is," he said, turning to me, "if you are willing."

"I will be glad to accompany you," I said.

While we stood there talking for sev-

eral minutes longer, I was more than ever struck by the Naiad beauty of the Shasta girl, and the look of utter, absorbing devotion, veiled by a gentle bashfulness, with which she regarded Buckstone. "The whole soul of this flower of the Shastas," I thought, "is possessed by her pure, yet passionate love for this man, and either the loss of his affection or separation will kill her."

About 8 o'clock Buckstone and I set out for the upper Shasta camp, about three miles away. We were accompanied by the old woman, Maya's mother, thinking it advisable to take her along as an interpreter. For a portion of the distance the trail lay through the woods and we were over an hour in reaching our destination.

At the camp we were pleasantly received by all save the savage old mother of the child, who boldly acknowledged that she had stolen it, and violently protested that it was a miracle that the soldier-doctor and the false medicine girl had not killed her offspring. After some persuasion Buckstone was allowed to see the child.

"It is all right," he said, as he came back from the inner portion of the tent, "and I am inclined to think that they have done us a great favor in relieving us of all further trouble in the matter. I, at least, have more serious things to consider."

Then, having waited a while for Maya's mother to gossip with other old women of the tribe, we sent out to return. The moonlight was glorious, silvering wood and vale and stream with glamour and enchantment. On the way Buckstone more than once alluded to Maya, and deplored the fate which forced him to choose between love of country and love of her.

"She cannot understand," he moaned, "how I would be utterly unworthy of her, savage as she is, according to the false classification of our pretentious, pale-faced race, if I should desert my colors

now. Outside of my duty to the nation, she is all I have to make life worth living. If I survive, I shall return to her after the war, and then—"his voice died away in a broken murmur. For some distance our trail wound along the river, now close to its limpid waters, quivering and sparkling in the moonlight and arabesqued, here and there, with the waving shadows of the trees, regal with mid-summer foliage, and again rising over the crest of some rocky bluff, whither the tumult of the waters below rose like the sound of human voices, wierd with laughter, song and shouting.

When Buckstone broke silence again he was repeating Poe's matchless love-song, "Annabel Lee," and never had I so fully realized the wild, unearthly charm of its mystical sentiment and thrilling melody. Even now, as I lift my pen for a moment and pause in reverie, that strange scene comes back to me—the beautiful moonlight, the voices of the waters, the shadows and the trees, and again I hear, as if it were the golden interpretation of the spiritual mystery of the scene, that wonderful song:

But our love it was stronger by far than the
love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams, without bringing
me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

As we crossed the creek and turned in the direction of Maya's tent, Buckstone stopped. "Why," he exclaimed, "this is strange! There is no light in the tent. Maya must have grown nervous at our protracted absence and sought refuge with some of her people."

When we reached the tent Buckstone halted again at the entrance and called the Indian girl by the name, once, twice, thrice. There was no answer. The waters of the stream murmured softly down among the willows and the silent tents shone white and spectral in the moonlight. The old woman, muttering something in her own language, stepped forward quickly and threw back the canvas flap which formed the door of the

tent. There, on a low couch, in the white stream of the moonlight, still dressed as we had last seen her, lay Maya, fair as a gold-tinted lily in her graceful attitude of repose, as though busy with the wreath of wild flowers that lay close to her limp little right hand; she had suddenly fallen asleep.

Rushing forward, Buckstone called her name again, in quick, sharp, startled tones. Still there was no answer. Then with a low, sobbing, awful cry, he flung himself on the couch and took her drooping head on his breast. She was dead. As yet her poor old mother did not realize what had occurred, I was kneeling at Buckstone's side when something on one of the little hands he was pressing to his heart, attracted his attention. He held the hand out for a closer look. On one of the slender fingers a jeweled ring sparkled in the light.

"My God! What mystery is this?" he cried: "Adrienne Wainwright won that ring from me on a wager—how did it come here—on her hand?"

No one could answer him. When we came later to question some of the people in the neighboring tents, only one young woman knew anything that had the slightest bearing toward a solution of the mystery. In passing the tent about ten o'clock this young woman had heard some one talking inside. It was a woman's voice, she thought, but not Maya's, the flap of the tent was down and she had seen no one. That was all.

* * * * *

About one year after the war, while engaged on the reporting staff of a Portland, Oregon, newspaper, I chanced one day to pick up a New York City exchange. I found among the society news a detailed report of the marriage of Col. Edmund Buckman and Miss Adrienne Wainwright. You may judge my astonishment when I recognized in the portraits given of the happy pair, my old friend Sergeant Buckstone, of Fort Yamhill and—Alma Rutledge!

Had she secretly visited Maya in her tent, told her own story and given the ring to Maya in renouncement of her claim? Had the shock of discovery killed Maya?

The End.

A Twentieth Century Problem.

By LAURA ADELE DUTRO.

THERE is no country where pleasant social intercourse between people of culture and refinement, without regard to birth or position, is so possible as in America, and likewise no other country where a greater number of persons so qualified are hungering in vain for just such association. Why is this true, and where is the remedy?

To deal with the subject intelligently it is necessary that we discover the limitations as well as the advantages of our present social system, and a comparison, therefore, of our class distinctions with those of an European nation might be profitable. •

We see the evils of caste in England, for instance, and rightly criticise customs which make it possible for the vulgar to have the entre of the highest set which excludes from it those fitted in every way to adorn it, for no better reasons than that the former happen to be of an old and aristocratic house while the latter have the misfortune to be without title or family, and are, perhaps, engaged in trade. And yet this system is not without its compensations, for when stata are not continually shifting there is much less danger of social upheavals and the confusions resulting therefrom. The inexorableness of the situation alleviates its misery, so that while one may not be content with his lot, he must of necessity be contented in it, because he cannot change it. A man is born in a certain station and that determines his social position. He may resent the fact that he belongs to the laboring class, but he does not dream of assuming to himself the rights and privileges of the aristocracy. If he is sensible as well as ambitious he strives to dignify his calling by becoming a superior laborer, and, having succeeded in acquiring more than the usual amount of education, is finally recognized as a power among his fellows for good or evil; still there is no misapprehension in his own mind, or in the minds

of others, as to where he belongs in the social world.

On the other hand, it is said that in our great Republic birth counts for very little, and whether this is true or not, the fact remains that here, more than anywhere else, a man has the freedom of deciding what his social status shall be, and has greater opportunities for attaining his ideal standard. In other words, it takes nothing but quality to make a gentleman in America, and a man may possess this distinguishing qualification, so easy to recognize but so hard to define, without title, or family, or wealth, or even education (in its most technical sense). As our wise Autocrat expresses it, "Our social arrangement has this great beauty, that its strata shifts up and down, as they change specific gravity, without being clogged by layers of prescription."

Our democratic institutions, therefore, while admitting of no social classification of the people, have offered to the masses a sacred privilege which other nations guard with jealous care, and our European critics are only too ready to characterize the result as chaos. Nor is this criticism wholly unjust. Exulting in our freedom from the restraints imposed by an arbitrary classification of the people, we are too apt to forget that this very advantage over other nations robs us of a safeguard possessed by them.

One of our greatest stumbling blocks is that grand old sentiment first uttered by the founder of democracy in this country and immortalized by him through the Declaration of Independence, "All men are created free and equal." It is an axiom, a self-evident truth, to every loyal American. But does it imply social as well as political equality? Our cook who considers "servant" a term of approbrium and resents the application of the expression to herself, seems to think so and consequently

calls herself a lady, thereby confirming the statement of the wit who said, "There are no servants in America, 'scrub-ladies' clean our houses and 'gentlemen' drive our carriages."

This false idea colors the vision of the American girl to such an extent that she prefers any situation rather than that of cook or house-maid in a private family. A position in store or factory with wages barely sufficient for boarding her in a cheap lodging house, with undesirable people as associates, is preferable, in her eyes, to living in a pleasant home where she has at least wholesome food, and, in most cases, a cheerful room and the opportunity of saving her wages. She is a servant, to be sure, but there is nothing degrading in the position. It is the way in which it is filled that determines whether it shall be one of dignity or abasement.

It is this mad struggle for social equality that is overcrowding our cities and leaving our farms deserted. If a country boy is a little above the average he imagines himself a Lincoln and dreams of becoming a future President. Of course a farm is too narrow a sphere for the embryo statesman, and forthwith he leaves it behind and sets out for the nearest city where he begins the study of law. Then one of two things usually happens; either he succeeds in getting a sufficient smattering of legal knowledge to admit him to the bar, thereby becoming an inferior member of that tribe whom Shakespeare has characterized as

Windy attorneys of their clients woes,
Airy succeeders to intestate joys;
Poor breathing orators of miseries.

or, he fails in his attempt and returns to the farm utterly unfitted for its simple duties and cares, feeling that he is an eagle whose wings were cruelly clipped. If only he had realized his limitations he might have been a prosperous farmer, and, by using his talents and superior abilities have become pre-eminent in his own line.

We need brains and first-class qualities in our kitchens and on our farms. Education should not unfit one for his station in life, but only enable him to fill it more nobly, more intelligently, more

successfully. Great opportunities do not have to be sought: they come to the man who is capable of higher things.

We conclude, therefore, that Americans are born socially equal only in respect of privilege; that is, any man may scale the social ladder unhampered by the disadvantages of an obscure or humble origin. But only insofar as we prove to other nations that socially, as well as politically, the voice of the people insures the prestige of the best, the most select element, do we demonstrate the superiority of the rule of the many over the rule of the few.

What, then, are the qualities which should entitle one to social pre-eminence in America? Refinement, culture, and above all, that delicate preception which enables one to recognize these attributes in another, no matter what his environment may be; these, together with the generous qualities and the gentle manners which prompts him to accord to that other his proper position without the least suspicion of patronage. Without these fundamental qualifications no amount of ability or wealth or influence should enable a man to secure for himself admittance to the charmed circle of American patricians. The last expression, seemingly at variance with the spirit of our institutions, I have used intentionally, not to describe any exclusive and select set of newspaper notoriety, but as a brief characterization of those individuals who possess the true nobility which I have tried to define above.

Granting, then, that there is need of reform in this direction, where should the good work begin? I should answer with Mrs. Birney, "In the home lies the only solutions of the problems which confront the world today." For it is only after settling this point, as well as all others, as individuals and then as families, that we can decide for the world at large what is the best way to promote intelligent association among people of culture and refinement.

In pursuance of this thought I have decided to follow the fortunes of an American family through their experiences of social life, first in a large Eastern city, later in a village of the Midland states, and finally in a small city on the

Western coast. The practical knowledge gained by them through personal observation of the trials and difficulties to be met with in keeping their social circle ideal, may help others in dealing with the same problem.

The Trenants were often spoken of as exclusive people, which was probably accounted for through the fact that they never identified themselves with any particular set, though they had the entre of all. Their wealth alone would have secured their admission to the highest set, while the fact that they could trace their descent from one of the "first families of Virginia," entitled them to a prominent place in that more select circle whose members pride themselves upon their ancient lineage and affect family trees.

Mr. Trenant's birth and training had united to make him one of those unusual individuals in whom aristocratic feeling and democratic principles seem perfectly combined. His wife was a woman of rare personality whose force and beauty of character had made her a power in the home and a prominent factor in shaping the lives of her husband and children. During her early married life there was little time for social pleasures, but, believing as she did, that woman's loftiest sphere is the home, and her highest duties those of the wife and mother, she did not crave other associations than that afforded by her family and the small, but well chosen, circle in which she had moved as a girl. Between her husband and herself existed that mental and spiritual affinity which makes a perfect marriage, and their children grew up in an atmosphere of intellectual thought and refinement which is the highest culture.

It was the desire of their children for the society of congenial young people that first confronted them with the problem of how such association was to be brought about in these days, and at first it seemed difficult of solution. The children of their own friends had been swept into the whirl of fashionable society whither, as yet, the young Trenants had not cared to follow, but now, at last, they were yearning for a larger social circle and their parents were filled with

something like dismay.

They, themselves, had always gloried in "the right of social discrimination of all persons and things according to their merits, native or acquired," which is the peculiar privilege of every American, and should they deny this liberty to their children? After all, it is only the exercise of a power that can develop it, and unless in youth one acquires the ability to discern between persons and things that differ, he will lack the true judicial faculty which should crown mature age. So this wise father and mother decided to allow their sons and daughters to learn for themselves the limitations and possibilities of American society, trusting to the instincts with which they were born and the principles engendered by their early training to guide them in distinguishing the true from the false, the best element from that which is mediocre.

These young people exercised, therefore, the new and sacred "right of discrimination," not only in the great general world, but also in those special cliques whose chosen few were supposed to have run the gauntlet of society and to have come out unscathed at the end.

It mattered not, to them, that the B—'s were social leaders and immensely rich. They did not come up to the standards of the young Trenants intellectually or morally. Therefore the latter refused them recognition as equals. The C—'s were moral enough, but exceedingly vulgar and ostentatious. The M—'s were snobs whose affectations and pretensions marked them as mere parvenus. The W—'s had the advantage of education and travel, but were so fearfully conscious of their money and the influence and position it brought them that they were simply unsufferable. The L—'s, who were grasping madly for a culture they were incapable of acquiring, were almost worse than the others.

So these young people were deciding "that all is vanity and vexation of spirit" when Mrs. Trenant offered a new suggestion. Why not try that exclusive circle of old families who boast of the generations of blue blood that runs in their veins, and never allow upstarts among them?

They grasped the idea immediately.

Here, at least, where poverty was often a badge of honor, one would not meet with the vulgarity of the *nonveau riche*, and these enthusiasts rejoiced that they had the qualifications to enter the charmed circle. They were received with open arms by the colonial dames. When they had time to look around them carefully they realized that an American aristocracy, founded on birth alone, was not only the worst of all aristocracies, but supremely ridiculous. Not only did these people lack the enterprise that a new spirit imparts, but many of them were without the ability, brains and even education which had won for the persons they affected to despise a prominent place in more general society. They were allowing their pride of birth to become a mania which warped their judgment of people to such an extent that a man's ancestors could cover a multitude of sins in himself.

The result of this last experience was a family council in which it was concluded by all that they knew no class of people which, as a whole, possessed all the qualities necessary to congenial association. What, then, should they do? Forego social pleasures altogether and form of themselves a little exclusive circle where they could gain the mental and spiritual refreshments so necessary to all lives?

Better to be alone in a rare atmosphere than to be stifled by the pressure of false conditions. But they had to acknowledge that this plan would not be ideal in all respects, for, if they followed it, they would lack the advantages that only the contrast with other personalities can give. They might even grow as narrow and self-centered as the "old families," and that was not to be endured.

Here Mrs. Trenant again came to the rescue with the happy thought—why not constitute of themselves a nucleus around which all could gather who wanted just what they had been seeking, and, like themselves, had failed to find?

The idea was received with enthusiasm, but what special qualities should they require in persons who wished to join them? Mrs. Trenant was ready for this question and answered it promptly.

"Refinement and culture, of course, are essential qualifications, but these alone will not suffice. There are many, especially among the 'old families,' who would answer to that description exactly, but they would never be capable of acknowledging that the same qualities could exist in persons who are not as well born as themselves. Then, among new families of the fashionable set, are those in whom education and travel and their innate possibilities have developed these same characteristics; but these, while recognizing culture and refinement in obscure and unknown people, through selfishness and fear of criticism, would fail to accord to them their true position, and, forgetting that no real lady or gentleman could ever give or receive such patronage, might treat them with condescension. These two classes of individuals could not get along together and would exclude from our circle many other persons whom we want in it. It is clear that every one whom we admit ought to possess that measure of appreciation which will enable him or her to judge another for what he is, not for what he has."

Unanimous in praise of this plan, they were intensely eager to put their theories into practice, and so the circle was born. It was surprising how rapidly it grew, and how many charming people they found to increase their number. These were culled from all grades of society, but no one ever asked about another, "Who is he?" It was sufficient to know that every man was a gentleman and every woman a lady. "One never meets and other kind of person at the Trenants', 'who exercise wisely the right of selection and believe in the 'survival of the fittest' in the field of social life," said a friendly critic. Everyone seemed hungry for just such association, from the popular author—that lion of the day—to Miss Jones, the governess, who was a lady to the finger-tips, though so far she had met with little social recognition which was not patronizingly given.

From this time forth the teas, receptions and dinners at the Trenants' home were delightful affairs which were looked forward to with pleasure by all who were

fortunate enough to be invited to them. One was always eager to go and loth to come away from these interesting assemblies where obscure medical students, embryo artists, struggling young lawyers and poor journalists were as welcome as those who had already won fame and honor and wealth, where one came in contact with the best thought and intellect of the day with great minds and souls who were simple and spontaneously happy in manner.

In time this family scattered and its members had opportunities of trying in new communities, under different conditions, the methods which had been crowned with such success in their old home.

The lot of one daughter, Mrs. S—, was cast in a small mining town in the Middle West, and many were the trials she met with in holding to her standards. Only in applying the motto "Better that the individual suffer than that the law perish," did she learn that true philanthropy does not obliterate distinctions. It was necessary to be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove, for, in a place so small, selection is apt to be considered a personal affront by those who are without the pale. Therefore, it was only by exercising rare tact that she was able to keep her home inviolate, and to win, at the same time, the good will of everybody.

There was one public school in the place where the children of all classes trudged hand in hand along the paths of knowledge with never a thought that in later life some must be the servants of others, and here arose a complication. Mary Ann, the cook, was a farmer's daughter who had associated at school with the best people of the town, hence she expected to sit down with the family at meals on the plea that "she was as good as anybody." "The point," said Mrs. S—, kindly, but firmly, "is not whether you are good enough to eat at my table, but whether you are willing to

conform to the customs of my household, one of which is that my servants eat in the kitchen." And Mary Ann conformed.

Just as skillfully did the little lady avoid being on terms of intimacy with her butcher's wife, or her gardener's family, but all of these people had substantial proof of her warm interest in their spiritual and temporal welfare, and were convinced that she was, without exception the loveliest lady in town. A comparison of her own position with that of some of her friends who had feared to adopt her theories, taught her the truth of the old adage, "familiarity breeds contempt." And thus she proved that the same fundamental principles with regard to the social problem apply in a mining town or in any village that hold good in a large Eastern city.

Perhaps the most discouraging experience of the Trenant family was met by the daughter whose home was in a small city on our Western coast. She discovered that just as it had taken years of brave and patient pioneer labor to develop the physical resources of this new country, so it would take years of the same kind of advance work on the part of some fine souls to evolve from the present social chaos any such ideal circle as she had left in her Eastern home. Here the greatest danger is that of losing one's ideals in a homesick longing for association of some sort, and so being swept into the general current. Only by holding aloof from this, and waiting, even for months and years, for congenial souls with whom affiliation does not mean deterioration, can one hope for right society eventually.

I have used this family as an illustration because I believe that their experiences, with slight variations, show the difficulties which beset people of intelligence and refinement who are trying today to bring about ideal social relations.

The Indian "Arabian Nights."

Being a Series of Indian Stories and Legends relating to the region around the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon.

By H. S. LYMAN.

THE STORY OF KOBAIWAY.

"YOU will understand," said the judge, as we went back another day to Omopah, "that during the days of the old chief, called Tlah-Tsops, there must have been a large primitive population dwelling upon this peninsula. The old chief himself had twenty wives, and his own family may have numbered fifty people. The houses, or lodges, in which they lived were commodious and fixed abodes made of planks of split cedar, and roofed with poles and pieces of bark laid like tiles. The floor was sunk two or three feet in the ground, and up from the ground, about eighteen inches high, were laid all around the walls long planks serving as floor and seats and couches, while in the center the earth was left bare upon which to build the fire. Over the fire an opening was made in the roof near the ridgepole for the smoke to escape.

"Some of the houses were eighty feet in length, each one large enough to accommodate forty or fifty persons. As at Tlah-Tsops, there were ten or a dozen such houses; we may suppose there were four or five hundred members of the tribe. They had three main villages, which were occupied according to the season of the year. That at Tlah-Tsops was the summer home.

"Chieftainship was not necessarily bestowed upon the eldest son. It was not even hereditary, but went to the one who showed the most address and ability. The chief was a father to his people, directing all important affairs, guiding public policy, and even conducting trade.

"By the coming of Konapee, who made, and taught the art of making, iron knives, and still more by the coming of other ships, which gradually sought the

Northwest coast for purposes of barter, the trade of the Tlah-Tsops and of their neighbors across the river, the Chinooks, began to assume considerable importance, and these two tribes rose in proportion in wealth and power among the natives of the whole coast region from which were gathered the waters of the river. They easily saw that it was much to their advantage to act as traders between the white men, who came with beads and blankets and scrap iron, and the Indians of the interior. From time immemorial, too, there had been a trade between the interior tribes and the coast or lower river natives. To make their seines for salmon fishing, which were dexterously woven out of wild flax, it was necessary for the Chinooks and Tlah-Tsops to trade with Indians of the upper river for the fibre. The flax grew better and stronger on the plateau inland. And for this flax fibre they exchanged the slender haiqui shells, a little volute no larger around than a lead pencil and slightly curved at the tip, like the end of a tiny horn. The value of these shells was reckoned by the length; one of a finger length was worth a horse.

"As white men began to come to the coast for barter, the articles of civilized manufacture were carried to the interior, for which, not only the flax fibre, but also the furs and other native products were bought, and the Chinooks and Tlah-Tsops became the leading people of all the western shore. And their language, or the jargon founded upon it, mixed with some French and Spanish expressions, became the universal language of business.

"This vast increase of trade, and the consequent rise in importance of the

be, added greatly to the cares and labors of the chief, and Kobaiway, succeeding the old Tlah-Tsops, must have been a man of much ability to maintain his position.

"At some time, perhaps while he was still quite a young man, there came a severe test of his qualities. We may believe that it was when he was not far from beginning his career as chief, and the tribes with whom he had to do would be most likely to take advantage of his inexperience.

"At the Cascades, just above the rapids, in the bend or basin of quiet water, was the trading ground of all the tribes, of both the upper and lower river. It was neutral ground and under the sacred protection of the gods, who guaranteed safety to all. It was a wild and magnificent place, buttressed by mighty mountains. Up to the very gates of dawn the great river stretched, a shining silver highway, with here and there a rocky isle gemming its smooth surface. Below, the waters contracting, turned sharply and fell into roaring rapids.

"It was to this place, at the upper end of the Cascades, that Kobaiway came trading, having left, as was customary, his canoe at the foot of the rapids, and brought his boatmen with the luggage and barter by way of the path along the shore. He was well treated by the Cayuses, the people with whom he came to trade, but the fact that he was a new chief was probably known, and it was whispered by the crafty tribe that while he could not be molested at the trading ground, he would be unprotected on the pathway down the rocky shore when he returned toward his canoes.

"At all events, while Kobaiway and his party were passing along the narrow trail, winding in and out among the boulders and thickets, heavily cumbered with their recent purchases, they were suddenly attacked by the crafty Cayuses whose intention it was to let not one of the party escape. So swift

and unexpected was the onslaught that the Tlah-Tsops had no chance to make a defense and all were cut down save Kobaiway who walked in advance of the rest. Kobaiway was unarmed, but carried in each hand a heavy drinking cup made of the horn of the Rocky Mountain sheep and richly and fantastically carved. They were recent purchases and were valued highly, but it is not likely they were ever designed to serve the purpose to which Kobaiway put them in his dire extremity. Two of the enemy set upon him fiercely, when, turning with sudden swiftness, he lifted the horn cups and brought them down with resistless force upon the heads of the foe, stretching them at his feet. In another instant he had disappeared in the woods.

"Then followed a long wandering for Kobaiway, alone and oppressed by the loss of his party. He dared not return to the river immediately, but struck deep into the mountains, following the track of wild animals, and avoiding all possible encounter with men. At last, however, he judged that he was safe from pursuit and turned his face again toward the river.

"Weary and half famished, he finally emerged from the forest and found himself upon a cliff overlooking the broad waterway that stretched westward toward his home. There was a thick haze over the river and he could see nothing, but, borne upon the wind came the regular throb of a club beating the side of a great canoe. Like a distant drum it sounded, and as he listened he knew that his own people were mourning the death of one of the tribe. As it drew nearer he could distinguish the wailing dirge and knew that they mourned the death of their chief, seeking to ease his wandering spirit on its way to the happy hunting ground by making their lament near the scene of the tragedy. Kobaiway speedily discovered himself to them and with them returned to his own land. But that was not the end of it for Kobaiway."

(To be Continued.)

While the Ship Sailed.

By F. von KETTLER.

"ALL aboard! All aboard!" shouted a voice from the big Atlantic liner, "Umbria," ready to leave the wharf for her regular trip to Liverpool. The ship bell sounded loud and clear, as a cab drove up close to the wharf, from which a tall, athletic man jumped quickly, and hurried towards the gang-plank.

"Just in time, by Jove!" he exclaimed, "that was a close shave! one minute later and I would have missed the boat."

He pushed his way through the throng of people, hastily leaving the ship. The ropes were loosened and the big ocean greyhound slowly moved from the wharf.

Sidney Huntington found his state room, and, after arranging his belongings to his satisfaction, lit a cigar and went on deck to have a last look at the city of New York, which already was fading in the distance. Leaning on the starboard railing and indulging in an idle man's privilege, namely, dreaming of all kinds of possible and impossible things, he was roughly awakened out of his reverie by a hearty slap on the back and a cheerful voice crying:

"Hello, Sid, old man! What are you doing here? Going to honor Europe with your august presence, eh?"

Sidney turned and faced his old college chum, Jack Knowles, whom he had not seen since he left Yale, three years before.

They shook hands.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to see you, Jack! I thought I would have a rather lonely trip across, but now that is out of the question. Where are you going after our arrival in Liverpool?"

"I don't know yet," answered Jack. "Wherever fancy takes me. I have no distinct plans. Travel about Europe for awhile, taking in London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, visiting some of the watering places, and, perhaps, Switzerland and

Italy. And yourself? What are your intentions?"

"The same as yours," replied Sidney. "Very indistinct. Let us make the tour together, we'll be company to each other and we'll enjoy ourselves to our heart's content."

"All right," acquiesced Jack Knowles, heartily, "nothing would suit me better."

"I say, Sid," Jack continued, "have you seen our fascinating traveling companion yet? She is about the prettiest little thing I have seen for some time. I just got a glimpse of her when she came on board; but that one glimpse was sufficient to make my heart go pit-a-pat. Of course I went straight to the purser to find out her name. He told me that he believed her to be a young widow, trying to console herself for the loss of a much lamented husband. Her name, he said, is Mrs. Harvey."

"Hello," said Sidney, "at it again! Your easily influenced heart on fire as usual! Well, if she is a widow, I will not break a lance with you in her behalf. You know my aversion to widows, especially young widows."

The next moment Huntington and Knowles were on the after deck, idly watching the long, silvery trench plowed by the big steamship, when Jack, suddenly grasping Sidney's arm, excitedly whispered:

"Look, look! There she is!"

"Who? Where?"

"The widow, of course! you idiot! Don't you see her? There, that lady in grey; she is speaking to the captain now. By Jove, they are coming this way."

Mrs. Harvey was a very pretty woman, with lovely auburn hair, waving about a square, low brow; violet, liquid eyes that had a way of turning black under excitement, and lips as kissable as a baby's. She was talking gaily to her companion as they approached.

"What do you think of her?" whisp-

ered Jack.

"I'll tell you later about that," was the quiet reply.

"Lucky dog, that captain! I wish he would give us an introduction. I think it downright mean of him to keep her entirely to himself. He won't give a fellow a show," grumbled Jack. "Well I'll have to manage somehow to get acquainted with her."

The sun was shining brightly; the decks were crowded with people, brought up by the beautiful warm weather.

Mrs. Harvey, with an open book lying unread in her lap, was looking across the deep waters in an idle, listless fashion. Unknown to her Sidney Huntington was standing a few paces behind her chair, watching her intently, when suddenly a gust of wind swept across the deck, among other things taking Mrs. Harvey's book with it. Like a flash Sidney darted to the rescue.

"I am afraid that you will find your book somewhat the worse for its escapade, Madam," he said, as he gallantly returned it to its owner.

"Thank you, very much," said the widow, blushing. "I am sorry to have given you so much trouble. It was very careless of me."

"The wind sprang up rather suddenly," said Sidney, in response. "It would have taken anybody by surprise."

At that moment another violent gust shook Mrs. Harvey's chair.

"Oh!" she sighed regretfully, "it's too bad, I am afraid I will have to go inside; it is getting too breezy for me."

"Don't go yet," he begged. "Let me bring you some rugs and things."

Without awaiting her answer, Sidney dashed off and presently returned with an armful of steamer rugs.

"Here they are," he said, and arranging the things carefully around her. "This will be warm enough for you, I trust. I hope to induce you to remain on deck a little longer."

"Thank you very much," said Mrs. Harvey, gratefully. "This is what I call solid comfort. Most of the passengers have gone inside, I suppose. They are not as hardy as you and I."

"You seem to be a good sailor, Mrs. Harvey?" he said gallantly.

The widow looked up in surprise.

"You have the advantage of me," she said. "You know my name, while I am in ignorance of yours."

"I beg a thousand pardons," he hurriedly explained. "I heard Captain Seabrook address you as Mrs. Harvey and took advantage of my eavesdropping." And then, raising his cap, "my name is Huntington, Sidney Huntington, madam."

"I am very glad to have made your acquaintance," answered Mrs. Harvey, cordially offering her hand.

Around the corner of the companion-way came the short, fat figure of Jack Knowles with bowed head, struggling against the strong breeze, and seeing Sidney, but not preceiving the latter's companion, who was hidden by the bulkhead, against which Sidney was leaning, cried out:

"What in the devil are you doing there the whole afternoon, and in this beastly weather, too?" Then coming closer, and seeing the lady, "Oh, beg pardon, beg pardon," he added confused.

"Mrs. Harvey," said Sidney, without taking notice of this tirade, "kindly allow me to present to you my friend, Mr. Jack Knowles."

Sidney soon became the fascinating widow's constant companion. They walked the deck together. Together they sat, always talking and laughing, and making poor Jack miserable. Together they watched passing ships through Sidney's field glass, and in the evenings were partners at whist.

"I believe I am in love," mused Sidney one day, "and with a widow! Who would have believed it! Sid, old man! this won't do! You must keep away from her. She is such a lovable little thing, though. If only she were not a widow! I wonder what kind of man her husband was? and who he was? and how he happened to come to his death? It's strange, she never mentions him; as a rule these interesting widows are very fond of speaking of the 'dear departed.'"

"Not dancing attendance, Sid? How is that?" questioned Jack Knowles, com-

ing into the stateroom and interrupting his friend's thoughts.

"I fail to understand you," answered Sidney, with a forbidding frown on his handsome face.

"I meant no offense, old man," hurriedly apologized Jack. "But nevertheless you are beastly selfish. You monopolize the pretty little widow and anybody can see that she has no eyes for any fellow but you."

"I wish you would refrain from drawing Mrs. Harvey's name into the conversation."

"Why, Sid, old man; what is the matter? We are not going to quarrel over a little thing like this, are we?"

"Certainly not, Jack, but you know it is out of place to make light of any lady's name in this fashion. Let's us go down and have a glass of sherry and a biscuit, or something."

"By Jove," muttered Jack to himself, "who would have thought it. He has got it bad, and with a widow! The eighth wonder, and no mistake."

Notwithstanding Sidney's good resolutions, he found himself in Mrs. Harvey's company as much as ever. One afternoon, as the voyage was nearing its end they stood together leaning over the rail.

"Mrs. Harvey," remarked Sidney, "in about thirty-six hours we will have arrived in Liverpool. Will you be glad or sorry to finish this part of your trip?"

"That question is difficult to answer," she replied musingly. "I certainly shall be glad to see terra firma again, although we have had an enjoyable trip."

"Mrs. Harvey," answered Sidney, "I shall remember this voyage as long as I live. To me it is a dream, a dream from which I never wish to be awakened."

"What! Are you so fond of the ocean?" asked she demurely, lowering her eyes.

He looked at her passionately.

"Yes," he said, "I adore the ocean, or any other place, where you are! Won't you let me tell you how much I love you, how in the short time I have known you I have learned to care for you with an undying love?"

He made a movement to approach her, but she drew away, whispering:

"We are not the only people on deck."

"I don't care who is on deck," said he, looking fondly at her. "I see only you; it seems to me we are floating alone on the ocean, and that there is no one else in the wide world but our two selves."

"But, listen to me, Mr. Huntington," "I have something to tell you, something you must hear before you go any farther. I am not what you think I am."

"Not what I think you are? I know that you are the dearest, loveliest woman in the world, and I know that life would be unendurable without you."

"Please listen to me," she pleaded. "Although I am afraid that you will not have such a good opinion of me after I have told you all."

"Whatever you tell me will not alter my love for you; that I am sure of."

"First of all, my name is not Mrs. Harvey."

"Not Mrs. Harvey?" he asked astonished, "then what is it?"

"Lewellyn is my name, Nellie Lewellyn."

"Mrs. Nellie Lewellyn?"

"No, Miss Nellie Lewellyn."

"Then you are not a widow? But why this incognito?"

"To relate my story properly," she commenced, "I want to go back five years, when my poor father died, leaving me an orphan, 17 years of age, my mother's death having occurred seven years previous to that. We had never been rich and I found myself alone in the world, with \$300 as my all. I realized that I would have to earn my own living, consequently I went to Boston and there attended a good business college for one year, and applied myself diligently to my studies. At the expiration of that year I was able to secure a position in a large business house at a salary of \$40 a month, which gradually increased to \$75. During three years of hard work my one hope and longing was to see Europe, and by living carefully and attending steadily to my work and never taking a vacation, I have been able to save \$500, with which I concluded to take a three months' vacation and see the Old World."

"But what has all this to do with Mrs.

Harvey? Where does she make her appearance?" asked Sidney, impatiently.

"Wait," answered Nellie, "you will soon hear from her. Knowing that it was not the correct thing in Europe for a girl to travel without a chaperone, I puzzled my brain to find a way out of the difficulty. In vain did I advertise in several papers for a married lady who intended to go to Europe and would care to travel in my society. Then a happy thought entered my mind. Why should not I go as a married woman, or a widow or something. Nobody would see through the disguise, and when I got back I could resume my own name. Was it very wrong of me?" she continued. "Do you think any less of me for it, Mr. Huntington?"

"My darling! If you only knew how glad you have made me with your recital?" he said happily. "But do you know that I also have a confession to make?"

"You have a confession to make? What! is not your name Sidney Huntington?"

"I am Sidney Huntington, all right," laughed he, "but when I first saw you I made up my mind not to like you."

"You need not do it if you don't want to," was Nellie's saucy answer.

"Oh, but I could not help it in spite of myself. Ever since my earliest boyhood I have had a hearty aversion for widows, young or old, pretty or otherwise, without any exception whatever. "And now, sweetheart," he continued, "you do care for me a little, don't you? Won't you let me take you to my dear old aunt, who resides in Liverpool, and won't you marry me as soon as possible, and let me accompany you on your three months' tramp and call it our honeymoon trip?"

"But, Mr. Huntington, you know so

little of me."

"Please do not call me Mr. Huntington," he begged, "let it be Sidney. I can never know you better than I do now, sweetheart. You will promise to love and to marry me, won't you?"

"I suppose I must say 'yes,'" she answered, looking at him, the light of love shining out of her beautiful eyes.

"Now I am the happiest man in the world," cried Sidney. "Here comes Jack, I must tell him of my good fortune. Jack! Jack!" he called, and when Jack approached:

"Permit me to introduce you to my affianced bride, Miss Nellie Lewellyn."

"Miss Nellie Lewellyn?" said the astounded Jack, looking from one to the other, "affianced bride?"

And getting behind Sidney he looked questioningly at Nellie, rapping with a finger of one hand at his own temple, while with the other hand he pointed at Sidney.

"Poor fellow! The sea voyage must have done it!"

"Done what?" said Sidney, turning quickly, "what are you doing there, you ape? Oh, Jack does not know yet. Of course not. I'll tell you later all about it, old man. But now is the proper time for you to congratulate, because as soon as you arrive in Liverpool you will have to buy a pair of white gloves to assist me as best man at my wedding."

"I thought I might have had a chance at the pretty widow myself," said Jack, looking very crestfallen, "but as usual, I am left in the cold again."

"You can have all the widows in the land," interrupted Sidney, "but you can't have Nellie."

"But," continued Jack, "if you will accept the blessing of a bachelor, from now on a confirmed bachelor, you shall have it."

"If I took your hand and pledged you
 In a beaker of old wine,
 I would simply then have hedged you
 In this narrow world of mine.
 If I seize your heart and take it,
 I shall weary by-and-by;
 I should long to own—and break it,
 Though I could not answer why."

Our Point of View

Every man, irrespective of political affiliations, who has the welfare of his country at heart, must view with alarm the growing practice of levying for campaign purposes upon office-holders and others who may be effected by a change of administration. While the necessity of using money in politics must be deprecated, we look with some degree of allowance upon it when the funds are used solely for educating the public in political issues. The end to which the money is put, however, while it may, in some rare instances, be good, though it is generally bad, cannot alter the fact that the means of collecting it, and often the causes or motives which prompt the giving, are corrupting and debasing. There are usually three classes that contribute to politics. The first, which consists of thousands upon thousands is forced each year to contribute to the political coffers of the parties through means that are little short of blackmail. They resent but have no recourse. If they refuse to contribute they are "blacklisted," and soon find themselves out of office and seemingly without "friends." Therefore they have found it the part of wisdom to submit to the inevitable with smothered protests of indignation. The great majority of this class, however, soon learns the way of politics, and a hardened conscience enables them to pass over such little things. The second class consists of those who must contribute or lose their political prestige, and the third of those whose individual or private interests are involved in maintaining this or that policy; but the man who contributes freely and willingly because he wishes in his heart to educate the masses in what he believes to be the true and right principles, one who helps because he places patriotism higher than party loyalty, whose motives are always pure and high, is indeed a 'rara avis.' The money used, therefore, in political campaigns, leaving entirely out of consideration the

effect of the end to which it is put, must be considered bad in its influence upon the individual and the state. When we consider, however, the corrupting use that is made of political money, it would seem that the people would rise in their indignation, and suppress what must be acknowledged the most dangerous and corrupting influence in American politics. For the line of demarcation between the necessary and legitimate and the most unwarrantable and corrupt use of political money is so dimly drawn that we pass it almost unknown and with but a step to reprehensible methods and dangerous expedients. And the public, accustomed to the use of money in politics, allows the matter to grow from bad to worse, until the entire fabric of our political organizations is rotten, warp and woof, while the storm of protest that such a state of affairs should call forth is hushed by a universal appeal to party loyalty. Unfortunately, in this respect, at least, the good is not all on one side and the bad on the other; for, were it so, we might keep all the good men in office and all the bad out. But the parties are equally culpable. The campaigns in Ohio and Kentucky are but recent exemplifications of this fact. It is difficult, if not impossible, to find a direct remedy for such conditions as these. A law forbidding office-holders from contributing to a political party would be manifestly ineffective. The only way, therefore, and indeed the only way to get at all the evils which threaten us through political corruption, is for our respectable and serious-minded men and women to consider politics and government great and serious things, demanding our highest thought and best energies, and that our offices are to be filled, not by political tricksters, but by the ablest and purest men we have. We must consider government a responsibility, a temporary charge of tremendous import, not merely a source of spoils nor the object of a

wild scramble for occupation. We should see to it that the men whom we put into office are such as will carry out our wishes. As has been said, "No one who is not at heart a good man can be trusted to execute the will of a good people." In casting our ballots, we must consider men as well as parties.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes is a believer in the theory that all young men should have an equal start in life. He does not limit himself, however, as most men do who take a similar stand, to the matter of education. He goes much farther. He believes that a young man's interests are best subserved by his starting in life unhampered by an income, and proposes to practice what he preaches. Doubtless if sufficient data on the subject could be obtained, it would be found that Mr. Rhodes is very close to being on the right track. Of one thing we may be sure; there are more young men who are prevented from making the most of themselves and their opportunities because there is no occasion for exerting themselves, than there are of those who fail because of insufficient financial encouragement. Dr. Ross, of Stanford, has said that "A man is as lazy as he dare be; a wise man, therefore, puts himself where there will be necessity for work." This is true of all young men, and especially of those who are not troubled with the struggle for existence. Doubtless, then, the best thing for the nation would be to have our young men placed in such a condition that there would be a necessity for their exercising their mental and physical faculties to the greatest possible degree. This is one of the problems for the future.

In the days when Jean Paul Richter wrote and dreamed the world was in a

spiritual mist—truth was received through a semi-obscurer haze, and much that the beautiful psychic philosopher said was considered mystical and even meaningless by the great majority who misunderstood or misinterpreted him. But stripped of its voluminous verbal drapery his thought, in sum and substance, stands out in the clearer sunlight of today definitely and unmistakably great. It was the living truth he voiced and the world is more willing to hear the truth now than it was fifty years ago, or even ten. There are few who fail to understand the following, for it is, I think, one of the tenets of the "New Religion": "There are a great many Christians who say that God is near or far off, that his wisdom and goodness appear quite specially in one age or another—truly that is an idle deception; is He not the unchangeable, eternal love, and does He not love and bless us at one hour just as much as at another?" And again: "As we ought properly, call the eclipse of the sun an eclipse of the earth, so it is man who is obscured, never the Infinite."

The movement against woman suffrage which is now being conducted in Oregon, is notable and interesting. The fact that there is an organization of women opposing the suffrage movement adds spice to the situation, and will not be without an important influence with the voters. The situation furnishes the most diverting proposition that has come up in the political arena for a long time.

The announcement made in England that the Boers have forfeited their right to independence, is, under the circumstances, the most pathetic incident of the closing years of this century. "Might, not right," is still England's motto.

The Rose of Day.

The day is opening like a rose—
Petal on petal backward curled,
Till all its beauty burns and glows,
And all its fragrance is unfurled.

The day is dying like a rose—
Soft leaf on leaf dropped down the sky
To gulfs of beauty where repose
The souls of exquisite things that die.

Ella Higginson.

Men and Women

"THE MEANING OF HUMAN EXISTENCE."

By DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, *President of Leland Stanford, Junior, University.*

Third Article in this Series.

Thoreau says that "there is no hope for you unless this bit of sod under your feet is the sweetest to you in this world—in any world." Why not? Nowhere is the sky so blue, the grass so green, the sunshine so bright, the shade so welcome as right here, now, today. No other blue sky, nor bright sunshine nor welcome shade exists for you. Other skies are bright to other men. They have been bright in the past and so will they be again, but yours are here and now. Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it and now is the time. This we know, it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not of cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other course of life leads toward decay and waste.

What, then, are you doing under these blue skies? The thing you do should be for you the most important thing in the world. If you could do something better than you are doing now, everything considered, why are you not doing it?

If every one did the very best he knew, most of the problems of human life would be already settled. If each one did the best he knew he would be on the highway to greater knowledge and therefore still better action. The redemption of the world is waiting only for each man to "lend a hand."

It does not matter if the greatest thing for you to do be not in itself great. The best preparation for greatness comes in doing faithfully the little things that lie nearest. The nearest is the greatest in most human lives. Even washing one's

own face may be the greatest present duty. The ascetics of the past who scorned cleanliness in the search for holiness became, for the most part, neither clean nor godly.

It was Agassiz's strength that he knew the value of today. Never were such bright skies as arched above him; nowhere else were such charming associates, such budding students, such secrets of nature fresh to his hand. His was the buoyant strength of the man who can look the stars in the face because he does his part in the Universe as well as they do theirs. It is the fresh, unspoiled confidence of the natural man, who finds the world a world of action and joy, and time all too short for the fullness of life which it demands. When Agassiz died, "the best friend that ever student had," the students of Harvard "laid a wreath of laurel on the bier and their manly voices sang a requiem, for he had been a student all his life long, and when he died he was younger than any of them."

Optimism in life is a good working hypothesis, if blindness and self-satisfaction be not its mainspring.

What if there are so many of us in the ranks of humanity? That the individual be lost in the mass as a pebble cast into the Seven Seas? Would you choose a world so small as to leave room for only you and your satellites? Would you ask for problems of life so tame that even you could grasp them? Would you choose a fibreless Universe to be "remoulded nearer to the heart's desire," in place of the wild, tough, virile, man-making environment to which the Attraction of Gravitation holds us all?

It is not that "I come like water and like wind I go." I am here today, and the moment and the place are real, and my will is, itself, one of the fates that make

and unmake all things. "Every meanest day is the conflux of two eternities" and in this center of all time and space, for the moment, it is I that stand. Great is Eternity, but it is made up of time. Could we blot out one day in the midst of time, Eternity could be no more. The power of man has its place within the Infinite Omnipotence.

It is to us not a question of hope or despair, but of truth; not of optimism nor of pessimism, but of wisdom. "Wisdom," as I have said elsewhere, "is knowing what to do next; Virtue is doing it." Religion the heart impulse that turns toward the best and highest course of action. What is our place? What have we to do next? Not in Infinity where we can do nothing, but here, today, the greatest day that ever was, for it alone is ours.

What matter is it that time does not end with us? Neither with us does history begin. An emperor of China once decreed that nothing should be before

him, that all history should begin with him. But he could go no farther than his own decree. Who are you that would be emperor of China?

"The eternal Saki from that bowl hath poured,
Millions of bubbles like us and shall pour."

Why not? Should life stop with you? What have you done that you should mark the end of time? If you have played your part in the procession of bubbles, all is well, though the best you can do is to leave the world a little better for the next that follows.

If you have not made life a little richer and its conditions a little more just by your living, you have not touched the world. You are indeed a bubble. If some kind friend somewhere turn down an empty glass, it will be the best monument you deserve. But to have had a friend is to leave the glass not wholly empty, for life is justified in love, as well as in action.

When Edwardina Plays.

When Edwardina her guitar
Takes from its well-worn case to play,
Anticipation leaps afar
In wondering what it will say—
When Edwardina plays.

Her hands and fingers move like thought
Up and down the quivering strings,
And harmonies divine are wrought
Like dreamland songs on angel's wings,
When Edwardina plays.

The evening thrush and whippoorwill
Are hushed to list to sweeter tones—
Such tones as only woodlands fill
When Memnon's music wakes the stones—
When Edwardina plays.

The camp-fire flickers dim and low,
And brooding night's fantastic shades
(Whose ghostly arms swing to and fro)
Wild dances weave in grass-grown glades,
While Edwardina plays.

Oh, rare the mystic, magic rune
When swiftly, softly touching strings
There fall, like showers of star-dust strewn
The gifts of Love's imaginings,
When Edwardina plays.

The trees their listless branches droop,
The night grows luminous and clear;
The crickets form a listening troop,
And e'en the stars come out to hear
When Edwardina plays.

C. H. Sholes.

The Home

SOME SUGGESTIONS ON DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

By GEORGE WHITAKER, Ph. D.

The problem in every family is how, with a given income, to secure larger results and to enjoy more home comforts. Any suggestion looking to this end will always be welcome.

A very helpful rule, and one which should be adopted in every household, is to live strictly within your income. A margin at the end of a year or a month is cheering and much to be desired. It gives you a feeling of independence and an ability to take advantage of the market in purchasing supplies. And though every wage-earner is tempted to spend more than he receives, he will find himself well repaid if he will rigidly deny himself in the matter of unnecessary expenditures, and resist the temptation to buy things that he desires, but can do without. The gratification of a desire is oftener than not an empty satisfaction. It is a common failing to spend money upon the impulse of the moment, carelessly and wastefully, which, with the exercise of a little thought and calculation, might be used to some good purpose. Indeed, it is a domestic duty to cultivate a spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of the home.

Care in providing and using material for consumption on the table, in the house, and on the farm adds to the appreciation of values. A little wisely used gives higher satisfaction than much wasted. A prudent thoughtfulness in purchasing and preparing food for the table or for the barn, contributes greatly to thrift and economy.

The first word in the lesson of self-denial which all must learn who would understand and practice domestic economy is "no." One little "no" in the right place is worth a thousand "yeses." As nothing is worse for good family government than to gratify every wish of the child, so nothing is more destruc-

tive to the building up and maintenance of a modest home life than self-indulgence in needless luxuries.

Of two articles which can be purchased at different prices select that which on the whole will give the largest returns for the amount invested. Shoes, for instance, that cost \$3 per pair may have more than three times the wearing quality of those costing \$1, and it would be economy to buy them. But if two pairs of shoes costing \$2 per pair outwear one pair costing \$4, it is better to buy the cheaper articles. If two cords of wood cost the price of one ton of coal and produce more heat, it is economy to burn wood. As a rule in making purchases a good article is cheaper than a poor one. But there are exceptions to this rule. Nothing is good if it is not needed. If it meets a real want it is cheap at almost any price.

In making purchases for home supplies advantage should be taken of the season. A prudent family, having a good cellar for storage, does well to lay in enough in the way of fruit, vegetables and so on in the fall when these things are selling at low prices. Then, too, it is always cheaper to buy in large quantities. Goods that do not deteriorate in keeping can thus be purchased at a heavy discount.

The matter of diet is an important one. More bread and less cake, more vegetables and less meat, more mush and less pie would be of incalculable benefit to mankind. Laboring men whose duties drain the physical forces need richer food. It is economy to adjust the supply to the tax upon the vital functions of the toiler.

The garden is a powerful factor in the economics of the family, and many a poor man has largely lived on a cow. Even a goat has been known to render

valuable assistance. Work has much to do with the question before us. Domestic cost more than wages and board. In many families this expense might be saved to the immeasurable advantage of the growing daughters if the boon of industry were conferred upon them. No matter what her other accomplishments, that girl is a beggar in heart and home who is lacking in domestic knowledge and skill. Forty domestics are no substitute for one domesticated daughter.

Cooking is an art, and in this line every young woman should be an artist.

There are scores of texts upon which the young wife will do well to heed exhortation—keeping herself beautiful and young and her household cheerful, orderly and exquisitely clean; studying deeply the right selection of human foods; adapting herself to her relations-in-law; liberally tolerating, if not subscribing to, her husband's politics and religion; bravely defending him against the adverse criticism of others, and never, never censuring his weaknesses to relations or friends.

Her Voice.

I.

The poets praise in glowing terms,
Her eyes and face and hair,
And each one vies to clearly prove
Her fairest of the fair.

II.

And yet it is reserved for me,—
A lucky mortal I,—
As no one else to understand
Wherein her virtues lie.

III.

It is not form nor hair nor eyes,
Nor ways so debonair,
Though these would more than win
the gods
And hold them to her lair.

IV.

It is not blushing rosy cheeks,
Nor lips like cherries red;
It is not Love's own winning ways,
Nor honeyed word that's said.

V.

No! None of these could hold my heart
'Gainst Time's relentless tread;
They fade and die and are no more,
And love might then be dead.

VI.

But O! the charm that holds my heart,
Complete, a perfect whole,
Is the loving music of a voice
That fills my inmost soul.

VII.

'Tis soft and tender, sweet and low,
And thrills me through and through;
And when I hear it at the 'phone
I know that she is true.

VIII.

And when I hear it by my side,
It fills me with such bliss
That I am tempted oft again
To steal a hurried kiss.

IX.

No! 'tis not blushing rosy cheeks,
Nor lips like cherries red;
It is not Love's own winning ways,
Nor honeyed word that's said—

X.

But when her lips do form the words,
That speak her feelings true,
The sweetest, sweetest sounds combine,
For she coyly says,
"I love you,
I love you."

W. B. W.

Books

BLIX

By Frank Norris.

Doubleday & McClure, New York.

A famous physician of New York is said to have introduced a lecture on nervous diseases with the remark, "Gentlemen, this world is full of four things: Sin and sorrow and books and neurasthenia." A reading of Frank Norris' latest novel will easily convince one that it is a book that does not belong to the calamity class.

In marked contrast to his earlier work, "McTeague," its tone is hopeful and the ethical purpose is predominant—to show the latent possibilities in the average man, when developed by the love of a good woman. Mr. Norris is a realist and paints his characters as he sees them, actual flesh and blood people. The hero, Condry, is a young journalist with no special purpose in life until "Blix" Bessamer comes into it. "Blix" is a sensible girl, sisterly and resourceful, who discovers when circumstances would part them, that Condry is necessary to her happiness. Her efforts to cure him from gambling are both novel and interesting, and might serve as a model for reformers who realize the almost hopeless task of fighting this evil. The other characters are well drawn. Mr. Bessamer, with his twin fads, homeopathy and mechanism of clocks, and Captain Jack Hoskins, with the true sailors' penchant for spinning 'yarns.' The captain's wife is as unique, in her way, as Stockton's "Pomona." She is a queer mixture of sentimentality and common sense, with a wonderful fund of knowledge, only limited by the slow issues of the "Encyclopedia" in installments, to which she subscribed. The work is a fine bit of character sketching. The author is a genuine lover of nature, and his descriptions of points of interest in and about San Francisco, where the scene of the story is laid, will appeal to all readers

familiar with that cosmopolitan town. This romance lacks the exciting events of "McTeague," and may be considered weak in comparison, but coarseness and brutality do not necessarily constitute strength. D.

No matter how well told and clever a story may be, we never forgive the author who, having the power to do so, fails to make his heroine beautiful. Therefore, we, the readers of that entertaining little book entitled "Blix," naturally bear malice toward Mr. Frank Norris. Compared to the horrible realism of "McTeague," this story is almost ideal. It would be admirable but for one glaring and wholly unnecessary fault that continually stares us in the face, or, to be more literal, blinks at us from every other page. If Mr. Norris had, in delineating the physical charms of his leading character, casually mentioned that her eyes were not of the usual size and then forever after held his peace regarding them, he might have been pardoned. However, he neglects no opportunity to remind us that her eyes are small. He even goes out of his way to call attention to the fact that they are little and twinkling. He makes a noble, sensible, lovable, physically perfect creature, and then deliberately ruins his creation with a pair of tiny orbs that twinkle. If she had to have a defect, why not have given her a moral one? Or, if the exigencies of the case called for a physical blemish, she might have walked on crutches, worn a wig, or blondined her hair. She might have been totally blind—no eyes at all are preferable to eyes that suggest rodents. The character of the heroine does not harmonize with her eyes. I refuse, therefore, to consider her seriously. She is incongruous. Let her creator confess that he has no sense of the fitness of things and then stop writing books. M.

ADVENTURES OF A TENDERFOOT.

By H. H. Sauber.

The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

The adventures are related by the "Tenderfoot" himself and are very pleasant reading. The story deals with cattle herding and Indian raids in the earlier days of California. The "Tenderfoot" begins at the beginning of his experiences of frontier life and goes on in a simple, straightforward manner to the end of the story. Perhaps the highest praise one can bestow is to admit that the reader wishes the story were longer.

The following poem, entitled "What Is the News," written in commemora-

tion of the death of Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago Tribune, is from a volume of verse by Frank Carleton Teck, and is the gem of the collection:

"What is the news?"—he turned his head
And, waiting, innocent of dread,
Looked forward to the mystic way
Where on no eye of living day
Hath gazed since word of man was said;—

Aye, at the gateway of the dead,
Between the unread and the read,
He breathes the query of the day:
"What is the news?"

O Soul, here nobly tenanted,
From questioner to witness fled,
Tell us the glorious news that may
Else be denied a world for aye—
Tell us, O Soul, whence thou hast sped,
"What is the news?"

In The Mind's Domain.

In a fair domain is an ocean wrought
More fine than the woof of cloud or air,
And the mind will speed on the wings of
thought,
And sail on the lightsome billows there.

Like a lark which sings as it upward soars,
The mind will carol a glad adieu,
And the notes which sound on the star fleck-
ed shores
Are the echoes fair to the music new.

There the star flecked shores are a dream of
pearl,
Where the poet roams with the blithesome
Hours;
There the sage, like a ship in port, will furl
His wearied wings in the coral bowers.

There the artist finds a sweet delight
In the mazy hues of the crisping seas,
And the dulcet waves of the star gleams
bright
From the great composer's harmonies.

Valentine Brown.

The Idler

CONDUCTED BY CATHERINE COGGSWELL

One of the best attractions on the road one season, the most earnest of heavy Shakespearean stars, the all-around heavy legitimate company, touring the N. P., was once placed in an embarrassing position by an unforeseen and unavoidable accident. Arriving in an Eastern city belated and very weary, to find the house sold out, the audience assembled and the "Standing Room Only" sign in full view. Without their supper, the "troupers" filed past the brilliantly-lighted front entrance to the grimy alleyway that inevitably leads to the stage door. Exactly why actors are shown so little consideration in regard to dressing rooms and stage entrances (their field of labor) never has been discovered. The evening referred to the property man met the manager and star as they ascended the steps, with woe written on his countenance. No luggage had arrived, nor could arrive before the following morning. There was a hasty consultation, ending in the resolve to give the advertised play, "Virginus," in travelling costume. Poor "Virginia" begged and implored for a sheet and a few pins, but was promptly suppressed by the stage manager, who is always a most disagreeable person, and the curtain rung up. Imagine that beautiful classical piece without accessories—picture Virginus in a fur-lined overcoat; Virginia, with a coquetish red toque that persisted, as she was handed from the arms of her father to her lover Icilius, in hanging rakishly over her eye-brow—and so on through the entire company of seven and twenty people, ordinarily well clad enough for hard winter travel, but certainly queerly garbed for noble Romans.

The audience seemed to enjoy the performance—which was more than the actors did—and kindly refrained from laughter, but the next morning's press notices added insult to injury by invidious references and comparisons.

My days were dull and dark. They dragged their weary length like an endless iron chain. The golden dreams of youth came to me no more. The enthusiasm, the hope, the ambition that had fired me in my early prime had vanished, I believed, never to return. I no longer looked forward—the prospect was too dreary. I had ceased to recall the past—the light that had brightened my boyhood with promise for the future had forever faded and there were many things it was not well to remember. So here on the bleak hill-top of middle age I waited with unseeing eyes and deadened senses—wondering in a vague, dull fashion if it were worth while to be alive.

Then through a sudden rift in the clouds a woman's face looked out, a woman's smile flashed, like a ray of heaven's sunlight, and a woman's eyes, tender as love's own illuminated the world for me.

The touch of her hand set my pulses singing a song of joy and hope reborn. Out into the great wide wilderness of wrecked ambitions, broken dreams and lost desires God sent her to reclaim my tired soul. From the beginning I had loved her, and longed for her—and—I might have waited till the gates of eternity swung open before I found her. Ah! I catch my breath when I think of it. To have missed her here! Then I should have missed life itself for I lived not until I knew her.

Two Answers.

Why do I love thee? Ask the robin singing
Why he pours out his heart in melody;
And when he tells thee why, his answer
bringing,
To me, I'll give it back as mine to thee.

When do I love thee? Ask the murmuring
river

When it flows onward to its goal, the sea,
And when it answers, "Ever and forever,"
That answer take, oh love, as mine to thee.

Florence May Wright.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

TWO REASONS WHY THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES ARE OUT OF TOUCH WITH THE CHURCH.

This fall, a few days before the Y. M. C. A. Night College opened, a man came to us and wanted to take a practical course of study such as he could get nowhere else in the city. He proved to be a Hungarian, thirty years old, with a family, and a shirt maker by trade. The terms and arrangements seemed satisfactory; still he hesitated, saying that he was a "free thinker." Under these conditions he questioned whether he could still have the privileges sought.

This man was one of a class of thousands who make a mistake in their

Lack of Knowledge of the Christian Church.

The larger part of our industrial class is foreign, and to them this country was to be the land of the free. In most European countries the government and the church are united. The tyranny of one was the tyranny of the other. Here the new comer was to be free from military service, and free from the burdens of a state church. Many of this class come from countries in Europe where the church has stood for repression, and in known opposition to free schools and free press. Again, many are infidel in their thought towards religious matters, and pride themselves that they are "free thinkers," imagining that those who are members of the churches in this country have given up individual freedom of thought, and accept the same system of ecclesiastical bondage with which they have been familiar in the old country. They fail to realize that nowhere has there developed such complete freedom of thought as in that institution in America known as the Christian Church.

Another reason that many of the intelligent Americans belonging to the industrial classes are out of sympathy with

the church is that they

Know the Church Too Well;

know the perfect teachings of its founder; know the high standard of its profession; know the inconsistency of caste or class distinctions in the light of its creed; and despise the church's compromising attitude in its attempt to win the world.

Most of these are fully convinced that the church, with its weekly display of fashions, its conservative attitude towards all reform movements, is out of sympathy, not only with the industrial class to which they belong, but to the literal teachings of the Christ.

In the strike of '94 I became quite familiar with a number of labor leaders, and attended their meetings. I was surprised to find that most of these leaders were native Americans, and in their speeches continually appealed to the ethical righteousness of their position. In almost every speech more New Testament Scripture was quoted than one would hear in an ordinary Sunday morning sermon. Their authority seemed to be Christ and his teachings, yet not one of them had any use for the organized church.

In speaking on this subject Prof. Heron says: "The most significant fact of the hour is the appeal of the social conscience from Christianity to Christ. The rising faith of the people and the discernment of both scientific and economic prophets are alike turning to Jesus while turning from the church. To the Christian church and its official attitude there is the strongest antipathy and social distrust; for Jesus there is an increasing reverence and social loyalty."

H. W. Stone.

The Month

IN POLITICS—

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, in an interview after the recent elections, said:

"Two questions were settled by the result. McKinley will surely be the republican candidate on a gold-standard platform, backed up by the plea of general prosperity throughout the country and the demand from money-lenders and the beneficiaries of trusts to let well enough alone.

"The democrats will be obliged to make the fight over again on the Chicago platform, with Mr. Bryan as our candidate. The money question cannot be eliminated from the contest, and Mr. Bryan cannot be side-tracked. He has made the fight for the honor, and I do not know of any man in the party who can rob him of his laurels.

"To my mind the money question will be the predominating issue in the next campaign. It could not be otherwise after the recent elections. Even if the republicans desired it otherwise and tried to force some other issue to the front with Bryan at the head of the democratic ticket, the financial question will be forced upon them. There is no escape from it. We must fight out the next national contest on sustaining the Chicago platform and free silver at 16 to 1.

"I hardly look for either expansion, imperialism or trusts to cut any material figure in the next campaign. In my opinion, based on information derived from my connection with the subject of foreign relations, we will hear very little about expansion and imperialism a year hence. There is good reason to believe the Philippines will be disposed of, or practically so, before the next election occurs."

The Nation says, anent the presidential candidates, "The remarkable and unprecedented situation today is that half a year before the meeting of the national conventions the choice of each body is universally believed to be settled."

Independent voting the recent elections show to be on the increase.

Lord Roseberry likens the Boers to the Mormons, and says, "The Transvaal question is not such a very complicated one. It is," he thinks, "the effort of a

nation or a community to put back the hands of the clock."

The New York Journal editorially advises the Democratic party to "face the truth," to "recognize, squarely, the fact that the nation is for expansion." And further says, "If the Democrats in congress, united under the advice of Mr. Bryan, will frankly accept expansion as a basis of action, and will work to have it carried out in a democratic and American way. * * * they can prepare the way for the adoption by the Democratic National Convention of a sound and popular plank on the new issues of which the people's minds are full." The suggested plank reads as follows:

"The democratic party is for expansion without imperialism. We believe in the growth of the United States; not in the creation of an American empire with subject dependencies. We believe that Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines should be given all the privileges of American territories; that they should have complete self-government in local affairs; that the American revenue laws should be extended to them, and that their welfare should be so studied that no great standing army would be required to keep them in subjection, but that the defence of our sovereignty would rest, as in all our other territories, upon the loyal affection of the people."

IN SCIENCE—

A man in Michigan claims to have invented a contrivance which dispenses with the services of a stenographer. He says that by connecting a phonograph with a typewriter through an ingenious electrical arrangement he can talk into the phonograph and the typewriter will reproduce what he says. His statements have not been substantiated.

Naval tests made on the warships New York and Massachusetts, of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy, were successfully conducted over a distance of forty-five miles. Beyond this distance the experiments were not wholly satisfactory.

Trees and shrubs are being planted along the Suez canal to protect it from drifting sands. The experiment, thus far, is attended with good results.

A young Danish engineer has invented a contrivance for connecting a phonograph of special construction with the telephone. In the absence of the person for whom the telephonic communication is intended, the phonograph receives it and repeats it to him on his return.

Count Zeppelin's new air ship is described as having a lifting capacity of ten tons, and it is all of aluminum. Its total cost is said to have been £70,000 and its plans were approved by a commission including many of the leading scientific experts in Germany.

IN LITERATURE—

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has completed her novel after a year's work upon it, and it is to appear in serial form in Harper's Magazine, beginning January, 1900. The title is "Eleanor," and the setting is Italian.

"David Harum" shows no falling off in sales; "Richard Carvel" is in its nineteenth edition, and "Janice Meredith" in its fifth.

Two books, "A History of Wireless Telegraphy" and "Telephotography," will appear shortly. Both of them will be illustrated.

Jacob A. Riis will publish a volume containing studies of various social problems. The title of the book is "A Ten Years' War: Being the Fight Made for a Decent Living In the Tenement."

F. D. Millet, special correspondent for the London Times and Harper's Weekly, has put his observations of General Merritt's expedition to the Philippines into a book which is just coming out. The volume is profusely illustrated.

IN ART—

The Portland Sketch Club found its quarters in the Worcester block too small to accommodate the November exhibition, and accepted the offer of the Library Association to occupy the large west room of the library building. The exhibition comprises the club's work in oil, water color and charcoal for the year, and is by far the most creditable ever held in Portland. There are thirty members in the club and twenty-five exhibitors. Mr. John Gill shows a water color, a grey shore line with a grey sea rolling in under a grey sky. Miss Stephens has a number of pictures hung, both in water and oil. Her work is noticeable for originality of conception and treatment. Harry Wentz shows some striking woodland effects. The January issue of the Pacific Monthly will contain a history of the Sketch Club.

In the Youth's Companion's Amateur Photographic Competition last month, Edgar Felloe, of Portland, Oregon, won the grand prize—a silver vase, and also the first prize of forty dollars. His contribution is a set of five platinotypes. "A Highland Shepherd" is given highest rank as a portrait, and in creative art "The Marchioness" is considered his best work. In this competition, in which there were fourteen hundred competitors and thousands of pictures, Mrs. Wiggins, of Salem, Oregon, took the second prize in the woman's class. The first was awarded to Mrs. Emma Farnsworth, of Albany, New York.

The Ferry Museum, of Tacoma, has an art school in connection, and a corps of able instructors who have won recognition both here and abroad.

There will be a notable picture sale in February, 1900, in New York. The American Art Association will sell at auction Mr. William T. Evans' collection of American paintings.

Miss Cecilia Beaux, of Philadelphia, has been appointed a member of the art jury for the Paris Exposition. She is

the only woman on the jury, and is America's greatest woman painter of portraits.

Charles Dana Gibson's fifth annual exhibition of drawings opened at the Keppel Gallery, New York, November 16th.

The first large exhibition of the year opened last month in the American Fine Arts Gallery, in New York, and consisted of the work of the Water Color Club. This is the club's tenth annual exhibition. The place of honor was given to Albert Herter's "Patricia." John La Farge exhibited two sea canvases, and Mildred Howells, daughter of the novelist, had two charming studies.

The Rosa Bonheur Monument at Fontainebleau will be modeled under the direction of her brother, Isidore Bonheur. It will consist of a bull in bronze, enlarged from a model made by Rosa Bonheur herself. One side of the pedestal will bear a bronze bas relief of "The Horse Fair," and the panel on the other side will contain a group of cattle from another of her paintings. At the rear end of the pedestal an upright panel will exhibit the bas relief of a stag, and at the front end there will be a bronze medallion portrait of the artist and the inscription.

IN EDUCATION—

Mr. Edouard Rod, in a recent number of the North American Review, suggests that fewer lectures and better would be an improvement in American universities. He expresses surprise that professors and teachers in our colleges are compelled to work so hard.

The Board of Education of the Boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx has excluded all textbooks published by Henry Holt & Company because of a criticism of the President of the Board made in the Educational Review, which is one of the publications of Messrs. Holt & Company.

The interest which the Leland Stan-

ford, Jr., University held in the Southern Pacific Company has been sold for \$11,400,000 cash. This amount, together with previous endowments, make the university the richest in the world. Mrs. Stanford yet holds interests to the amount of over \$10,000,000, and if turned over to the university, as it doubtless will be, will make the endowment of this institution in the neighborhood of \$40,000,000.

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

Dr. Madison C. Peters, author of "Justice to the Jew," is delivering a series of lectures in New York on the heroines of the Bible.

Adeline Sergeant, the novelist, has become a communicant of the Church of Rome.

Mgr. Merry del Val, who was at one time Apostolic Delegate to Canada, has been appointed president of the Pontifical Academy for Noble Ecclesiastics.

Dr. Rainsford, in expressing in print his opinion of the present status of Christian faith, says: "The Spirit of Christ is more practically operative in the affairs of men today than at any time previously in human history." But he states that he believes, on the other hand, that "the churches are not holding their own" and that "it is much harder to get people to go to church than it used to be."

Edward Everett Hale, speaking of the "higher criticism," says: "He is guilty of high treason against the faith who fears the result of any investigation, whether philosophical or scientific or historical."

Dr. Charles Parkhurst gives it as his opinion that "Agnosticism is a good deal more of a fad than it is a philosophy, and is due not so much to the fact that people think as to the fact that they have never learned to think, and consequently are made tired by thinking and want some plausible excuse for quitting it."

LEADING EVENTS—

November 1.—The Philippine Commission reports at Washington, D. C.—General Young's cavalry forces are demoralizing the insurgents in Cabanatuan, P. I.

November 2.—General White's operations in South Africa are criticized by London papers.

November 3.—General White is reported in danger of being cut off from his supplies.

November 4.—Ladysmith is reported to be completely invested by the Boers.

November 6.—Autonomous government for Filipinos is established on the Island of Nigros.

November 7.—Elections in Kentucky show the state republican.

November 8.—Emperor William and the Czar meet at Potsdam.

November 10.—Russian troops march on Afghan.

November 11.—Relations between Japan and Russia are becoming strained to the point of breaking.

November 12.—General Parades surrendered the city of Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, after a terrible battle.

November 13.—The French steamer Cordoba was stopped seventy miles out from Lorenzo Marquez, by British cruiser, and French journals demand an apology to the government and an indemnity.

November 14.—The United States cruiser Charleston grounded upon a coral reef near Camiguin Island, in the Philippines, and is reported a total loss.

November 15.—General Hughes occupies Cordova in Panay. In South Africa General Baden-Powell drives back the attacking Boers and raises the siege of Mafeking.

November 16.—General Young is advancing rapidly toward San Fabian in the Philippines.—British armored train meets with disaster between Estcourt and Ladysmith.

November 17.—Filipino insurgents adopt guerrilla mode of warfare.

November 18.—Chief Justice Chambers, of Samoa, resigns.

November 19.—The report of the commission of navigation shows that America has the greatest coasting tonnage of any of the nations.

November 20.—A large force of Boers are reported to be moving southward.—In the Philippines, the insurgents are still being hard pushed by the Americans.

November 21.—Vice-President Hobart dies at his home in Paterson, New Jersey.

November 22.—Strenuous efforts are being made by General Lawton to capture Aguinaldo.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous.—Carlyle.

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The Financial World

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The month's stock market has witnessed more general speculative liquidation than has been present for a very long time. This liquidation has unquestionably been incited by the fact that stock brokers, and certainly a considerable proportion of them, have notified their customers that they will not carry their stocks at the old interest rates, and with the prospect of their accounts showing an extra heavy charge for interest at the end of the month outside speculators have quite generally elected to liquidate. As a matter of fact, however, the stringent monetary situation does not appear to have forced any considerable liquidation of the higher class investment securities, the holders of which, as a rule, are not perturbed by the variations of the money market. The record of the month in the stock market has been one of fairly steady contraction in prices, in which market valuations have been substantially lowered. Notwithstanding the uncomfortable monetary situation, the dealings have been in fairly large volume.

Particularly every other consideration, apart from the money market, occupying attention, continues of an encouraging character, and there can be little doubt that the combined influence of the favored factors of the situation would quickly outweigh the adverse money market, were it not for the fact that the prospects of any relaxation of the tension in the latter quarter are seemingly remote.

As an evidence of the extent to which the monetary situation has monopolized attention, there need only be cited the almost utter indifference with which the gratifying results of the state elections were received by the markets. Notwithstanding, however, the absence of any resultant speculative effect on this account, the emphatic indorsement of the

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administration has been fully appreciated in high financial circles, where it is recognized that the general result of the elections is full of promise of political stability, with all which that implies, for many years to come. There can be no doubt but that the result of this election has deprived the forthcoming presidential campaign of much of the uneasiness and anxiety that might otherwise have been entertained regarding it. So, too, speculators have found no time to give to either the improving situation in South Africa or to the more pacific European diplomatic outlook. The unparalleled state of activity prevailing in the country's trade, the magnificent traffic returns of the railways, and, indeed, all other routine features of the situation, whatever their bearings may be upon the future of the market for securities, have been submerged by the monetary situation. In view of these circumstances, it would appear that a detailed discussion of the stock market of the month is hardly necessary. It has been seemingly a record of more or less enforced liquidation of weakened holders of stocks on margins, who have, as already noted, given place to others of ampler resources. It cannot be denied that in the process the technical position of the market has been very much strengthened, as will doubtless be shown when more normal monetary conditions prevail. There should not, however, be omitted from a comprehensive consideration of the situation, the assertion that, beyond any reasonable question, the more extreme rates that have occasionally been quoted for money on call have resulted more from the manipulation by money lenders than from the fact that their resources were exhausted. There can be plainly detected a disposition on the part of banks, which is perhaps not wholly unreasonable, to make the most of the present conditions, particularly so far as Wall Street borrowers are concerned. Bank officers appear to think that they have been treated ungenerously by Stock Exchange borrowers in the past, and it is certain that they are now employing every device to exact the most rigid terms from this class of borrowers.

John H. Mitchell

Albert H. Tanner

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Chess

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THE PAWN.

By P. Fyfe.

I.

In hottest fight he's never shirky,
He never jumps wi' motion quirky
O'er the board;
But often wi' a sudden jerk he
Loups at an opposing birkie
Wi' his sword.

II.

Tae every coward he's a model,
Tae bolt ne'er comes into his noddle;
E'en the Queen,
When he gets a proper hand, he'll
Mak' wi' better shame tae toddle
Off the scene.

III.

On he gangs in gallant fashion
Knights and Rooks he lays the lash on
Wi' a awing;
Then tae crown he makes a dash on
And in regicidal passion
Slays the King.

—Glasgow Herald.

The following game between the two masters, Tschigorin and Schlechter, is a good illustration of how formidable an attack this gambit is. Indeed, the analysts seem to have all agreed that the Bishop's gambit is the only one of the gambits that has proven thoroughly sound:

Tschigorin.

Schlechter.

White.

Black.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. P—K 4 | 1. P—K 4 |
| 2. P—K B 4. | 2. P x P |
| 3. B—B 4 | 3. Kt—K B 3 |
| 4. Kt—Q B 3 | 4. Kt—B 3 |
| 5. Kt—B 3 | 5. B—Kt 5 |
| 6. Castles | 6. Castles |
| 7. P—K 5 | 7. Kt—Kt 5 |
| 8. P—Q 4 | 8. P—Q 3 |
| 9. P—K R 3 | 9. Kt—K 6 |
| 10. B x Kt | 10. P x B |
| 11. Kt—Q 5 | 11. B—R 4 |
| 12. P x P | 12. Q x P |
| 13. Kt—Kt 5 | 13. Q—Kt 3 |
| 14. Kt x K B P | 14. R x Kt |
| 15. Kt—K 7—chk | 15. Kt x Kt. |
| 16. B x R—chk | 16. Q x B |
| 17. R x Q | 17. Resigns |

Below we give the solution of Mr. Babson's wonderful three-mover published in our July number, also reproducing the position of the pieces, for the benefit of our new subscribers:

White — King, Q 8; Queen, K Kt sq;
Rooks, Q B 2 and Q Kt 7; Bishops, Q R 3

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and 8; Knights, Q 7 and Q R 7; Pawns, K R 7, K Kt 4, K B 2 and 6, K 3 and Q R 2—14 pieces.

Black—King, Q 4; Rook, Q Kt 5; Knights, K R 5 and K 8; Bishops, Q Kt 6 and Q B 6; Pawns, K Kt 2, K B 6 and Q R 3 and 4—10 pieces.

Solution:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>White.</p> <p>I.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q—K R 2 2. Q—Q 6—chk 3. Q mates <p>II.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q—K R 2 2. R takes R—chk 3. B—K 4—mates <p>III.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q—K R 2 2. R—B 7—chk 3. R takes B mates <p>IV.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q—K R 2 2. Kt takes B—chk 3. R—B 6—mates <p>V.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q—K R 2 2. Q—K 5—chk 3. R—Kt 6—mates <p>VI.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q—K R 2 2. Q—K 5—chk 3. R takes B—mate <p>VII.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q—K R 2 2. Q—Q 6—chk 3. R—Kt 6—mate <p>VIII.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q—K R 2 2. Q—Q 6—chk 3. R—B 7—mate <p>IX.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q—K R 2 2. R—Kt 6—chk 3. Kt—K 5—mate <p>X.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q—K R 2 2. R takes R—chk 3. B—Q 5—mate <p>XI.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q—K R 2 2. R—Kt 6—chk 3. Kt—K 5—mate <p>XII.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q—K R 2 2. Q—Q 6—chk 3. Q mates | <p>Black.</p> <p>I.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. K—K 3 2. Any move . <p>II.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. K—K 5 2. K—Q 6 <p>III.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. K—B 5 2. K—Q 6 <p>IV.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. B takes P—chk 2. K—K 3 <p>V.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. B takes R P 2. B takes Q <p>VI.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. B takes R P 2. K—B 5 <p>VII.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. B takes R 2. K takes Q <p>VIII.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. B takes R 2. K—B 5 <p>IX.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. R—K B 5 2. K—B 5 <p>X.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. R—Kt 4 2. K—K 3 <p>XI.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. R takes Kt P 2. K—B 5 <p>XII.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. B—Q R 5 2. Any move |
|---|--|

The exquisite beauty of this brilliant composition lies in the fact that while Black has twelve answers to the 2d and 3d moves of White, yet the latter meets each with a separate and conclusive answer, making this problem one of the most complex and perfect three-mover in existence.

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Drift

Mr. William Watson does not think very highly of either Kipling's or Swinburne's war poetry. He tries to account for their lack of power in this way: "Let us remember that the existence of a great theme, not less certainly than of a great poet, is one of the indispensable antecedent conditions of great poetry. The assassination of a state and the strangling of a people are not heroic themes, and never while this world endures shall they evoke one note of noble song. Moreover, in all combats between a giant and a stripling the Muse must of necessity be at a certain moral disadvantage in the somewhat ludicrous task of enheartening the giant. It is the valor of David with his sling and not the arrogant bulk of Goliath that kindles the imagination of poets and captures forever the sympathies of men."

* * *

"How do I know that Larry loves me,
How does he his love betray?
How do I know that Larry loves me?
Larry kisses the right way."

"An' how—an' how does Larry kiss thee—
Kiss by candle-light or day?
Only this my tongue can tell thee:
Larry kisses the right way."

* * *

When the mind, like a pure, calm lake, reflects back the light which is shed from heaven, the image of God is upon it, commensurate with its capacity; for the tiniest drop of dew images forth the truth, though not the full radiance of the sun.—Bethune.

* * *

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The largest tree in the world is to be seen at Mascali, near the foot of Mount Etna, and is called "The Chestnut Tree of a Hundred Horses." Its name rose from the report that Queen Jane, of Aragon, with her principal nobility, took refuge from a violent storm under its branches. The trunk is two hundred and four feet in circumference. The largest tree in the United States, it is said, stands near Bear Creek, on the north fork of the Tule River, in California. It measures one hundred and forty feet in circumference. The giant redwood tree in Nevada is one hundred and nineteen feet in circumference.

* * *

Court Room Courtesies.—First Lawyer—"You are a shyster?"

His Opponent—"And you are a black-guard?"

The Court—"Now, gentlemen, let us take up the disputed points in the case."

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Hubert Howard, the London Times correspondent killed in Omdurman, while a member of the Bar had to cross-examine his irate father, who pretended not to recognize him. The ordeal was severe, and when it was completed the son said, smilingly: "Thank you, father, that will do."

♦ ♦ ♦

Woman.

Magistrate—Then your husband ill-treated you?

Wife (who wants to withdraw the complaint)—No, your Worship.

Magistrate—What? Didn't he bite one of your ears?

Wife—No, your Worship; I did it myself!

♦ ♦ ♦

The Dean and the Lunatic.

Dean Stanley had great respect for presence of mind, and used with great delight to tell a story of presence of mind by which he liberated himself from a dangerous visitor. Since he was willing to see almost any one who asked for him, he once told his servant to usher into his study a gentleman who had called, and who happened to bear a name which was familiar to him.

When the gentleman appeared he proved to be an entire stranger. It was evident there had been some mistake. This became still more evident when, advancing with an air of great excitement, the gentleman exclaimed: "Sir, I have a message to the Queen from the Most High. I beg that you will deliver it instantly."

"In that case," said the dean, taking up his hat, "there is not a moment to be lost. Let us go at once." They went downstairs into the hall, and, opening the door, the dean requested his visitor to step out. No sooner had he done so than the dean shut the door behind the lunatic.

♦ ♦ ♦

"Why, kitty," exclaimed a little girl, when her pet kitten had been naughty, "just think! Your grandmother was a Maltese!"

♦ ♦ ♦

The most authentic witnesses of any man's character are those who know him in his own family, and see him without any restraint or rule but such as he voluntarily prescribes to himself.—Dr. Johnson.

♦ ♦ ♦

Circumstances are the rules of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.—Lover.

♦ ♦ ♦

Insulted the Court.—"That's too bad about Dobbins being sent to jail for contempt of court. What did he do?"

"He got off the word 'ratiocination,' and then started to explain to the Judge what it meant."

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The PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

Fur Purtecshun.

A colored man was arraigned before a magistrate charged with carrying deadly weapons. A razor was found in the defendant's pocket, and so, when he was brought to the bar of justice, the case against him seemed pretty strong. To the surprise of the judge and everyone else in the courtroom he pleaded "not guilty."

"How can you account for the razor being found in your possession?"

The defendant grinned and said: "I'll try an' splain dat jedge."

"I'd like to hear you," said the judge.

"Did anyone threaten your life?"

"No, sah; dey warn't nobody t'reat'nin' mah life, sah."

"Then why did you carry it?"

"I done toted hit 'roun', sah, fur purtecshun, sah."

"For protection eh? Why, you just admitted that your life was in no danger."

"Yo, doan' un'erstan' me, jedge; I'll try an' 'lucidate tings, sah. Down ter de house whar I'se a-boardin', sah, dey is a powahful lot of low-down coons, w'at jes' wouldn't stop at takin' tings w'at doan' b'long ter dem, so I jes' put hit in mah pocket fur purtecshun, sah, purtecshun ob de razah sah."

The heavilest words in our language are the two briefest ones—yes and no. One stands for the surrender of the will, the other for denial; one for gratification, the other for character.—Theodore T. Munger.

An actual saving of 60 per cent, whether in time, money or room, is a proposition which no business man can afford to disregard, and the neat and attractive little pamphlet which the Kilham Stationery Co. has recently issued bearing the legend: "We can save you 60 per cent—may we?" always gets the attention of the man of business, even in these rushing days. There is a distinct art in making a pamphlet attractive, and those who have gotten up this one seem to understand it well. The pamphlet calls attention to the Wabash Filing System, an entirely new and sensible process for filing safely every paper in an office, and one into whose hands it falls is sure to do some business thinking. As a matter of fact the Wabash Cabinet does save 60 per cent in that it holds 60 per cent more papers, and this means 60 per cent less expenditure for transfer cases and indexes during the year. The Kilham Stationery Co. are exclusive agents.

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MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.



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MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Linguistic Mistakes.

An old resident of Stepford, who has gone to his reward, and left a pleasant memory behind him, was notorious for his laughable linguistic mistakes. He was amusing in his choice phrases especially when addressing a Sunday school or a convention.

He was once called on to make "a few brief remarks" at a Sunday school concert. The subject, illustrated by different texts of Scripture, was the weapons of Christian warfare. It was a topic suited to old M.'s temper, and, waxing eloquent over the panoply of the church militant, he closed with the following peroration:

"And so, children, when you go out to fight the devil, march right up to him boldly, with the sword in one hand, the shield in the other, and the breast-plate of righteousness on your foreheads!"

Even this was surpassed by a temperance speech he delivered at a meeting where an audience was dull, and the speakers uninteresting. M., seeing that there was no enthusiasm, rose with a strong purpose to stir the meeting up. Said he:

"Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens. We seem to be lacking in enthusiasm at this meeting. We need more animation, sir, more zeal for the cause, more devotedness to the great question of saving drunkards. We need more earnestness, Mr. Chairman, more life, more—more—in short—more ardent spirits!"

That woke up the meeting, and there was no want of animation, certainly for the next few moments.

If you never wholly give yourself up to the chair you sit in, but always keep your leg- and body-muscles half contracted for a rise; if you breathe eighteen or nineteen instead of sixteen times a minute, and never quite breathe out at that; what mental mood can you be in but one of inner panting and expectancy, and how can the future and its worries possibly forsake your mind? On the other hand, how can they gain admission to your mind if your brow be unruffled, your respiration calm and complete, and your muscles all relaxed?

On October 15th the Southern Pacific Co. inaugurated a "Daylight Express," leaving Portland at 8:30 a. m., and reaching San Francisco at 7:45 next evening—only one night out. Both standard Pullmans and tourist sleepers are attached. This new train is in addition to the present 7 p. m. Shasta Overland, and will give many passengers the desired opportunity to see en route the great Willamette, Umpqua and Sacramento valleys without loss of time, and still arrive in Oakland and San Francisco at a

Amongst the minor ills of life

One of the very worst is laundry work that is badly done. It not only uses up the cloth rapidly, but it destroys the temper and gives one an unsatisfactory appearance where finish is most needed. Starched linen collars, shirts and cuffs must be unquestionably immaculate, done with no risk, a certainty as to result.

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Statement of the condition of United States National Bank,

OF PORTLAND, OREGON.
Nov. 24, 1899.

ASSETS:

Loans	\$395,976.69
Gold Coin	126,160.00
Demand Exchange	295,908.89
Silver Coin	3,296.35
Legal Tenders	8,155.00
U. S. Bonds and Premium	54,300.00
Real Estate, Furniture and Fix.	38,874.10
Redemption Fund	2,250.00
	\$924,921.03

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock	\$250,000.00
Deposits	\$87,148.12
Circulation	45,000.00
Undivided Profits, Net	30,272.91
Surplus Fund	12,500.00
ATTEST:	\$924,921.03

TYLER WOODWARD,
President.

THE ABOVE STATEMENT CORRECT:
F. C. MILLER,
Cashier.

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The Making of Man.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years,
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

—Swinburne.

The Age of Realism.

"Do you think," said the girl with the thoughtful countenance, "that novelists as a rule have experienced the sensations they describe?"

"Great goodness, no!" exclaimed her father. "What do you mean to do? Insinuate that half our literateurs ought to be in the penitentiary?"—Washington Star.

A son of Professor L. H. Marvel asked his father if a man could swear after his head was cut off. Mr. M. laughed at the boy, but the little fellow showed him this passage in his school history: "General Putnam, though a pious man, lost his head and swore roundly at his troops."

As is well known, the enterprising cities of England and Scotland are gradually adopting the plan of owning and operating their own material conveniences, as water works, gas works, electric light plants, telephone systems, street cars, etc. This, of course, is rude socialism, but it pays. It does not "strike at the very foundations of society" any more than our own socialistic postoffice and public schools do. The city of Glasgow made in the past year a profit of over \$605,000 in the operation of her street cars, charging a very small fare and giving the workmen good salaries and requiring only a reasonable day's work. This enormous profit goes, not to some few magnates for their brilliant services as manipulators, but into the general fund to provide better training schools, better conveniences of all kinds and to reduce taxation. Some time we, too, may take some steps toward a better civilization.

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"WHY THE PACIFIC COAST PRODUCES THE SUPERIOR TYPE OF AMERICANS."

By COLONEL E. HOFER.

THE

PACIFIC MONTHLY

VOL. III



NO. 3

JANUARY

1900



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A strong and timely poem by Joaquín Miller, on England's Friendship.

"Why the Pacific Coast produces the Superior Type of Americans," by Colonel E. Hofer.

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"What Chance of Success has the Democratic Party in the Next National Election?" by L. B. Cox.

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Pure Breath.

Beware, Base Albion!



By JOAQUIN MILLER.

Beware, base Albion, beware!
"Perfidious Albion" of old
Her name; her fame, or foul or fair,
To get and get and hold and hold;
To get and get, or land or gold,
Wherever she could cast a snare
About the weak, before the old—
Beware, false Albion, beware.

Here by our swift, sweet Oregon
She bullied, bribed, she begged, she lied!
She laid her lion's paw upon
Our Pioneers till they defied
Her to her teeth. Just as the Boer
Today defies and bravely dies
As died the Spartan band of yore
For all that fearless freemen prize.

Beware, cursed Albion, beware!
Her cunning trade is still the same;
To get and get; or how or where;
Enslave and rob in freedom's name!
Beware her friendship! Better far
Her hate. We dared, we still can dare
Her hate, her hate in peace or war.
But ah, her friendship! that beware.

The Heights, November, 1899.

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. III.

JANUARY, 1900.

No. 3.

Why the Pacific Coast Produces the Superior Type of Americans.

By COLONEL E. HOFER.

THAT the race characteristics bred elsewhere and brought into interaction in the United States must eventually find their highest development on the Pacific Coast is a statement that is borne out by reason and capable of demonstration. Without deeper scientific and historical research than can be given in preparing an article on this subject at this time, and without presenting more statistics than magazine readers care to digest, this paper is an attempt to call attention to what is coming to be widely believed; that this Western region is destined to produce what will finally be known as the American race.

If mountains produce rugged characters and great patriotism; if grandeur in landscapes inspires great thoughts; if beautiful scenery is an ennobling influence for the artist and poet; if the musician is urged to his best by an indescribable purity of atmosphere; then it is the destiny of the Pacific Coast to wield a preponderating influence in the affairs of the world.

In the matter of climate and products, this region is peculiarly adapted, not only to all native Americans, but to the best races derived from Northern Europe. The Scotch, Irish, English, Germans, Danes, Belgians, Hollanders, Welsh and Canadians find themselves perfectly accommodated here.

The Pacific Coast possesses the conditions for producing the greatest race that has ever inhabited the earth. From semi-

tropic Southern California to temperate Northern Washington, in the humid marine valleys on the far western slope, on the foothills, and in the heavily timbered forests of the mountain ranges, there are presented a variety of climates found in no other similar area of the world. The mildness and moisture of England, the sunny skies and balmy airs of the most favored lands of Southern Europe, the home of the olive and vine wherever found, all combined cannot match this region in salubrity, fertility and adaptability for maintaining a large population in wealth and comfort.

Outdoor occupations are not precluded one-third to one-half the year by the rigors of the climate, as they are in most parts of Europe and in many of the Eastern states. The greatest variety of occupations and a complete sundering of the individual from the social and institutional life of the older countries is characteristic of the Pacific Coast. If it be true of material life that "with each advance of intellectual power the dependence on environment becomes more and more intimate," then it must follow that the highest race development will take place under the most favorable environment.

No region offers such variety of occupations as this; in no land are the doors of opportunity so widely opened as here; in no country are offered the same inducements to best endeavor. Here are yet undiscovered mines, untraversed forests, unbroken virgin soils and unhar-

nessed water powers. Here flourish agriculture and horticulture, fisheries and ship-building, lumbering and dairying, sheep and cattle ranching. The factory and the farm stand side by side on the verge of the wilderness. The college and the university are reared amid the stumps of the primeval forest. The black smoke of the factory flings its hopeful, inspiring banners across skies pierced by peaks of everlasting snow. In our harbors ships are laden for all the great commercial ports of the world. If confined to our coasting trade and to the American islands of the Pacific, our shipping will soon rival the tonnage of the Atlantic. San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle are today commercial cities of the world.

For the same reasons that the general Aryan stock was developed into the peerless Anglo-Saxon race-force in Western Europe, the American race will reach its highest perfection here. The spirit of adventure has always led the bravest and hardest to follow the "westerling" sun. This influence has brought the very pick of the nation to the western slope of our continent. It was an ancient saying in Devon, in Queen Elizabeth's day, that "one man from the west of England could fight three easterlings." This argued that two could beat six Spaniards, and they forthwith tackled armies with regiments and fleets with single ships. It was the west of England that caught the first impact of the great awakening that sent explorers to raise the curtains of a new world. It was the West that inspired President McKinley and changed his conservatism into that firm confidence in the capacity of the American people, not only to govern themselves but to assume a share of the responsibilities devolving upon a great world-power.

The Pacific Coast is typically American because it was made American and settled upon by Americans, not by masses of population from Europe, as were New England by the English, Louisiana by the French, or Florida by the Spanish.

The region between the Rockies and the Pacific is almost destitute of any great bodies of immigrants direct from Europe. The census shows a smaller percentage of foreigners in this section

than elsewhere—indeed, there may be said to be almost no foreign settlements in the sense that any one race predominates to such an extent as to retain their own language or customs. Newspapers in foreign languages and schools taught in foreign tongues are almost unknown outside of a few cities.

The Chinese do not blend and intermingle with the white race as do all the immigrants from Europe, and Chinese immigration has been stopped. The Pacific Coast has a sprinkling of foreign elements, but the great masses of the people are distinctively American. They are either pure native American stock, or American-born, English-speaking Caucasians, or they are the descendants of the best European immigrants who came by millions between 1840 and 1870 and settled in the older Eastern and Middle states.

Oregon territory was explored by Americans sent out by an American president. It was settled by overland trains of American farmers from the great Middle West. They took possession of a region now occupied by the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming. Once Oregon was conquered for American homes, the Pacific coast line was soon extended south by the acquisition of California. Within fifty years the domain west of the Rockies was formed and occupied as American territory and builded into states that for magnificence of resources and opportunities stand unparalleled.

Professor Condon, a pioneer and noted Pacific Coast scientist, has traced the process of natural selection by which the immigration to the Pacific Coast was composed of the very highest types from all the Eastern and Middle states. The taking of families across pathless deserts and along trails blazed by trappers and hunters over mountain chains and through territory occupied by hostile Indians, required a high order of courage and endurance. Here was a practical and natural selection of a new people for a new country. Many of them were pioneers and descendants of pioneers from frontier states. They underwent anew all the privations and hardships of

their ancestors. Condon, in a paper, points out that none but frontiersmen wanted to go overland to the Western coast. These border Americans depended on manhood more than on capital for success. The dependent poor and the wealthy were alike excluded when the foundations of the West were laid. He shows that in like manner a high physical standard was required. The chronically feeble were excluded from the movement. Men and women in the prime of life, not afraid of deserts, mountains or Indians, many of them Indian fighters, and all of them accustomed to the use of firearms from childhood—these were the material which constituted the primitive society of the Pacific coast.

Scarcely can a family be found that does not contain one or more crosses of the white races of Northern Europe. These descendants of European ancestry bear no impress of their racial origin. Their manners, speech, morals and politics are American. Their homes—most blessed fact of all—are American, and they believe in America and the superiority of the American system of living, business and government.

In discussing Western individuality, a writer in *Ainslie's* for December, 1899, says:

Far out upon the Pacific coast, isolated by dividing mountain ranges, but supported by natural resources which have no peer elsewhere upon the earth, are men and women who do not know what it is to be stinted and deprived, who dwell perpetually in comfortably won competences, but who, through their distance from the rest of the nation, must build their own empire after their own models, as they made the "California Code" in the '50s, and as they made their transcontinental railroad in the '60s. They will be independent, but never necessarily iconoclastic. They will make new laws, and new arts, and new people, and they will expect the balance of the country to follow rather than that they themselves shall be the followers.

A superior race will also be produced on this coast because all the conditions for rearing children are favorable. The climate permits outdoor life nearly all the year. Contagious and infantile troubles appear in mild form, and pass away leaving almost no deleterious effect on the growing generation. Whether on the inland plateaus, on the seashore, or

on the mountain slopes, our youth range with a greater freedom and variety of enjoyment the year around than elsewhere. They stretch to stalwart boys and maidens, on an average, almost a fourth or a third larger than children reared in a climate that is semi-annual alternation between a brickoven and a refrigerator. We may admit that the long period of frigid and boreal temperatures may leave the coming generations without the stimulus to activity given by a climate that makes you hustle six months to exist the other six months. But we deduce from better conditions a repose and stability of temperament favorably to the product of a higher type.

President Campbell, for many years at the head of one of our largest normal schools, in one of his lectures puts it this way: "Our young people have no weight of tradition or old customs to hold down their ambitions. Their mental habit is to think of themselves as being as good and as capable as anybody. To their minds, it is not a sin to unblushingly aspire. Most of them support themselves and get their education as a result of their own industry. This begets self-reliance and will-power. They think they can do things, and the thought becomes father of the deed. A thinly scattered population is not so entirely absorbed with local considerations. They depend for entertainment on the news of the whole world, and not on that of their own state and community.

"The mind of a boy in New York is taken up with local interests, and he becomes provincial in his range of thought. A boy on the Pacific coast is drawn to read of the East, of Europe, Asia and the Antipodes, until they are familiar as the next county."

The formation of a great race must spring from a people taking broad views of life and culture. The Pacific Coast possesses the capacity for the greatest breadth of thought. Its population has not been refined by the specializing educational influences of the older communities, nor narrowed into ruts of tradition.

The coast is not New England, New Amsterdam, nor New Poland. It is cosmopolitan, not provincial. Its activities are from a superabundance of new

blood, not from the ferment caused by the transition of great masses of Old World corpuscles into a younger civilization. The Pacific Coast is particularly free from religious and race prejudices. No man is asked whence he sprang or what he believes. Puritan and Mormon, Jew and Catholic, are equals here, so long as they individually believe in themselves and in American toleration and

equality.

There can be but one conclusion from these hastily sketched facts and conditions—the Pacific Coast has all the elements necessary to beget the type of humanity the world has waited to see—the perfect composite race; and that it is now producing and will continue to produce such a race is borne out by the evidence on all hands.

Under the Snow.

There are pleasant things waiting for me,
Under the snow—
Not dead things that poets grieve about,
O, no.

First will come a vision fair,
The purple wind-flower with her silken hair;
Then violets like my sweet love's eyes,
And roses, pink, and white, and red,
And some all golden, like my sweet love's
head.

But these are not the sweetest things—
Well, there's the song the bluebird sings,
Can you not guess? No?
Why, then will come my love herself—
She has promised so.
Ah! the sweetest things await for me
Under the snow.
Oh, yes, they do—you need not shake your
head
With wise "perhaps," or "if," or "time will
show,"
There is no "if" to cloud my perfect world
Under the snow.

Nay, do not breathe the dreadful thing you
look,
It cannot be where there is love
And faith—I know, I know—
Not even if it lay its horrid head
Among my violets sweet and roses red,
Under the snow.

Then let me be, and let me dream
My own sweet dream my own sweet way;
I am content, I know
All that you would wisely say.
Then wherefore chide, although
I do not borrow pain and search for thorns
Under the snow.

Martha Pearson Smith.

In Flood Time.

By MARGARET STANISLAWSKY.

THE water had been coming up slowly and a flood had been dreaded for days, but the bursting of the great dyke was a totally unexpected calamity. The Higginson house was at the lowest part of the valley and the rescuing of the family was the first thought. The largest boat that could be found was sent for them. There were eleven Higginsons, but when the boat arrived it was found that there were, besides, two girls, friends of the daughters. One of the girls was also the fiancée of the oldest son. All could not be taken off without swamping the boat. Who should be left? The water lapping against the old walls would not long leave them standing. It was a question whether they could last till the boat should return. The first story was under water now.

"Well, Frank and I are the ones to stay. If there is any danger we have the best chance, and we are sure to be all right till the boat comes back," said John, the second son. He was arguing with the appeal in his mother's eyes. "We will be all right, mother," he added. "If Frank stays I will not go," said Frank's fiancée, rising up in the boat.

John tried to argue the matter hurriedly; there was no time for delay. One of the oarsmen arose and pushed Frank toward his oar. "No woman would face drowning for me. I'll be less loss," he said.

The other girl visitor heard, and the words fitted into the loneliness of her own life; this and the beauty of the sacrifice to the young happiness of the lovers, touched her to sudden action. She, too, arose, and stepped out on the porch roof. "I do not mind staying. The boat will be back in plenty of time," she said, calmly, in such a matter-of-fact tone that it almost persuaded the boys. The need of haste was urgent, and when the boat pushed off, both brothers were in,

and the girl and the oarsman were left behind. Silently they watched the boat move off, carefully picking its way among the floating logs and fence poles. The waste of waters under the cloud-dimmed moonlight was unutterably dreary.

"We had better go inside," said the man, "and find some wraps. It is cold."

They moved toward the window, where she stood again for a moment and gazed after the boat. He helped her in and drew up a chair to the window. He could only find some coverlets off the beds. These he brought and wrapped around her, making her feet comfortable on the low sill. He threw one down for himself and drew it around him as he leaned against her chair. They gazed out silently on the melancholy waste. It occurred to neither that they had not met before. They seemed to know each other well.

"You know this may mean the last?" he said, after a while.

"Yes," she said, with a shudder—it was so bleak and chill, and they could do nothing but wait. The water was rising very slowly now.

"Why did you stay?" he asked.

"I could not bear to leave you after you said that," she answered; "besides, they seemed to have so much more to live for."

"You are alone, too? I thought so. After all, it was not quite true what I said. You were willing to face it with me?"

"Yes," she said.

He reached out and held her hand. The companionship was warmth in this awful cold and gloom. And now the boat had gone, there were thoughts that would not down. Ruddy, healthy life cannot face slow death without a shudder. They were quite silent for a while. Then he spoke again.

"My brothers and sisters have grown

up since I left home. I am nothing to them. They probably never will hear."

"After all, the boat may come back." She tried to be cheerful.

"When one is facing death," he said, "everything is so different. Life seems so small and unimportant; yet so dear. You wonder how ever any other thought than this awful reality could claim your attention. Yet how you would like to go back to the old indifference. I suppose, after the little things, one is not used to the strain of this great one."

"Don't," she said, with a convulsive grasp of the hand that held hers. "Don't! Let us hope!"

Just then came a muffled crash, and the house shook. Something had given way. The girl shrank closer to the man. He put his arm around her for a moment. Then, when the crash was not repeated, and all seemed as before, he put her back in her chair and went to the head of the stairs. In the blackness he could see nothing and came back again to his place. He sat down and gazed intently out upon the waters. From the first he had no thought of escape. It had been to him just giving his life for a more valued one. She was thinking of the return of the boat; fighting fiercely against admitting any possibility of its being too late. They sat on, silently listening to the lapping of the waters. Debris floating against the walls made dull noises. She started at each. He reached out for her hand again. As he did, a sob of intense anxiety burst from her. They seemed so near in their common danger, and the sacrifices they had made.

"After all," he said, in a low voice, "I suppose one need never be alone if one could see as clearly and dare as much in life as at the point of death."

She shuddered.

"Do not let my hand go then," she said, and he knew she meant at the last.

"I shall hold it to the end," he said.

They sat on silently through the long moments, with only an occasional word, yet each felt intensely the presence of the other. He was thinking how long they might have been acquainted in that outside life they had lived, without feeling that they had known each other as now. It was as though they had lived on the surface of life, then suddenly dived down to the depths beneath where they saw each other and all things more clearly in a light not possible above.

Suddenly a halloo startled them. They sprang to their feet, but could see nothing. The man gave an answering shout. Another halloo came. It was the boat returning. She made a movement as if to withdraw her hand, but he held it firmly.

"To the end!" he said.

Now the boat was in sight. The moon came for a while from behind the clouds. Tears were running down the girl's face. As they were about to step out on the porch roof again to get into the boat, he held her back a moment.

"Surely it cannot be the end for you and me?" he said. "We can never be alone again."

She was not capable of speaking at that moment, but she raised her eyes to his face, and he knew it had not ended for her any more than for him.

The Mysterious Divide.

The latest flowers faded yesterday;
The robin softly sang his farewell lay;
My burdened heart is sad the livelong day.
Like foolish children met we on life's way
And thought we never more should walk
apart;
And yet you coldly left me, and my heart
Aches with the pain of parting. Who can say
Where lies the line between our love and hate,
That line dividing—is it not of fate?

I only know that by a garden wall
Where, on that night, the silvery moon-
beams fell,
And nightbird unto bird did sweetly call,
We lingered; yet, alas—did say farewell!

Relax Neworb.

The Beauty Tree.

By Katherine Farmer.

IN olden days, in the land of Somewhere, was planted the Garden of the Powers. In the midst of the garden, beside the well of Truth, grew a tree called Beauty.

This tree was not native to the land, but was transplanted thither from the Heavenly Gardens. The young tree grew and flourished. The birds of Love and Peace and Joy sang among its branches. Many wearied mortals rested beneath its shade. The breath of its blooms gave them gladness, and those who ate of its fruit were strengthened and refreshed.

The blight which comes from envy fell upon the face of none. The women twined about their foreheads garlands of blossoms gathered from the tree and sang as they toiled. Let them gather as they would, the tree was not despoiled; for he who gave the garden had power to give new leaf or branch.

But there came a time when the bird of Peace flew out of the garden, and the bird of Joy sang no more in the tree. For, while the garden was new, there was blown upon the soil by an evil wind from the desert of Chaos the seed of a mighty vine—a new and nameless power.

After lying dormant for many days, this seed germinated and sprang up, and, the gardener being gone upon a journey, there was no hand to pluck it from the ground.

For a time it lay prone, sending out long tendrils hither and thither, seeking support. At length it crossed the well of Truth, hiding the waters with its monstrous leaves, and reached the strong and perfect trunk of the Beauty tree.

It grew and grew until no part of the tree was left free from its clinging tendrils. It hung its gaudy blooms among the blossoms of the tree and mingled its

heavy perfume with the fragrance of Beauty.

There came a day when men came into the garden and said: "Behold the vine! How it has flourished! Let us rest in the shade of the vine."

And they ate of its fruit and forgot the tree and gave themselves up to the power of the vine.

Deaf were they to the pleading voices of the few wise ones of the land, who said: "Our master who gave us the garden planted no vine therein. Let us beware lest evil come upon us."

After this there was strife in the land. Those who loved the vine began to destroy the works of beauty and grace which in times past had pleased them, and built new dwellings from which the very beasts of the field turned in shame and fear.

The women spoiled the grace of their forms by strange, stiff raiment and began to deck their heads with the plumage and dead bodies of song-birds.

There was discord among the maidens and youths, and even the children mocked one another, saying: "We are of the vine," or, "What know you of beauty? Your people are of the tree!" There were burdened hearts and pale faces, and the men called healers began to prosper in land and store.

When, after many days, the gardener returned and saw the vine, sorrow filled his heart. Going to the master of the garden he said: "Woe is mine! But with helpers and tools I can perchance remove the evil thing."

But the master said: "Helpers and tools will I not send. The tree will still grow and bear as of old. As the people have chosen, let them still choose."

Thus the tree and the vine still grow and the strife goes on. The children of the people to whom the garden was given gather about the two in great and

increasing numbers each day.

On the outskirts of the throng are men and women in sombre garments, who, thinking to save some from the evil which is in the land, cry out: "Go ye not to the tree!" and "Go ye not to the vine! Verily evil is there!"

But there are men and women who, lifting aside the leaves of the vine, have looked into the well of Truth. These stand in the garden teaching the faltering ones to reach high up to the boughs of the tree. Teaching them, too, that to

bear the laden branches to the weary ones without is a gracious deed, and pleasing in the master's sight.

It may be that sometime in the land of Somewhere the love of the true and the beautiful may live in the hearts of all; that evil shall be no more. Then will all who come into the garden rejoice. For the tree will wave its proud branches, and the sunlight will fall upon every bud and bloom. Then the master of the garden will say: "My people have chosen well."

Elise; a Sequel to "The Voice of the Silence."



THE cabin in the pine grove was empty. Elise would never cross its rude threshold again. On the day that she became the wife of Colonel Randolph she severed herself from the old life utterly and forever, and went forth into the world again without a shadow of regret for the things that were left behind. It is true that she carried with her the little brown boy, Nanita's child, but she told herself that it was clearly a duty to do so.

The Colonel might, under other circumstances, have objected to this addi-

tion of a "young savage" to his newly formed household, but at present he was too happy and too much in love to be conscious of the existence of a wish counter to his bride's. When, in the hurried preparations for departure, she said, "Of course, you are willing to take the boy. You know I cannot part with him," he assented cheerfully.

"Take a whole tribe if it will add to your pleasure, my loved one. What is an Indian more or less?"

"Oh, but he is not an Indian. You know his mother had white blood in her veins, and his own father was a white man."

"The more shame to him! It's an unlucky mixture. But take your little half-savage, if you want him. He's a scared-looking little chap; looks as if he'd like to escape and hide in the woods. Is he dumb? I've never heard him speak."

The child, standing by the window, peering out into the gathering night, heard every word, but gave no sign that he heard. His dark eyes were heavy with unshed tears, but he kept them steadily fixed upon the tossing river, where the tide ebbed strongly against the wind. He did not understand this sudden interruption of the hitherto quiet life of the cabin, and he was vaguely troubled by it. Moreover, he hated this elegant gentleman, who behaved as if he owned the whole world, and who monopolized his dear Elise. And now he

was to be taken away; he had heard them say so, and he did not want to go. Why should he leave this place, where he knew the birds and squirrels, and where even the gulls, winging seaward in the early twilight, seemed to hail him friend and comrade as he watched their soft flight from the top step of the stairs that led to the river beach. He was frightened when he thought that he might never see them again, and he had all a child's nervous dread of change, or cutting loose from familiar things, and facing the unknown, but he had, too, the stoicism of the Indian, and he gave no sign of what he felt and feared.

Nellie would have kept him gladly, for she loved children, and this little lad had endeared himself to her during the months that had flown since his mother's death, but she knew that it would be useless to speak to Elise.

"She has often told me that she will never part with him," she said to Odin, sadly, "and yet I think the child would be happier here than elsewhere. Do you think she bound herself by a promise to the mother?"

"Possibly," replied Odin; "but in any case her affection for him would not permit her to give him up."

As for Odin, though he was not clearly conscious of it, he was glad that she carried the child with her. He would prove a reminder of the river, and would sooner or later return. Then, too, he believed it well that she should have the responsibility.

Between the two men, in their brief meeting that day under the pines, when the Colonel claimed his bride, there was an instantly recognized, though unspoken, antagonism. They hated each other and each knew that he was hated. Odin in after years in a sort of amused shame and wonder, remembered how he had longed with all the strength and fierceness of his nature to set upon and destroy this fine gentleman, with his white hands and his aristocratic air. He told himself at the time that it was not the man himself that aroused his rage and hatred, but that the class which he represented—the leisure class—the class who lived without toil, or thought, or care, upon the earnings of the poor; who

wrung the lifeblood from the tillers of the soil, the mechanics, the workers everywhere, and, not content with that, laughed at the misery imposed upon the toiling masses by the selfish luxury of the rich. But he knew better, as time went on, and he acknowledged to himself frankly that it was the man he would have destroyed; and the reason was not one of deep social significance, as he had tried to believe, but simply a matter of jealousy. Colonel Randolph was robbing him of the woman he loved, was robbing him of that which he knew full well he had never possessed, and yet which he valued more than all else in life. It eased the pain of parting for him to be able to feel this leaping flame of anger in his heart, and there would be years and years in which to bear the bitter ache that would surely follow.

At the very last, when everything was done and they were waiting for Jeff, the Indian, to come with his boat and set them across the river, where they were to take the stage for the outer world, Elise found herself alone for a moment in the cabin with Nellie. And she remembered something, and caught her breath with a little gasp, realizing how near she had come to forgetting it entirely.

"Nellie," she said, "I have not told Odin good-bye. He is down there by the well. Will you send him to me, please? There is something I must say to him."

And Nellie reluctantly obeyed. He came in. There was nothing in his manner to betray that he suffered, but when Elise looked up and beheld his set lips and the pain in his eyes she gave a little cry, and put her hands up to lay them on his shoulders, but he took them firmly in his own.

"You wished to see me?" he said.

"Yes, to say good-bye; to hear you say that you rejoice in my happiness. Tell me that you are glad, Odin."

"I am very glad."

"Your voice belies your words; you speak as one might at a funeral."

"You do not expect me to exhibit very great delight over your going away forever?" He smiled, still holding her hands.

"Will you really miss me, Odin; so very much, I mean?"

He did not look at her, and he did not answer, but she felt his hands tighten upon hers till her wedding ring cut into the flesh. "Forgive me, my Odin. I know my going means something to you—but I, too, am sad to leave you—dear, dear friend." She slipped one of her hands free, and, lifting her arm, laid it about his neck. She was gracefully tall, but as she stood there, her head bent slightly back, her eyes searching his own, her forehead was just on a level with his lips.

"Kiss me, Odin," she said, softly, moved to compassion by his evident pain.

"I have not the right to kiss you now."

She lifted her lips. "Kiss me!" There was a note of command in her voice, but he only looked at her.

"Kiss me, Odin!" the sweet mouth quivered and her eyes filled with tears. He stooped and laid his lips to hers, but the coldness of his kisses chilled her. She turned her face away and hid it on his breast, her arm still about his neck. Her heart was full of tenderest pity.

Presently she glanced up and drew away slightly. "Odin, there is something I must tell you, but perhaps you know; perhaps you have thought of it yourself. You will be lonely when I am gone—" she paused.

"Yes," he said, "I have thought of that. I am better informed upon that subject, I think, than any one else can possibly be."

"But it is not that—at least, that is not all—" There was a step outside and they heard Nellie's voice calling to them that the boat was coming. Elise caught up her gloves. "We are ready. Say that I will be down in a moment," she cried; then, turning again and speaking in haste, "Odin. Nellie loves you."

"I think not."

"But I am sure of it."

"I hope you are mistaken."

"Why?"

"For her own sake."

"You must marry her, Odin. • You will be much happier—you will both be happy." She paused upon the threshold, and gave him her hand, now in-

cased in its glove. "Tell me before I go that you will do this. Let me carry away with me the hope that you two, my dear, dear friends, will make each other glad."

Odin held her hand lightly in his own. "I shall never marry," he answered mechanically.

"Why not?" she asked. "I have done wrong to tell you Nellie's secret, which she has never told me, if you still hold to that."

"You have only told me what you thought and—hoped. You are mistaken, that is all. I shall never marry."

"Why do you say that? Why—" but something in his eyes stopped her questions. "Good-bye, Odin, good-bye." She leaned back and he kissed her again, as he had done so often, not willingly but because she wished it, and then she went out and down the path under the pines for the last, last time, and went without one backward glance, to the new love, and the new life, leaving the man who had loved her first, who loved her still, standing inside the cabin door dumb with the pain of parting.

But when Nellie came up from the beach after the last good-bye had been said, and Elise, with many promises to write, had departed with the colonel and the little Indian lad, crossing the river to the landing where the stage was already drawn up and waiting for its unusual passengers, she found the cabin empty. Odin had taken his disappointment away from the sight of even her loving, sympathetic eyes. She sighed and set about the task of putting the deserted place in order, preparatory to leaving it to the occupation of the squirrels and birds and wood mice. For Elise had said that the windows were to be left open and the door unlocked, lest any passing in a night of storm should seek shelter there and find it barred.

As she moved about the small place the girl thought upon the strange life-scenes that had been enacted beneath its humble roof, and of the woman who had grown up there beautiful and strong, free of limb and free of soul, like a wild young thing of the forest; and yet so schooled by nature that she was fitted to take her place in the great, gay world of fashion of which she (Nellie) knew so.

little save what she gleaned from books and day dreams. How strange it all seemed! And yet was it strange? For environment does not determine character. Elise would have been the same sweet, lovable, inconsistent creature if she had been brought up in a garret or in a palace instead of not being brought up at all, but allowed to grow like a wild flower on the hills. She was born with a soul, and it is the dominant power of the spirit that develops and determines character. There may be, there are, exceptions to this rule, of course, but the rule nevertheless is one that holds good through all the ages, and must while man's will, more potent as a factor in his spiritual growth than material circumstance, is strong to work out his salvation, and man's soul, man's self, is the breath of God.

It is always the self-conscious person who vacillates, who is awkward and uncertain in speech and action. The man or the woman who has never been subjected to criticism, who has acquired knowledge naturally and without restraint or surveillance is not apt to think much about what other people are going to say. Elise had grace, the free, untrammelled grace of the panther or the fawn. She was incapable of an awkward movement. She had beauty, and having eyes it did not take her long to discover that her face was fairer than the faces of other women. She was young, and, above all, she had money. Refinement of manner was a thing that came to her from an aristocratic lineage. As for the

rest, when a woman has all these—youth, beauty, grace, natural wit and unlimited riches—the world is ready to accept her at the highest valuation. That she should take the social world by storm and lead it captive was not to be wondered at, fresh from the wilds though she was. The surprising thing was that she herself should after the novelty wore off find it unsatisfying, disappointing, and that she should, when sorrow overtook her, flee to the shelter of her humble cabin under the pines and bury herself again in the wilderness. But now love had found her out, and a bride, crowned with happiness and more beautiful than before she was returning to the world, from which she had fled but a year ago.

One may learn much in twelve months. Elise had profited sadly, yet sweetly, too, by the experiences through which she had passed. She had learned something of the real meaning of life and, though its mystery had deepened, she regarded it seriously and trustingly. She had grown, not into a fuller faith, but into a keener recognition of faith itself. She saw the living Christ with clearer eyes, and awoke to the fact that he looked at her from every side, in the faces of her friends, in the fishermen on the river, the Indians that brought her berries, and, above all, did she behold him in the eyes of a little child. And, strangely enough, the man who had helped her to this quickened understanding was one who, himself, was without faith—who denied the name of Christ, yet followed "in his steps."

(To be continued.)

A Fragment.

Oh, hear the wild winds raging
The tall, black heights around!
Mad waves their wrath engaging,
The hollow cliffs resound.

* * * * *

"Oh, heard ye not their calling?

Oh, love, did ye not hear?"

"'Tis but the fierce waves falling

Beneath the tall cliffs near."

* * * * *

Two ghastly faces lifting

Beneath the moon's pale beam!

The seagulls see them drifting,

And heard their dying scream.

Margaret Stanislawsky.

The Ascent of Mt. Vesuvius.

By *MRS. HENRY W. COE.*



THE first night at Naples we looked out and enjoyed Mount Vesuvius, eighteen miles away, with flaming serpents winding down the sides and fiery dragons leaping in the dark. But having seen so much, we wanted to see more, and listened to the stories of those who had gone up and returned in safety.

"We went," said an old gentleman from Milwaukee, "but a thousand dollars could not tempt us to go again."

They had told him in the afternoon that he would have plenty of time to go up and back before dark. He had started with his wife, under the impression that they were to ride all the way, but when about half way to the top the driver announced his intention of turning back, and was only persuaded to proceed by the payment of more money. Presently it began to rain, and the wife wished to give it up. She finally decided to stop near a hut and wait till her husband, who persisted in completing the ascent, returned. So he pressed on, and, after great exertion, found himself at the top of the far-famed mountain, much disappointed to see nothing but odorous steam and smoke pouring from the crater. So he turned about and came down again, picking his wife up by the way, and his advice to everybody was, "Keep away from Mount Vesuvius."

That evening at dinner we were invited to go to Pompeii next day by Captain Crosby, who was collecting specimens for the Smithsonian Institution. And the view we had of the volcano from that weird and interesting ruin intensified our desire for a nearer acquaintance. Therefore we needed little urging to join the party which was to make the ascent with Captain Crosby.

It was half-past seven sharp when we started from Naples. There were six in our party. We drove through the streets of Naples, the dirtiest city in all Europe, and out into the country beyond.

The ascent begins almost immediately. We were accompanied on our way, first, by the peddlers who wanted to sell us oranges, then by beggars of all sizes and ages, from two years up to eighty; little girls with flowers, and boys performing acrobatic feats. Then came the musicians.

"Ah," said some one. "are we to have music all the way up Mount Vesuvius?"

The guide informed us that we would have several concerts on the way. Sometimes there was only one instrument, sometimes two or three. They seemed to have a route of their own, these musicians, for upon reaching a certain point they all turned and went back to the place from which they had started.

It was nearly noon when we reached

the observatory. A short distance this side there is a hut, called by courtesy a restaurant, where you may stop and eat your luncheon. The coffee that we got here was—well, anything but inviting, and the cream—there was none. In this dilemma the doctor suggested that he had seen a goat in the yard, and the guide took the hint, and soon appeared, leading the goat into the dining-room. The doctor calmly set about milking it, as if it were an every-day occurrence, but had no sooner got a cup full when the owner of the goat came in, and, protesting that it was not time yet for milking, led the goat off. However, we got our cream, or a good substitute for it. Here we left our team, making the rest of the way on foot.

After our meal the guide furnished us with walking-rods. On the way to the observatory we passed a large marble slab erected to the memory of a number of people who had lost their lives in an unexpected outburst of lava, a few years before.

We passed several places on the way up where a new road had been made by Cook & Son, as the old one had been covered by fresh lava only a short time before. We came for miles over cold lava that looked like gigantic coils of light-brown rope.

On and up, up. The heat, now intense, was strong with odors of sulphur, but still on we went, keeping close to our guide for fear of making a misstep. Without warning he made a sharp turn, halting right in front of a gigantic stream of red, flowing lava. Here it was within

reach of our walking-rods. We were at its head, where it boiled up from the crater. It came as a gigantic, fire-red serpent, twisting from side to side toward the edge of the mountain and then leaping down its side. We stood there in wonder, our faces scorching with heat, and as we touched it with our walking-sticks they instantly were aflame.

The gentlemen made souvenirs with an iron rod turned up at the end and securely fastened to a walking-stick. You step up to the molten stream of rock, putting your hook in; you give it a twist and then a hard pull, and out comes a piece of lava. You make a depression in it with the end of another rod, then, placing your Italian coin in it you press it down, and it is finished. This may seem easy but it is far from easy, for the heat is almost unendurable while you work. Then you must be rapid in your movements, for the lava cools quickly, and will not form around the coin unless it is red-hot.

In the descent we had to step over an opening in which you could see, but a few inches below, the boiling lava. We then hurried on, as it was getting late. When nearly to the base of the mountain a glad sight welcomed our eyes—a man carrying something to drink. You can imagine how parched our throats were after a climb under such conditions. The basket contained white wine, which tasted very much like fresh cider. We were thirsty enough to have paid almost any price, but he only asked a lira a bottle, and we, prohibitionists and all, bought the man out.

When Twilight Comes.

When twilight comes across the quiet land,
I crave your presence, you who understand
The comradeship of word, and look and smile;
The gentle talk and laughter, afterwhile,
And homeward walk across the wave-worn sand.

How will it be, I wonder, when the grand
Full mid-day glow of life has vanished, and
The sun's last rays fall coldly on the dial,
When Twilight comes?

Oh, that we two together still may stand;
Undone, perchance, the deeds we hoped and planned,
Tired and very old, yet missing naught
Of tenderness or olden word or thought.
God grant that life may leave us hand in hand,
When twilight comes.

Theodora Pickering Garrison, in "Truth."

Bart; A Study from Life.

By *DAVIS PARKER.*

"The iniquities of the fathers shall be visited upon their children unto the third and fourth generation."

BARTHOLOMEW ALLISON, or "Bart," as we always knew him, was a violinist. Fresh from the conservatory, he had all the enthusiasm of youth, and an ardent love for his profession, and with his exceptional talent and pleasing ways we all predicted for him a brilliant future. But there were influences working much stronger than his ambition or will power, for Bart seemed to have all the weaknesses and none of the business ability for which the Allison's were noted.

His boyhood had been rather unhappy, his mother dying when he was a mere child, and his stepmother being a woman whose maternal affections scarcely sufficed for her own offspring.

Alex. Allison, his father, when not away from home on business or pleasure, concerned himself very little about his children, so that Bart was usually left to his own devices. He was naturally a careless, indolent sort of boy, passionately fond of music and cordially hating his studies at school. Most of his time there was spent in stringing threads and wires across the front of his desk, tuned to different keys, or in constructing rude musical instruments from all sorts of material. His efforts in these directions received no more encouragement here than at home, and his treasures were often confiscated and consigned to the teacher's desk.

His older brother, at last recognizing his genius, gave him a musical education, and it is from this period of his life that this brief narrative dates.

Bart's success was almost phenomenal at first. Engagements poured in upon him, and scores of pupils listed to whom he gave instruction. But here heredity asserted itself, and soon were heard whispers to the effect that his habits were not of the best, and that he was often unaccountably absent from concert or musicales. This could not go on for very long, and it was less than a year when we heard that he had been obliged to obtain work in one of the large factories

in the town as an ordinary unskilled laborer.

Poor Bart! whose nature was like a dancing faun's, happy, irresponsible, with never a thought for the morrow; how could he tie himself to the drudgery of workshop day after day?

How he chafed and fretted under this restraint none but himself ever knew, but he made no complaint and patiently worked with the vowed intention of saving enough to go to Germany to complete his studies. This announcement was received with jeers and coarse jokes by his unappreciative fellow-workmen, but Bart paid little attention to them, although at times his lips wore a pitying smile and his great brown eyes would be filled with longing as if he looked into another world of which they had no ken. Hardships did not prevent his yielding to his weakness and often we were obliged to redeem his violin (which had been pledged for a few dollars) to enable him to play at some dance or theatrical performance.

At this time Minnie Hansen, whom he met at a cheap ball, became infatuated with him, and good-hearted, unselfish Bart considered it his duty to marry her. Whatever her past had been, there could be no question as to her being a faithful and loving wife. Her regard for him was simply adoration, and she bore the burdens of poverty and wifehood without a murmur of discontent. How he was to support her he could not see, for when single he was always in debt, but we thought that perhaps responsibility would awaken him to the gravity of the situation. They took a flat in a quiet, low-priced locality, when the children came, and, with the help of friends, partially furnished it, and then the struggle for an existence became a harder reality. Bart seemed sort of crushed or dazed, and often we have seen him holding one of the boys on his knee, looking wonderingly at the child as if he hardly comprehended what it all meant.

His precious violin seemed his only

consolation, and he was often to be seen at the window in the moonlight pouring out the hunger and unrest of his nature in improvisation. Under that wonderful touch the instrument would give out at times rich, round organ tones, and at others the softest notes of the flute. With powerful sweeps of the bow he brought before you the lofty Palisades, towering skyward; you would hear the rush of the mighty waters, or the wail of the night wind in the shrouds and rigging of ships. When the children were sleeping he played with muted strings, and the air would be vibrant with soft, pulsating melody, and you were, for the time, in far-off Andalusia, watching the happy peasantry lightly stepping through the mazes of the moonlit harvest dance to the sensuous notes of the mandolin or guitar. At times the tones were joyous and laughing, but oftener they would glide into sorrowful surging minor, as if a distraught soul must find voice, or die.

Then the music would cease and Bart would sit unconscious of the presence of those around him, absorbed in thoughtful melancholy. His wife seemed to understand, and never disturbed the reveries which often lasted far into the early morning hours.

Things went from bad to worse, and nothing but the watchful care of friends or neighbors prevented actual want and suffering. The fine old violin was sacrificed and a cheap one was substituted. Bart would be absent for days squandering what little came in, broken in pride and spirit—all power of resistance seemingly gone. Yet after these debauches his remorse was terrible to witness, and, encouraged by his friends, he would try to break from the thralls of appetite. It seemed as if he were carrying the burden of ancestral sins and found it too heavy to bear.

Christmas was coming on, and his wife, encouraged by his sobriety, which had lasted for a longer period than usual, had planned to give the children a little holiday cheer. The neighbors had lent a hand and a small tree was set up in the rooms. 'Twas Christmas eve, and as she came to kiss the boys good-night after decorating the tree with the simple gifts at her disposal, she found Bart coming

through the room, maudlin and reeling. He had started for home perfectly sober, but meeting with some dissolute companions had again yielded. As his wife stood looking at him reproachfully and sorrowful, he started as if to throw his arms about her, pitched heavily forward and knocked the lamp from her hands. It smashed in fragments upon the floor and the room was ablaze in an instant.

Her screams brought help, and after a fierce struggle the flames were extinguished, but not till the mother and little ones were badly burned. With the best of treatment and care their lives were saved, but from that night Bart's mind was a blank, with no possible chance of recovery.

He was taken to the insane asylum and the family cared for by his relatives. His mania was of a mild type and was shown by his apparent communion with the old masters of music, and an expectant, eager attitude, as if listening for something that never came. His violin was given him, but the old-time magic of his bow was gone. His playing was incoherent and colorless, like the working of his shattered mind.

Nearly a year had passed when a dispatch, bidding us come at once if we wished to see Bart alive, brought us in a few hours, to his bedside.

It was Christmas morning, cold and clear; the bells ringing out the joyous message of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, but the happiness of laughing children and merry sleighing parties seemed to accentuate the sadness in our own hearts. We knew when we entered the room that the end was near. Kneeling by him, convulsively sobbing, was his wife. The children, mercifully too young to fully realize, looked on frightened and wonderingly.

While we waited Bart suddenly raised his hand and whispered: "Hark! Don't you hear it?" A smile of ineffable sweetness lighted his face. With a long-drawn sigh he closed his eyes.

"He is sleeping now," said one. And we who loved him knew that he had heard the divine strains of the Celestial Orchestra, and his weary soul, free from the bondage of flesh, had found eternal rest.

The Indian "Arabian Nights."

By H. S. LYMAN.

A Series of Indian Stories and Legends, began in September, 1899.

IT WAS impossible to allow such an outrage as that which had been perpetrated upon the Tlah-Tsops by the treacherous Cayuses to go unavenged. Kobaiway, therefore, gathered a small band of his bravest warriors and proceeded back swiftly to the land of the foe, bent upon retaliation. The punishment inflicted, was terrible. The approach upon the village of the perfidious Cayuses was made at night. Before morning all the houses were surrounded. As, one by one, in the gray dawn, the people rose up and came forth, unsuspecting, and ignorant of the fact that behind every rock and tree lurked a Tlah-Tsop, they were struck down by unerring arrows.

Many had fallen before the alarm was given. Then all the village broke in a wild stampede for the hills. Some escaped the fury of the blood-intoxicated foe, but many were slain, so that for a time the tribe was all but exterminated. And the way was open for the coast Indians to go up the river, where a trading post was established among the Wascos.

The vengeance of the Tlah-Tsops, cruel as it was, but bore evidence of the morality of the tribe with whom the principle of "an eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth" prevailed. There was no other guaranty of protection than the strong arm of the chief. The sanctity of tribal agreement was held inviolable. And Kobaiway, though he thus punished the perfidy of his foe, was not a cruel man. He was a chief of whom it is well to know more, since he was most intimately connected with the beginning of the commonwealth of Oregon.

It was well for those who first sought this lonely shore that the great Tlah-Tsop had extended his influence and gained much wealth and power; that his canoes had multiplied upon the river;

that his houses had been enlarged and that he had taught his people many useful things. For, when Lewis and Clark came down the Columbia, worn and weary from their long journey through the wilderness, they found the Indians on the south shore of the lower river, friendly and helpful. They were given cordial and dignified welcome and provided with all things needful.

All through the long rainy winter the expedition rested in the land of the Tlah-Tsops, in the comfortable house surrounded by a stockade, on the sands near where Fort Stevens now stands. Kobaiway himself spent much time at the stockade in the company of the explorers, and must have furnished much of the information which went into their account of the region, for they give the names of many tribes, far to north and south along the coast. They also give the names of the shipmasters who, up to that time, had visited the river. Native articles of food are named and described in this report, together with a considerable vocabulary of native words. All of these things go to prove that Kobaiway and his people were intelligent and reliable to a degree.

On the departure of the expedition in the spring, a document was left in Kobaiway's hands for delivery to the sea captain next entering the river, containing an account of the journey across the continent, and attesting to the good conduct and friendliness of the Tlah-Tsop chief.

This trust Kobaiway faithfully executed. He delivered the paper to a captain, who carried it East. Of the chief, Lewis and Clark say:

"He performed his duties courageously, he nourished and protected his people, and enforced habits of industry and honesty, and befriended the whites."

The Story of Celiast.

Celiast was the daughter of Kobaiway, and she was born far back toward the beginning of the century, and claimed to remember perfectly the coming of the first overland expedition. According to her own story she was at this time old enough to weave mats. Her life began just at that period when the life and history of her people were beginning to be submerged in the vortex of human affairs formed by the meeting of two tides—the white immigration from the region of the sunrise, and the commerce that came up from the sea. The great events of her childhood were all connected with the white man. The coming of Lewis and Clark, the ships that sailed in across the bar, firing their signal guns to summon the Chinooks and Tlah-Tsops to the barter, as they dropped anchor in the safe harbor of the mighty stream—these things left a lasting impress upon the mind of the little Indian maid. The tragedy of the first settlement at the mouth of the river was enacted before her eyes, and she witnessed the destruction of the ship in the bay of Cly-Quot, far to the north.

Celiast had all the superstition of her race, and a deep reverence and respect for power. She married a white man and accepted his religion, being baptized and given the Christian name of Helen. Her husband was a Frenchman, a baker at the fort, a good enough fellow in his way, perhaps, but not with any very strong convictions as to his responsibility as a father and a husband. The marriage tie with a native woman was not, in his view of the case, binding, and, finding it convenient to change his place of residence in the course of

(To be Continued.)

time, he abandoned both wife and children and went on his way without any qualms of conscience.

Sad and dishonored, Celiast yet remembered that she was the daughter of a chief. Her pride would not allow her to return to her tribe after the manner of wives who had proved faithless and been sent back, according to the custom of the Tlah-Tsops. Neither would she accept the life of degradation that was open to her at the fur factory.

It was a hundred miles to Fort Vancouver, where the governor of the white people lived, but with her two little children she made the journey and appealed to him for advice. She reminded him that she was the daughter of a great chief who had ever been honorable in his dealings with the whites; that she, even as her father, had loved the white man and the white man's God, that she had accepted the sacrament of baptism and of marriage according to the law of the white man. She had ever been dutiful as a wife, and without blame. Now she could not return to her own tribe without suspicion. If she remained among the whites it must be as an outcast. Alone, forsaken, with neither tribe, nor people, nor God, how was she to live and rear her children?

The governor, at that time a comparatively young man, was touched by her story. He permitted her to remain at the fort as an honored guest, the companion of his wife. And here Celiast might have spent the rest of her life contented, and even happy, but that fate had far other things in store for her. And since her story has to do with the early history of this Western land, it will be told at length and in detail in another chapter.

War.

Black, smoky night at mid-day came;
The shotted guns poured forth their lead,
And falling roof and wreathing flame,
Enwrapped the dying and the dead.
Heedless alike of flame and shot—
Striving among the first to be,
The thinned ranks cheer, but waver not;
No thought save death or victory.

The dead lie neath the bloody sod;
And breaking hearts at home have cried
In anguish to the Son of God,
"Hade't Thou been here, they had not died."
But from Mount Calvary fell a star,
A glittering pathway in its wake,
To show the only living are
Those who have died for mankind's sake.

Adonon.

Tangle-Foot Tales from Potlatch Cabin.

By *HERBERT V. PERRY.*

THE thunder rolled from mountain-side to mountain-side, and the rain dashed down on the shakes over our heads, like pebbles.

But what cared we? The flames climbed high up the chimney, and the dry brush crackled gleefully as each armful was thrown in the great fireplace that formed the end of our cabin.

In the frying-pan, on a bed of coals, raked to one side on the hearth, long rashers of bacon sputtered and sent forth their savory odor, whetting our already keen appetites.

The coffee had boiled over for the second time, and Hardy pronounced it done, so we drew ourselves up to the table, and were just about to commence when, over the din of the warring elements, came a loud knocking at the door.

"Come in!" we shouted, and without further ceremony the door was pushed open, and in walked three dripping figures.

"Darn me, if it isn't the doctor!" cried Hardy.

"And here's Bob and Gilbert!" cried I, as the figures came forward to where the firelight fell upon them. "How did you find us?"

"Why, we saw a light through the trees, and 'any port in a storm,' we made for it," answered the doctor; "and it's a pleasant surprise to us, boys, to find you; we never dreamed you were out here."

While they were unstrapping their baskets, and piling their rods up in the corner, we explained to them how we had fitted up this cabin where we could enjoy our outings "with all the comforts of home."

Their wet coats were hung near the fire to dry, and then we all sat about the table, and, with a tin cup of steaming black coffee before each of us, and the rashers of bacon on a tin platter, and a plentiful supply of thick slices of bread

and butter, all recent discomforts were soon forgotten.

After the meal was finished, and pipes lighted, we cleared away the table, and spread a blanket over it, and then I brought out an old deck of cards, and proposed a game of whist, saying that I would keep the fire up while the others played.

"You go ahead and play," said Gilbert, moving back from the table and taking a seat by the fireplace; "I never touch cards."

And he sat looking pensively into the embers as though some unpleasant recollection was passing through his mind.

We knew by the look that there was a story brewing, and after we were seated we asked for it, declaring that we could play and listen too.

"It's not much of a story, boys," said he, slowly, as he turned and leaned his back to the wall. He refilled his pipe, scratched half a dozen matches, puffed vigorously a few times, and began. "It's not much of a story, simply a little experience of mine, but one that I shall never forget. It happened about ten years ago. I was then shipping clerk for a mercantile house, on a moderate salary, and had been with the firm for several years. Knowing that I was inclined to be something of a spendthrift, I always took my check home upon receiving it, and handed it over to my wife, thus making her the financial head of the establishment, and I was highly gratified to know that she managed so well that we were enabled to live in comparative ease and comfort. Well, the day before Christmas at the breakfast table my wife said to me, 'Gilbert, I've got a surprise for you!' And she ran away from the table to get what I supposed would be a new necktie, a box of handkerchiefs, or something of that sort, so I sat smiling, waiting for her to return. Imagine my surprise when she came back and threw

down in front of me a bank book, which, upon opening, showed that she had deposited with the Savings and Loan Association just an even five hundred dollars, which she had saved in small amounts, by her good management, from my salary!

"'Now, Gilbert,' said she, 'I don't want you to think me foolish, but I have a great desire to see this money in gold, and to hold it in my hands, so that I will really know that it is ours, and to know that those black figures on this book that I have watched increase little by little, each month, really represent shining gold; so I am going to give you the book, and ask you to come by the bank and bring the money home with you.'

"Still a little dazed at this unexpected good fortune, I put the book in my pocket, kissed my wife and little girl good-bye and hurried down the street. At lunch hour I went into the bank, drew the money, dropped it in a canvas bag, rolled it up and put it in my hip-pocket.

"It being Saturday, our firm closed at 2 o'clock, and I started for home. I had not gone far before I met an old friend, a traveling man whom I had not seen for years. We were walking down the street talking over old times, and he proposed that we go some place and have a 'smile.' I was not in the habit of drinking, but I thought 'Christmas comes but once a year,' so I consented.

"Well, you know how it is, boys. One drink led to another, and friend after friend joined us until we were all feeling pretty good. After a while some one proposed a game of whist, and we retired to a little back room, where, through an easy transition, the game of whist was changed into a little game of 'draw,' and I found myself seated at the table with five dollars' worth of checks before me.

"I knew very little about the game, but, like all beginners, I started off lucky, winning several dollars in the first 'pot.' Thus elated, I ordered a round of drinks. Another 'pot' was won, and another round of drinks ordered, and so on until the table, cards, men, chairs and room were in one wild whirl! One more

drink, and then all was blank to me.

"When I roused up the game was still going on, but the players' faces seemed to have changed, and everything seemed unreal and strange to me. 'Well, what are you going to do with that bet?' gruffly asked a dark, sharp-featured man, who sat across the table from me, and whom I could not remember having seen before; then I looked at the bet, which was a bright twenty-dollar piece tossed in the center of the table. In a bewildered manner I picked up my cards and looked them over slowly, and then again more carefully. A tremor of excitement ran through my sluggish and clouded brain! There could be no mistake about it; I had picked up something, and I mentally counted, one, two, three, four aces! My heart almost leaped into my mouth, and, trying hard to appear unconcerned, I nervously counted and stacked up twenty dollars' worth of checks, and then another twenty, and shoved them all into the center of the table. 'I call you, and raise you twenty,' I cried.

"The stranger looked sharply at me for a few seconds, and then his hand slid into his inside coat pocket, and he drew out a roll of bills, and, wetting the tips of his fingers with his tongue, he counted out ten crisp ten-dollar bills, and threw them, together with another shining twenty-dollar gold piece, onto the pile of checks, saying coldly, 'I raise you a hundred.'

"This staggered me for a moment, for about all my checks were in the center. Suddenly I thought of the money in my pocket, the five hundred dollars! There was no time to hesitate; this was the chance of a lifetime! And, trembling with excitement, I drew out the canvas bag and emptied the contents upon the table, a shining heap of gold!

"'I raise you four hundred!' I cried. Then with my heart thumping like a steam hammer, I saw him slowly count out the bills and toss them on the table, saying quietly as he did so, 'I call you; what have you got?' Triumphant I spread my hand out upon the table, and said, 'Four aces.' 'No good,' said he; 'I've got a straight diamond flush, from the five to the nine!' And then he re-

marked cynically, as his spider-like arms reached forth and the long, white fingers raked away the gold, 'Why don't you stay out, young man, until you get something?'

"Speechless, and with my eyes almost starting from my head, I watched him until I saw the last piece of gold disappear in his capacious pockets, and then, crazed with despair, I sprang to my feet, clenched my fists and lunged at him a terrific blow!

"I indistinctly remember hearing some one say, 'Keep quiet, old man; lie down for a while and then you'll be all right!' And then I floated off into an unconscious state. When I roused up my head was throbbing, and my throat was parched and burning. I threw off a wet towel that was on my head, and staggered to my feet.

"'Going home?' some one asked; 'give him his hat, Summers; he'll be all right when he gets out in the fresh air.' Some one placed my hat on my head, and I reeled out. As the door closed behind me I heard a general laugh, and the remark, 'He's got a terrible load on.' When I reached the street the chill December wind revived and sobered me somewhat, and the sense of shame and remorse at what I had done well nigh overcame me.

"Mechanically I turned my footsteps homeward, and it was not until the light streaming out of the little parlor window fell before me that I halted. Then the enormity of my sin came upon me, and I sat down on the curb of the sidewalk, crushed and miserable, and pondered upon what course to pursue. Suicide flashed across my mind, but I rejected that as cowardly; then I madly thought of writing a note to my wife, explaining all, and telling her that until I had redeemed myself, I could not face her; this I would slip under the door, and then I would leave the city, leave the country, and never rest until I had replaced the money; but upon more careful consideration this plan appeared altogether unfeasible and senseless, for how was my family to exist while I was away, and again, what was the use of running away when I already had a position which

would by careful economy replace the lost money?

"No, there was nothing left for me to do but to face the music, and my knees knocked beneath me at the thought of it. Twice I started for the door, and twice my courage failed me.

"'I will just look in and see what they are doing,' thought I, and I crept cautiously around to the window, where I could look in through the half-open blind.

"There sat my wife with her head in her hands, holding a handkerchief to her eyes. A Christmas tree stood in the corner of the room, gaily festooned with long strings of colored popcorn and tinsel. Little colored candles had been placed at the tip of every branch, but they had all burned down to the tin sockets that held them, and the lights had all been extinguished. On the floor, with her doll in her arms, was my little girl, fast asleep. I knew that she had fallen asleep there, waiting for her 'Daddy,' as she called me, to come home.

"How I hated myself! The tears came to my eyes, and rolled down my cheeks; I reached in my coat pocket for my handkerchief; it was not there, so I put my hand back into my hip-pocket, and—instead of the handkerchief. I pulled out the bag of money! Then the truth dawned upon me. I had fallen asleep at the table and dreamed that I lost it!

"I will not go into family affairs by telling you how I squared myself for being out so late; but, from that day to this, I have never touched a card."

Long before Gilbert had finished, the cards had dropped from our hands, and now that he was through, nobody picked them up again.

The silence which had fallen over us was broken by Bob.

"That reminds me," he began, "of the winter I was in Bodie—"

"I think, Bob," said the doctor, rising to his feet and yawning, "that you had better postpone your yarn until tomorrow night; if we all get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, we had better be turning in."

The Black Cat.

By ADONEN.

“I ’M not encouraging him, uncle; he is fond of music and cats; so am I. Then, I wish to learn more of his theory of ‘Self-disposition of the soul.’ That is all his visits mean.”

And my pretty niece, whose confidant I had been since she could speak, blushed rather guiltily, as she tried to explain the very frequent calls of Senor Allevlo, the young Cuban who rented a cottage on the beach near ours. I could not think she cared for this strange, moody man. Yet, when far into the night I heard the wild, tender notes of his violin, I listened entranced, and, while the music lasted, felt that any woman might love him; but when he sat reading his parchment-covered books, written in some strange wizard language, his large, black cat purring on his shoulder, I did not like him at all.

When Ralph Fernleigh came to the beach to recuperate the strength he had used too lavishly as a war correspondent, his brilliant gifts soon made him a hero among the girls who were heart-weary of the monotonous small talk of society men. As the weeks glided by, I saw that my fears in regard to the Cuban were needless, and I knew that the almost adoring love Meda gave to Fernleigh was returned.

The child still shared her joys and sorrows with me, and the only sample of the latter was Senor Allevlo’s haggard, shrunken face. She keenly felt the injustice she had done him, in accepting his attentions in mere girlish vanity. Her betrothed laughed at her remorse, and declared he had no patience with a fellow who stayed mooning around after he had been rejected. So my girl said little to him of Allevlo; but one day she came to me in tears, saying: “Oh, uncle, he has been telling me if I marry Ralph, I am his (Allevlo’s) murderer. He pleaded so for life—only that—if I never spoke to him. His poor friend, the black cat, clung to me with

eyes of terror, as if asking mercy for its wretched master. What could I say? It was impossible to make the promise he asked, and he rushed from the house, huddling the cat grotesquely in his arms.”

But grief for a discarded suitor is seldom deep enough to be serious. That night I watched Meda’s happy face, when, standing at the gate, she pinned a bunch of apple blossoms on her lover’s coat. He bade her a lingering farewell, and went swinging down the roadway.

It was still early, and several persons stopped as the Cuban sprang from the shadow of a cottage, and, gesticulating excitedly, placed himself directly in Ralph’s path. As the men grew more vehement in their conversation, a crowd began to gather. And I saw a knife flash in the moonlight and descend again and again. There was a sound of many voices, then some one called out: “Send for an officer; Fernleigh is murdered!”

We carried Meda into her room. And when Ralph’s body was borne to his home for burial, she was mercifully unconscious. During the long months that legal ability exhausted every means to save the life of the murderer, she lay tossing in delirium.

It was not until Allevlo had received his sentence of death, and my niece was on the road to recovery, that I ventured to make the trip to Europe which my business demanded. Moving from place to place, it was some time before I received my American letters; among them were two from home. A long one from Meda, and one from her mother, of which I only read the first line; it told me that my girl was dead and buried.

I laid it aside and opened the one written by the little hand that would write no more forever. She began:

“Dear Uncle—I am writing to you on the first day I am to sit up all day. I

am watching the autumn hail and rain as it dashes against the window. Spite of myself, I am noticing the large number of strangers in the place today, and that they all seem to be going in one direction; and my thoughts will follow them, and shudderingly picture the gruesome scene in the jail yard. For Senor Allevlo dies today.

"This last week of his life he has tortured me with appeals for an interview! Oh, the horror of the thought of ever again looking into his terrible eyes!

"This morning I found a note from him on my table; I know not when it was put there, but it was wild and incoherent. He said he had lost his soul, and accepted a perishable body in its place that he might not leave me. I do not understand it, unless he has some means of escape. But hark! even as I write, the bell that proclaims that Costello Allevlo is no more, is clogging the air with its muffled tolling.

"Dear Old Uncle—I meant to have mailed this weeks ago, but I have waited, waited, because I have a strange horror that I can confide to no one but you, and I wanted to be sure, or you will think I am insane.

"Of all the comforters that might come to me, you would never guess the one that now lies purring in my lap. It is the cat—Allevlo's black cat!

"It came to my door in the bitter storm, the night of his execution, and, though it brought memories almost too sad, yet something in its despair and loneliness reminded me of myself.

"I took the shivering creature in, and it has repaid me with the most touching devotion. It refuses food unless given from my hand, and simply will not be separated from me. I suppose it is because I am weak and nervous that I see in it a horrible, ever-stronger resemblance to one of whom I shudder to think.

"I know my mother fears for my rea-

son, and if she knew the belief that is every day growing in my mind, she would think me mad indeed. They believe I am afflicted with melancholy, but, uncle, it is dread, an unnamable dread.

"A week has passed since I laid aside the pen with which I was writing to you, my faithful friend. I now take it up for the last time, and write, every nerve quivering with horror, of the most unnatural and awful punishment ever visited upon a human being. The black cat has dominated my life, my thoughts; when I tried to read something that my dear, dead boy had written, the animal would so constantly interrupt me, that I tried to drive it away. I had tried before, and, as usual, it scuttled behind the furniture, growling hideously. I returned to the box in which I keep the mementoes of my life's greatest happiness, its greatest sorrow. As I gazed on the withered apple blooms that Ralph wore in his coat that night, and pressed them to my aching heart, with a wild, unearthly scream, the cat sprang upon me and tore them from my hand.

"Uncle, I know Allevlo at last. I shall write no more, for at my feet crouches and gibbers that horrible thing. When I shall look into Allevlo's terrible eyes, glaring from the triumphant face of the black cat, I know I must——"

The letter ended abruptly. I read her mother's story of her death, which told of the deep melancholia that seemed to seize upon her from the day of the execution of her betrothed's murderer, and grow more hopeless every day. Her mania had taken the form of a strange dread of the black cat. "Though," wrote my sister, "the little animal was quite harmless, and so devoted to Meda that, on leaving her room just after she had ceased to breathe, I stumbled over the dead body of the cat."

Three Loves.

O springtime love, that died as violets die!
O summer love, that fell as rose leaves fall!
This late autumnal passion budding nigh—
Say, will it last till snowflakes cover all?

Florence May Wright.

Our Point of View

When future ages come to estimate the influence of the nineteenth century upon the world they will take into account not so much the material progress, we believe, as the development of the humanitarian, the unselfish, side of men's natures. If the world is to make any real progress the point of view then must be radically different from what it is today. Now we are given largely to the consideration of the achievements of man's hands: Nobility of manhood in a generic sense can receive very little attention at the present time. It is the amount of wheat that we raise and export, the increased tonnage of our ships, the production of iron and steel, the advances in scientific lines that, from the nature of the case, must enlist our interest and fill the pages of our periodicals. It could hardly be otherwise when such tremendous progress in the material and scientific world has characterized this century. Yet the standpoint that we take today is no less erroneous. And our boasted progress, when we make it supreme over all else, cannot but appear pathetic in the light of the future.

* * *

Yet it is undeniably true that there has been during this century a steady, marked development of man as man; of his ideals and aspirations—a suppression of the selfish side of his nature and an elevation of his higher sentiments. We have but to look about us to find abundant evidence of these facts. But, strange and contradictory as it may appear, the closing year of the nineteenth century forces us to ask, Is man yet a civilized brute with a veneer of culture and refinement and the instincts of the savage? The spectacle that is being presented to the world in South Africa seems to answer, "Yes." That the English nation, the representatives of the highest civilization and culture in the world today, should undertake a war

upon such a flimsy pretext as that which is bringing about the present slaughter of men in South Africa; that in this seemingly enlightened age the leaders of a nation should commit the awful crime of egging on the people to war for war's sake and for personal aggrandizement; and that a nation, when the sentiments of its best men acknowledge that it is wrong in its contentions, should pursue a war to the bitter end simply because the war has been undertaken—these to take place in the closing year of the nineteenth century! It was not to have been believed! Shall we mention "material progress" in the face of these facts? "Material progress" when the hordes of a mighty nation are sweeping down upon a valiant band of sturdy farmers who have arrayed themselves on the side of right against might! "Material progress" when the great English nation has collected its armies for legal murder! Certainly there can be no justification for England from the standpoint of right—no justification for her when we look at it dispassionately as men moved by the highest motives. The war in South Africa is a step backward, as unjustifiable, as criminal a step as ever blurred the bloody pages of history. Sadly must we confess that in the last year of the nineteenth century men and nations have been "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

* * *

Although Chicago has spent over \$33,000,000 on her drainage canal, it remains to be seen whether the question of a pure water supply for the city, which the canal was supposed to solve, has been satisfactorily settled. That the immediate vicinity of Lake Michigan, from which the city gets its supply, will be greatly improved by the turning of the drainage into the Illinois river and thence into the Mississippi there can be no doubt; but whether this was the best solution of the difficulty is questionable.

St. Louis, which gets its supply from the Mississippi, thinks not, and will protest against the opening of the canal. Other cities, similarly affected by the change, will also protest, and these are only a few of the objections which have been recently made to the project. It seems strange that these things were not discussed and settled before the beginning of such a huge enterprise, and now that a vast amount of money has been spent upon the undertaking, it at least deserves a fair trial. The question of a pure water supply, with which every municipality must struggle, is settled so unsatisfactorily in the majority of cases that a disproportionate death rate and a large percentage of sickness must result. Portland, Oregon, furnishes a very good example of a contrast between the health of a city while being supplied with river water into which the drainage of several towns has been poured, and the change which absolutely pure water will produce. Several years ago Portland was being supplied directly from the Willamette river, and, while the city was not particularly unhealthy, the possibility of securing a perfect water supply from the clear and sparkling Bull Run river near its source at the foot of Mount Hood was taken advantage of, and today Portland has as nearly a perfect water supply as any city in the world. The result of the change was almost immediately apparent. Instead of being neither one thing nor the other Portland became one of the healthiest cities in the country. The health of the city is gradually improving, and no one begrudges the amount of money—\$3,000,000—which was spent to attain this end. The experience of Portland is one that other cities might do well to heed. Of course, there are cities so situated that it is impossible for them to secure a pure water supply, but there is a far greater number that rests seemingly content with water that breeds disease, because of corruption in politics and the consequent inertia on the part of men who should attend to this most important municipal problem.

Nothing is impossible to the man who, recognizing his kinship with God, works with a definite purpose toward a definite end, and refuses to admit the possibility of ultimate failure. Absolute faith in himself, in his object and in his ability to accomplish the thing he has set out to do, this is the best religion a man can have. For the man who believes in himself must believe also in the God who made him and in the Divine harmony that was established between the Creator and the created in the beginning of time. To say, "I will succeed if—" is a confession of one's own weakness and inefficiency. To silently vow, "I will succeed though all the world rise up to block my way" is a virtual acknowledgment of the fact that man is one with the force that moves the universe.

* * *

The prospect of complications in the South African war becomes more probable as time goes on. Should the Boers be successful at Ladysmith and succeed in preventing the advance of Lord Roberts the sympathy of the world, which is already with them, will be more marked than ever. The Delagoa bay incident has had a bad effect upon Germany, the only country which has shown any leaning towards the British cause. England is isolated. She is without a friend, an ally in any part of the world. The nearest approach to such is the United States, and, among a thousand causes for resentment, the only debt of gratitude which this country owes to England comes from the stand that the latter took at the beginning of the war with Spain. Because of this, however, the United States should not undertake to cast aside its traditional policy of no "entangling foreign alliances." At the same time we cannot stand idly by, should complications arise, and see England, our mother country, set upon by all Europe as by a pack of hounds bent upon her destruction. "Blood is thicker than water." Unfortunately we are so situated that we must stand by, see that there is fair play, and let them fight it out.

The stories by Professor Horace S. Lyman, which have been appearing as a series in the Pacific Monthly under the title of "The Indian Arabian Nights," possess a distinct historical value. Dating from this number, they will deal intimately and accurately with the early settlement of the country that was originally Oregon. We are not yet far enough removed from those days to get a good perspective, perhaps, but even to the dullest of comprehension it must be

clear that those were days of daring, of romance, of thrilling adventure. They were heroes who laid the foundations of these Western commonwealths, and the barest detail in the life of a hero is never without a certain interest. Professor Lyman, in gathering the material for these stories, has neglected no opportunity to make them reliable as well as entertaining. He has preserved the romantic element without detriment to facts.

Memaloose.

The wooded points through which the river
widens
Stand on the east, and on the west the waters
Of the ocean curl in breakers o'er the bar.
The bay lies spread between, white-crested,
broad
When the tide is full, but when the tide is low
A ribbon of blue in flats of rippled sand.
And on the north a yellow sandbank lies,
And grassy meadows shut in by the hills.
Above the line of drift that strews the shore,
Back from the bay, is the Indian burial place.
Long, long forgotten are the moss-grown
graves,
Sunken in brush and fern on the wind-swept
knolls,
Unnamed they are, but not unmarked, for see
The pottery that gleams among the weeds,
And here a musket, fallen apart with rust,
The weapon of a warrior who long since
Departed for the happy hunting-grounds.
Long dead they lie, and long forgot, and dying
Are the remnants of their race, the wild, free
race
Whose freedom is its breath. Hemmed in by
bounds,
The race whose rights were boundless, whose
proud hearts
Brook not the white man's limits, whose hard
flesh
Knows not the white man's ways, unyield-
ing they die.
No more for them the hunt, the feather dance,
The light canoe soft gliding on the bay.
They are going, all the Indian braves, they
fade
Away like the dawn's first red before the sun.
The race is passing, yet while time shall last
The spirits of the Indian dead will wail
In winter winds, chanting a savage hymn
Above the tempest's wrath.

By Laura Miller.

Men and Women

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

Article. IV.

The "minister" asks the question. Monroe answers, "Would you condemn his (man's) interest in the day's pleasures and put this awful, unanswerable outcry of the great human heart upon his lips?"

It is not wise to avoid meeting this question. It comes to all thinking minds. To those minds it allows no place until it is answered. If put aside it returns. How early in life it presents itself, and how early is born the craving for a satisfying answer!

To him who is firm in the belief in a future life the answer is, "To prepare." To him who, like Monroe, has a God, the answer is, "Trust the God who created you." But what is the answer to him who believes that he is here—the result of nature and evolution whose beginning he knows not—for a certain period of time, after which he will resolve into the elements? For him the question presses with even less mercy, since this is his sole opportunity for enjoyment (the name given to all good by the moral consciousness of man.

He reasons: "This world could be made a happy abode did all men endeavor to that end. Where is the fault? Man endeavors—not men. "In unity there is strength." There must be "team work." Will this ever be? Perhaps not. Then why not give up? Why sacrifice all the opportunities for enjoyment and rest, to labor unceasingly for something that will not bear fruit in my age? When I am gone who will thank me or long remember what I did?

My reward for doing a thing is in myself. Long ago I learned that he who would stand long must stand alone. What, then, if I turn to myself for my reward and meet with only weariness?

Though no man shall recognize me yet will I stand as a laborer for a better state. I will be of use! I will compel my inward devil to keep the peace by

crowding our silent conversation with plans of work until he will find no chance to speak to me. If I must I will turn all my energies, all my powers, to my brother's cause.

Brother! There lies the explanation of all good—the remedy for all ill! And when I grow too weary to stand it longer I will remember that I am only one of many; that sympathy, born of like suffering, exists between, among us.

I will live as long as I can and work—work unceasingly.

The world is made up of individuals. I must study my case, not ours. Not "what are we here for?" but "what am I here for?" The answer, "To help my brothers." By helping my brothers I help myself.

Loris Melihoff Johnson.

* * *

"God made all men to be happy. If you are unhappy, it is your own fault.

"We are further away from God when we cannot perceive him in our fellow-beings."

* * *

It is not the troubles of today, but those of tomorrow, and next week, and next year, that whiten our heads and wrinkle our faces.

It will help us to accomplish great feats and win great victories, to remember that all we have to do is to take our duties as they come and perform them faithfully.

* * *

Brooding over trouble is like surrounding oneself with a fog; it magnifies all the objects seen through it. Occupation of the mind prevents this.

* * *

"Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mis-spend it are desperate."

* * *

It is character that rules in nations, as in individuals. Only in loyalty to the old can we serve the new; only in understanding of the past can we interpret and use the present; for history is not made, but unfolded, and the Old World is ever present in the New.—Benj. Ide Wheeler.

BEAUTY IN MEN.

The one great advantage women have over men is in the wearing of their hair long, which, by means of its abundance—or forged abundance—can be so arranged as to modify defects or enhance good features to a very marked degree. Short hair, as a rule, is aesthetically a merciless sort of adornment for the head. It shows off a fine contour, and stands for comfort, convenience and cleanliness, but nothing more. But in other ways there are various reasons why men have more beauty than women; they are healthier, their bodies are more natural, less distorted by what they wear; they dress better, and—heaven save the mark—they are cleaner! Like the Greeks, they are more devoted to Hygeia, and they change their linen oftener. As so little of the human body in these civilized times is exposed to view, it goes without saying that clothes cut a great figure in this modern world of ours.

To assert that men dress better than women is probably to most persons a very unorthodox claim. Their dress is more rational, more in harmony with the outlines of the body, and more in abeyance to its importance and needs. When a man is dressed we never lose sight of the fact that his body is more than his dress, while the woman dresses as if she held her body to be a form upon which to display dry goods and the milliner's art, and her head a roost for murdered birds and stores of curios purloined from all the kingdoms of the earth. When women look best in the street they have gone to man for their clothes—his plain felt hat, his coat and vest, his haberdashery, and often his footwear—the boy's walking shoe, with its low, broad heel, broad, projecting sole and general look of snugness and comfort. Men's feet are always better dressed than women's, because, for one thing, they are more in evidence, and they are far less distorted in shape because their shoes more nearly conform to the natural shape of the foot.

The tailor, it is true, often builds up his man, but it is in the direction of symmetry, of good proportion; while the

dressmaker, as a rule, hasn't an eyelash for anything more than fashion, which, to her mind, is "style," and nothing is too hideous, too inartistic, to be worn if it only be "fashionable."

If men decorated themselves more than women, it would be but following nature, who bestows everywhere upon males in the animal kingdom her splendors in the way of fuss and feathers, and it is only within the past four or five centuries that women have appropriated what may be termed ornamental dress.

No dress ever worn by women has had so captivating an effect upon men as has the military costume upon women. Army officers in full uniform, or men in court dress or gorgeous diplomatic or ceremonial attire far surpass in dignity and effectiveness the ceremonial "creations" of women. In the former the dress supplements the wearer and his rank, and is charged with his personality, which dominates it and gives to it its supreme interest; in the latter the wearers are swallowed up in their clothes. Of course, there are exceptions, and they shine out in their simplicity like a star, as does Athens in the history of art, serene and clear in the light of its own superior beauty.

While the good looks of men are more frank and genuine than those of women, they are also of better keeping quality, so that beautiful old men are far more common than beautiful old women. Women's faces are chopped up into petty wrinkles, while men's are distinguished by larger and more characterful lines. Men eat more, digest their food better, are better nourished, and often have a spring in their step, a brightness in their glance, and a ruddiness of countenance that can be matched by but few women of their years. We see such men every day. All in all, it is undoubtedly true that while the comparative beauty of women has been as much overrated as that of men undervalued, a fair acknowledgment of the claims of each would be a readjustment of endowment that would operate to the advantage of both.

—Mary Wager-Fisher, in *December Woman's Home Companion*.

The Home

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

In the majority of homes many of the problems of domestic science are still to be solved. We have the raw materials at hand to work upon, but we lack knowledge, not ability or brains.

It cannot be denied that the home is the fountain-head from which emanates society, and that food and the preparing of food are the means by which our great social engine is supplied with energy.

Food retards or advances the work of mind and body; which in turn retards or advances all progress. Is it a wonder, then, that so much stress is laid upon the proper kind of food and the scientific preparation thereof?

When we think of the innumerable diseases which, as a result of poorly cooked food, afflict humanity; when we think of the number of drunkards who seek to obtain from liquor that which they should have obtained from their food, had the nutritive value not been destroyed by a well-meaning but untutored cook; who will say there is no need of reform?

Fortunately, women are beginning to think, and think with good results. They see about them schools and colleges for the education of men and women along nearly all lines. The physician, the lawyer, the musician, the minister—each studies for his particular calling. But should the home, which is woman's particular sphere, be neglected? Should the home-maker be expected to learn from instinct what it has taken years of practical experience and study to accomplish? The time is here when a school for the education of women in household science should be established; a school where practical instruction will be given; where will be taught the nutritive values of food; the proper preparation and combination of the different food materials, so the elements of nutrition may not be converted into indigestible food. Such a school it is to be hoped will emanate from the generous gifts of our rich and thoughtful men and women.

In many of the Eastern cities we find such instruction a part of the public school system. Cooking, sewing and other household work is compulsory for girl pupils in the seventh and eighth grades. We also find in the poorer districts of the cities mission classes, where work is done in reforming the home, through the children, a work secondary only to the preaching of the gospel.

Miss Susy Tracy.

* * *

EXERCISE IN THE HOME.

Just why young and growing girls might not acquire the exercise necessary to their physical development in the discharge of those domestic duties which require a certain amount of muscular exertion instead of in the gymnasium, is a question that has long perplexed me.

Why is it not possible to obtain as much beneficial exercise in the sweeping of a room, as in the handling of dumbbells or swinging of Indian clubs? Why may not as much symmetry and grace of form be developed from the muscular exercise that goes to the cleaning of a window or the scrubbing of a floor, as from Swedish gymnastics? Who shall deny that the principles of Delsarte can be applied to the washing of the china, or the dusting of the furniture?

I know these household labors are looked upon as drudgery—but why? Drudgery, after all, is not constituted by the act itself, but by the spirit in which it is performed, and any unwilling service must of necessity be so regarded by the unfortunate laborer. On the other hand, who among you cannot recall some humblest task, so lovingly and gracefully executed that it was lifted out of the realm of the commonplace and became a glorious thing—a thing that inspired you with a longing to do it also? But could you do it as well? Perhaps, if you knew the secret. It is this: Idealize the thing you do, if it is only the washing of a cup, or the scouring of a pan. The cup may be plain delf, and the pan only

common tin, but if you handle it as you should, you can so charm the beholder that he will be ready to swear it is Sevres or silver.

The keeping of a house is a profession, the one profession in the practice of which a woman's best happiness lies. She may do other things, and do them well; but she will always have an underlying consciousness that she could have done this better, and been happier in the doing. Why, then, should our daughters be taught and trained to everything else under the sun and left in semi-ignorance of the great essential to human comfort? Housework, properly performed, is the most healthful exercise a girl can have. Every muscle is brought into play. The circulation is quickened, the bust is developed, the limbs symmetrically rounded and the body given suppleness and grace, at the same time that the pupil is being fitted for an avocation. In short, the same end, with something of incalculable value added, is attained that is reached by a course in physical training in some gymnasium or by a series of lessons in Delsarte. There is a certain joy born of the consciousness of doing a thing well. Teach a girl to sweep a floor with as much grace and skill as she dances a cotillion, and she will enjoy it almost if not quite as well. Show her how to make a bed without violating a rule of art in the poetry of motion, and she will see no drudgery in the task.

Oraarv.

* * *

THE JAPANESE HOME.

If a man of taste should enter a Japanese parlor, he would not fail to be surprised at the display of marvelous and exquisite taste. Yet I have often heard the saying of foreigners that "the Japanese house has no furniture, and is absolutely cheerless and empty." This is quite wrong. I must say that they have no taste of the Japanese art: for the men of taste are agreed in saying that the art of decoration in Japan is excellent. If any one has some taste in this art, he will perceive that the hanging pictures on the toko wall, elaborate arrangement of flowers, pictures on the framed partitions, and all decorations, however tri-

fling, reveal infinite taste. The tastes of the Western people differ so much from ours that the decoration in their chambers seems almost childish to the Japanese eyes. The gorgeous display of colors in their rooms would please our children to look at. Drawing-rooms piled up from corner to corner with toys, shells, stones, dishes, spoons and different novel things always remind us of our curio shops. A bunch of flowers is stuck in a vase without form and without order. The pictures in the rooms hang perpetually, though the face of nature and feeling of man change from time to time! All these sights which we are accustomed to see in the European house excite in us nothing but wonder. Yet this is the taste of the Western people. We have no right to criticise it. In Japan the family never gathers around one table as the European or other Asiatic peoples do, but each person has his or her own separate small table, a foot square and a foot high, and always highly decorated. When they take their meals they kneel upon the mat, each taking his table before him. The little lacquered table generally contains a small porcelain bowl, heaped up with deliciously cooked rice, and several lacquered wooden bowls containing soup or meat, and numbers of little porcelain plates with fish, radishes and the like. The way of cooking, of course, is entirely different from the European. Two pretty chopsticks, made of lacquered bamboo or wood, silver or ivory, are used instead of knife, fork and spoon, and all people use them with great skill. All foods are prepared in the kitchen, so as to avoid any trouble to use knife and fork. Soup is to be drunk from the bowl by carrying it to the mouth by hand, in the same way as people drink tea or coffee. Table etiquette has elaborate rules, which high-bred ladies and gentlemen must strictly follow. A maid servant always waits, kneeling, at a short distance, before a clean pan of boiled rice, with lacquered tray, on which she receives and delivers the bowls for replenishing them. Fragrant green tea is always used at the end of the meal, but sugar and cream never.—From Harper's Bazar.

Books

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE," AND OTHER POEMS.

By Edwin Markham.

Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.

She comes like the hush and beauty of
the night,

And sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after.

In this manner the author of "The Man With the Hoe" writes of poetry. The best things in the small collection brought out by Doubleday & McClure toward the close of the year are to be found in the quatrains that appear here and there throughout the book. This to William Watson after reading "The Purple East" is one of the strongest:

That hour you put the wreath of Eng-
land by
To shake her guilty heart with song
sublime,
The mighty Muse that watches from the
sky
Laid on your head the larger wreath
of Time.

The fact that Edwin Markham is of Western birth and education, a native of Oregon, is not without significance, since it has been predicted that out of the West shall come the great American poet. This man, this Oregonian whose "thoughts," Professor Horner says, "are as red coals in an open fire," is unquestionably a poet, a great poet. Is he but the herald of a greater?

* * *

Professor F. L. Washburn has in his well-written and charmingly illustrated report, entitled "Some Winter Birds of Oregon," done much to stimulate an interest in our feathered friends.

The head of the Alaskan robin which decorates the title page recalls a subject that was the cause of much speculation in the days of my childhood. This bird, which Professor Washburn says has been found to nest in the northern part of the valley in small numbers, is

more often seen here than formerly. Indeed, in the days of long ago its appearance was so rare as always to be hailed as an event of importance. And I do not remember ever to have seen it save in mid-winter or when there happened to be a fall of snow. So closely was its coming associated with the "beautiful" that as children we came to speak of it as the "snow robin," though we were never quite sure that it was a robin at all.

* * *

Richard de Gallienne has written another book. "A Tragic Fairy Tale; or, The Worshipper of the Image" is a title that is in keeping with the fiction of this writer, whose fancies are fraught with sunshine, and light as air.

* * *

John Lane has recently published a dramatic tragedy in four acts, by Stephen Phillips. The title is "Paola and Francesca," and deals with the well-known story of which Dante, in the "Inferno," gives such a masterly account. It is to be put upon the stage of the St. James' theatre some time in the spring, and it is already rumored that it will be crowned by the academy. Indeed, no publication in a long while has been so enthusiastically received by the British reviewers.

The Indian children in school hear a great deal about civilization, but they fail to comprehend its meaning, as the following little incident that happened here in the school last year will show: Some schoolboys were out in the barn lot trying to corral a calf, and they were getting a great deal of fun out of the sport at the calf's expense. They took a fiendish delight in terrorizing it with sticks and stones and savage yells. Finally, when they had the calf cornered and he was just in the act of putting his head in at the barn door, one little Ute shouted out: "We are about to civilize him, ain't we, Willie?"

The Idler

Genevra Ingersol says of the Royal Japanese performers who are on their way to the Paris exposition: "They are great artists, and the performance at the Tremont theatre in Boston, where I had the good fortune to see them, was a study in art and emotion from the Oriental standpoint. And I more than ever maintain that Lefcadio Hearn is the greatest interpreter of Japanese people and customs. The farce 'Zingoro,' a Japanese version of 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' is of the lightest and brightest order, and is followed by the tragedy, 'The Geisha and the Knight.' In the last act of this tragedy, when Sada Yacco lets fall her disheveled black mane in her struggle to kill the betrothed of her lover, and finally ends by expiring in his arms, she touches the sublime. Bernhard never reached anything beyond.

These people are exponents of the new school of acting which had its birth fifteen years ago in Japan, and which really means that the acting, like the painting, of the Japanese, has been affected by contact with Christian civilization. Previous to this the plays were all of a mythological order. Otto Kawakami and Sada Yacco and their company are truly great. At the performance that night Henry Irving and Calve and lesser notables occupied the boxes."

Genevra Ingersol is herself both an author and an actress, and one of the very excellent company which is playing "Arizona" this season.

Frederick Warde, who will arrive in Portland during the month, is at present playing a successful engagement in San Francisco. There is no actor to whom Portland and indeed all cities in the West accord so warm a welcome as to Mr. Warde. The Marquam Grand is crowded to the doors when he appears in Portland. He is ably supported this season by Mr. and Mrs. Brune. Mrs. Brune was formerly Miss Tittell, and is well known to Pacific coast audiences.

Fragments.

The rough-hewn stone must be subject to much rubbing before we have the onyx striped and blended in colors fair to the eye. It is so with character. We need much rubbing and jostling before we are fitted to be gems in the eternal diadem.—Romeyn Merritt.

* * *

Out of your life and experiences are you developing into the larger and greater self? Are you the better and deeper for what you have learned and passed through? We are too successful and too prosperous to learn to know ourselves well. Only through great grief can the soul see the sky reflected in the well of its unfathomable depths.

* * *

A woman who has the cares of a house and a family and a husband to carry is trebly a burden-bearer. It seems hard and unjust and unfair that she should struggle thus for others, but her children are the inheritors of her vicarious atonement, and no saint in heaven deserves a halo so bright as such an unselfish mother.

* * *

Nothing pleases me so profoundly as to know that another and a deserving one has developed talents and faculties to the utmost, and has had an opportunity to make the most of the divine gifts God has given every human being. What of the future? Is there to be still a greater and a grander you?

* * *

Who shall be our greatest American woman? She who shall be kindest and truest and broadest to herself and to all the human race, serving lowliest and meekest, as Sandro Botticelli represents the Virgin bowing in humility and accepting the annunciation from the divine messenger that she was to bear the world a Savior.

* * *

What is success? Achievements?—So often accomplished by trampling down others. I would be an inspiration unto others by my ideals. Are my aspirations toward others right and unselfish? Then I can go forward undaunted, for I shall do no wrong. There is an armor for an invincible knighthood.

* * *

God demands my highest, best, and I only feel happy when I am giving and doing it. In this spirit let me simply live out that which naturally comes my way.

E. H.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

WHAT CHANCE OF SUCCESS HAS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN THE NEXT NATIONAL ELECTION?

I am given the question, What chance of success has the Democratic party in the next national election?

Its chance will depend upon its conduct, and if a short answer is in order, I will say that if the party will hold a convention, nominate George Dewey for President and Fitzhugh Lee for Vice-President, and adjourn, its success will be assured. But we must deal with probabilities, and this is not a serious way of meeting the case in hand.

By forecasting the future action of the contestants some reasonable conjecture of results may be ventured. McKinley and, in all likelihood, some New York man, say Hon. Elihu Root, will be the republican nominees; Bryan and probably some such Southern man as Governor Stone, of Missouri, will be their opponents. It is not at all likely that there will be any serious side issues, so that the voters will have to array themselves behind one set or the other of these leaders. The moneyed interests of the country, calling themselves by the less objectionable term of the "business" interests, will support McKinley with practical unanimity. Bryan will lead the agricultural population and the wage-earners, so far as the latter are free to voice their preference, as the body of his support. The sound-money democrats will divide, some going to McKinley on the financial issue, the remainder to Bryan on other grounds. Conversely, some silver republicans will support Bryan on this issue, while others will return to their former fold. Bryan will get the populist strength.

McKinley will have a more compact and better disciplined following, and will command infinitely more money for

campaign purposes. Bryan's force will be comprised of men of such divergencies of beliefs and past affiliations that it will be no easy task to weld them into a solid, effective body, and he will have very little financial aid.

McKinley's personality will arouse little enthusiasm among his supporters and little antagonism from his opponents; the party platform will be the strong feature of his campaign. Bryan's individuality will dwarf any platform utterances; yet he will dictate the party platform, so that it will be in perfect harmony with his own views. On personal grounds his adherents will extol him, and his opponents will denounce him.

If the republican majority in congress passes a radical financial measure, the silver question will lose much of the prominence it will otherwise possess; the status so fixed could not be disturbed in the next four years, and the question would be largely eliminated from the discussions of the campaign; and whether any legislation is had on this subject or not, it is plain to be seen that this party will declare for the gold standard. Its platform will also indorse foreign expansion in the fullest scope of the term; it will claim for President McKinley the glory of the successful termination of the Spanish and Filipino wars; it will reiterate the time-honored declaration in favor of a protective tariff; it will denounce trusts, but the denunciation will savor loudly of mockery, in view of the fact that these trusts are rooted in the protective system and have blossomed forth under the McKinley administration. These are the conditions which democracy will have to face.

If the keynote of the democratic cam-

paigned is made the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, defeat will be as certain as the arrival of election day. Whatever gradations of belief may be entertained in regard to bimetalism or the coinage of silver, this proposition is so widely believed to be fraught with destruction of the business stability and general welfare of the country that it can never prevail. And although the action of this congress might make the free coinage of silver impossible during Bryan's administration, the mere declaration in favor of it, supported by his advocacy, would alienate thousands of voters whose support might otherwise be had.

In like manner, if the democratic platform and candidates shall fail to commend the successful prosecution of our recent wars, defeat will be invited. The American people will never honor or approve any party or any candidate who does not bear aloft the nation's flag. This attitude would not be at all inconsistent with opposition to expansion, as the republicans will declare for it.

A controlling element in the electoral strength of the United States view with the most serious alarm the rapid drift of political power away from the people to the corporate and consolidated interests of the wealth of the country, represented by the Republican party. Had the Democratic party made its battle in the last campaign upon this broad issue it would have been invincible, but, as though it were playing into the hands of the opposition, it stirred up other strifes, which diverted attention from or obscured this predominant question, of which the enemy gladly took advantage to entrench themselves at every point, so that their dislodgment is now doubly difficult. A large majority of our people view with equal alarm the grasping and life-destroying hold which the trusts are laying upon every vital energy of the land; and,

it is believed, a majority of the thoughtful part of our population are no less disturbed at the prospect of distant alien acquisitions with the dangers and responsibilities which will attend them, an enumeration of which lack of space forbids. The more this question is discussed on intelligent and rational lines, the stronger will grow opposition to the republican idea.

Whether Bryan is the strongest candidate the democrats can, or may be expected to, nominate may admit of doubt. But with or without him as a standard-bearer, if the demand for free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 is abandoned; if a forceful and earnest appeal is made to the common people to resume the political rights and powers which justly belong to them, and to repel the encroachments of usurping agencies; if a declaration is made upholding the American flag and arms on sea and land; if resolutions are adopted demanding the retention of a naval base and emporium for trade in the Philippines, and the establishment of the independence of the remainder of the islands under a treaty of perpetual amity, whenever an opportune time shall arrive; denouncing trusts and pledging the party to the exercise of all legitimate means for their extermination; attacking the present inefficient and baneful tariff system; favoring the extension of our commerce on the high seas with all the nations of the earth; promising the lawful enactment of an income tax law; and declaring that the powers of the federal courts in the issuance of writs of injunction shall be defined and limited by statute; democracy will have gotten back to sound principles and will present to the country a case which will admit of no answer. If it did not win it would be because popular government is no longer dear to the American people.

L. B. Cox.

The Month

In Politics—

There have been no changes of consequence in the presidential political situation during the past month. It has come to be a generally recognized fact that McKinley will be the nominee of the Republican party for President, the only element of uncertainty being the manner of his nomination. Feeling among Republicans is gaining ground that the nomination should be by acclamation. At this date the chances are in favor of Secretary Root securing the nomination for the Vice-Presidency on the Republican ticket.

In spite of the attempts of some in high authority in the Democratic party to prove Bryan the only logical candidate for the Presidency, the party is today characterized by uncertainty, both as to its candidates and its platform. Doubtless the latter will be molded by subsequent events, and the leader of the former, whether Bryan or another, will be forced to accede to the new conditions. It seems certain, however, that silver will be made a prominent issue, whatever others there may be.

* * *

The series of British reverses in South Africa is complicating the political situation in England, and it is confidently stated that if Parliament were in session at this time the present party in power could not be supported. It is being generally recognized by the press in England and elsewhere that British arms are face to face with a far more serious problem than they had been led to believe. A realization of this fact, and a recognition of the costly mistakes that have been made, are creating much resentment toward the officials who brought on the war, and Chamberlain in particular. Now that the war has been begun, however, the great majority of all classes in England have come to the conclusion, backed by a fierce determination, that, whatever sacrifices it may

be necessary to make, the war must be carried through to a successful issue.

If reports are to be believed, the Boers are not very much terrified by the English advance. They have adopted the style of warfare most suited to the environment and their abilities, and it has developed that they are provided with a liberal supply of the best weapons and ammunition anywhere obtainable. At the present writing their equipment has proven even superior to that of the British, a fact which is a source of considerable chagrin in England.

* * *

The Czar has issued another peace circular.

* * *

The Fifty-sixth session of Congress opened December 4, 1899. Some very important matters have engaged its attention during the month. The most important of these is probably the Financial Bill, adopted by the House and now before the Senate. If passed, and there seems to be little doubt about it, the country will be upon an absolute gold basis for some time to come. The effect of this will be to change the status of the money question in the next national election. The investigation in the Roberts case has been thoroughly conducted, but the findings of the committee is a foregone conclusion—Roberts will be denied a seat. At present writing this seems also to be the fate of Quay, the committee which reports upon such cases having decided against him. He maintains, however, that he will be seated.

After years of inexcusable delay, the Nicaragua canal bill seems to be in a fair way to be passed. The Reciprocity Treaty with France is likely to be defeated, because of "the assertions in the French Chamber of Deputies that France has secured much the best of the bargain." Investigation in the case of Senator Clark of Montana shows that \$20,000.00 was offered by him or his friends for a vote.

There has been no change in the Philippine situation during the past month. While the regular Filipino army has been cut to pieces, there are still many marauding bands that are causing no little worry to the American army. The Filipinos assert that this state of affairs will continue indefinitely.

In Science—

The automobile is being introduced in the Soudan by a French company, and will be used in transporting merchandise. Between the station of Kayes, the limit of the present railroad, and the Niger, there is a stretch of country of about three hundred miles over which will be operated a line of automobiles. The vehicles will be of slow-speed pattern, and will follow a kind of wide natural road, which, though impracticable in the rainy season, is particularly suitable for automobile travel in the dry. There will be fifty automobiles, and they will have Chinese conductors.

There are six hundred and eighty-eight automobiles in use in the United States. In France there are six thousand five hundred and forty-six; in Belgium, four hundred and seventy-eight, and in Germany four hundred and thirty-four. The United States has one hundred and ninety manufacturers, but of this number only twenty were in a position to deliver vehicles on December 1, 1899. France has seven hundred and two manufacturers and over a thousand dealers.

* * *

The latest development of the automobile is a motor wheel, varying from one horse-power, suitable for a bicycle, to ten or more horse-power for a dray or truck. The wheel can be easily attached to the present style of vehicles. The motive power is gasoline, which is carried in two tanks on one side of the fork supporting the wheel. It is a unique and peculiar contrivance.

* * *

Harvard Observatory is to have a new telescope of extraordinary length for photographing the stars and planets. The funds necessary to defray the expense of its construction were anonymously contributed.

Norway has adopted the American system for the artificial propagation of salmon.

* * *

Recent statistics show the present population of London to be 4,484,717.

* * *

Candy has been added to the regular ration of the American soldier. One New York firm has shipped more than fifty tons of confectionery during the past year for the troops in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. The government buys candy of good quality, which would retail at thirty or forty cents a pound. It consists of mixed chocolate creams, lemon drops, cocoanut maroons and acidulated fruit drops. These are sent in sealed one-pound cans of a special oval shape, designed to fit the pockets of a uniform coat. According to the *Evening Post*, the use of candy as an army ration originated in some experiments on the diet of the troops conducted by the German government ten years ago. They showed that the addition of candy and chocolate to the regular ration greatly improved the health and endurance of the troops using it. Since that time the German government has issued cakes of chocolate and a limited amount of other confectionery. The Queen has just forwarded 500,000 pounds of chocolate in half-pound packages as a Christmas treat for the troops in the Transvaal. American jam manufacturers are considering a movement to add jam to the army ration. It has been found so wholesome for the British army that 1,450,000 pounds have been dispatched to South Africa as a four months' supply for 116,000 troops.—*Scientific American*.

In Literature—

Colonel Richard Hinton gives, in the *Saturday Review*, an account of a recent visit to the "Roycroft Shop," at East Aurora, and a detailed description of the editor of the *Philistine*, his daily life, dress and manners. Elbert Hubbard, according to this enthusiastic biographer, is an American William Morris.

* * *

The *International Monthly* makes its appearance with the beginning of the year 1900. It is published by the Macmillans and edited by Frederick Richardson, with the co-operation of an advisory board representing various departments of modern research in America, England, France and Germany.

* * *

The marriage of Hamlin Garland and Zulime Taft, of Hanover, Kan., is announced.

Funk & Wagnalls are publishing the only authorized edition of the "Expositors' Bible." It consists of twenty-five volumes, and is edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll.

* * *

The American Book Company has purchased the entire list of Harper's college and high-school text-books, numbering fully four hundred titles, and including important works in literature, history, mathematic, natural science and ancient and modern languages. There is also a large number of books soon to be published, the work of well-known educators.

In Art—

A collection of bindings was exhibited during the month in New York, and the theory that "the binding of a book should be emblematic of its contents" was given noticeable expression. Meunier exhibited some of his best work, and Marius Mitchell had on view an edition of "Paul et Virginia" bound in full Levant.

* * *

Baltimore Municipal Art Society has been holding meetings which have for their object the beautifying of the city.

* * *

The Society of American Artists announce their annual exhibition to be held in the Fine Arts Building, in March.

* * *

The recently formed American Society of Miniature Painters will hold its first annual exhibition at the Knoedler galleries during the month.

* * *

A remarkable find has been made in the studio and house occupied by the late Rosa Bonheur, at the village of By, in France, of some 2000 works by the artist, 200 of which are finished canvases in oil, and the remainder sketches and studies in oil and water color, together with a number of drawings, many of them important, and all characteristic of the great woman painter. The collection, which is valued at over 1,000,000 francs, is being prepared and arranged for exhibition and sale next spring in Paris.

* * *

Sir Philip Burne-Jones has recently completed a portrait of Rudyard Kip-

ling which shows the author sitting at work in his study. The picture is on exhibition in London.

* * *

Mr. Edgar Felloes carried off the first prize, a silver medal, in the contest conducted by the Photographic Times last month. The picture which won the honor for Mr. Felloes was the portrait of Frederick Warde, in the character of Macbeth, which originally appeared in the Pacific Monthly for March, 1899.

In Religious Thought—

Dr. Lyman Abbott thinks that "both within and without the church we are passing through a great transition of belief." And he holds that this transition, while it marks "a radical change in the substantial point of view," deepens rather than destroys religious faith. "We are coming to see," he continues, "that inspiration is a universal fact in human life. Never was God dumb in any epoch of the world; to any class of people. Everywhere and always he has spoken. In a true sense all good literature is inspired of God. Goodness and God are identical. * * The sacrifice of Christ is the very heart and centre, I believe, of Christian teaching and Christian life. * * * Sacrifice did not begin on Calvary, and it certainly did not end there. * * * Patriots had died for their country, martyrs had died for their faith, mothers had died for their children, long before the first century. And wherever a patriot had died for his country, or a martyr for his faith, or a mother for her child, or a friend for his friend, there was manifested, in smaller measure, that sacrificial spirit of God which makes Him the object of our worship."

* * *

Probably the most conspicuous event in the religious world during the month was the death of D. L. Moody, the great evangelist, on December 2. Mr. Moody's last words were: "I see the earth receding; heaven is opening; God is calling me." It is interesting to know that Mr. Moody was probably the wealthiest minister in the world. He has made over \$1,000,000.00 from the sale of his "Gospel Hymns" alone.

In Education—

A woman, Miss Grace C. Strachan, has been appointed associate superintendent of schools in Greater New York, at a salary of \$5,000 a year.

* * *

It is proposed to establish a British school at Rome similar to, and maintaining a close connection with, the school at Athens.

* * *

In Japan the recent ruling of the government regarding religious instruction in the schools is creating uneasiness among the missionaries there. The new ruling amounts, practically, they claim, to a "veto against all religious instruction."

Leading Events—

December 1—The secretary of war makes his first report. In the Philippines General Conon surrenders 800 officers and men, with rifles, and the garrison at Bayombong, in the province of Nueva Vizcaya, to Lieutenant Monroe.

December 2—The treaty for the partition of Samoa is signed at Washington, D. C.

December 4—The United States senate is opened with a brief session.

December 5—The president's message is submitted to congress.

December 6—It is announced that the next annual encampment of the G. A. R. will be held in Chicago.

December 7—The United States senate committee on privileges and elections meets to consider the protest against the seating of Senator Quay.

December 8—News is received from Manila of a five hours' battle in the mountain pass of Naracan, in which the insurgent forces were routed by General Young's column. From Pretoria comes news of fighting between the Boers and the British near Modder River.

December 9—British forces capture the Boer entrenchment of Lombardskop, near Ladysmith.—In Luzon, General Del Pilar, commander of Aguinaldo's bodyguard, is killed in an engagement near Cervantes.

December 10—Two hundred and twenty-nine Spanish, formerly prisoners to the Filipinos, arrive in Manila.

December 11—Word is received from Manila of the capture of Subig. General Lawton enters San Miguel.—At Stormberg, 672 British prisoners are taken by the Boers.

December 12—Puerto Rico asks that its political status be definitely determined.

December 13—The British are again defeated at Modder River.—In congress, Cushman, representative from Washington, makes a brilliant speech on the gold standard.

December 14—Senators McBride and Simon are given places on several important committees.

December 15—General Buller suffers severe defeat at Tugela river.

December 16—The American Federation of Labor declares against the practice of subsidy legislation.

December 17—Generals Roberts and Kitchener supersede General Buller in South Africa.

December 18—The house passes the currency bill by a vote of 190 to 150.

December 19—News is received of the death of General Lawton at San Mateo.

December 20—The Japanese envoy at The Hague, on behalf of the mikado, signs the international peace treaty.

December 21—The British at Ladysmith are reported to be short of ammunition.

December 22—Hon. John Barrett speaks at the New England dinner in New York, on "The New Pacific."

December 23—General Torres is awaiting reinforcements before attacking the Yaquis in Northern Mexico.

December 24—A Christmas truce is declared in the Transvaal.

December 25—General S. B. M. Young receives his appointment as military governor of Northwestern Luzon.

December 26—General Santa Ana, of the insurgent forces, attacks the American garrison at Subig.

Earth's Calendar.**Spring.**

In spring, blithe March is spreading his first green o'er the land;
With April's shower's to coax them, the primal buds expand—
And when May smiles upon them, they burst in beauty bland!

Summer.

In summer, June is shedding sweet rose-breaths all around;
With July's suns above them, the fields stand golden crowned;
Through August's regal ruling, the swinging sickles sound!

Autumn.

September's breezes cooling, the heated earth revives;
October's wealth of sweetings is loosed from Nature's gyves;
November's autumn splendor in richest tints arrives!

Winter.

December scatters snowflakes in bidding earth farewell;
White January, ice-bound, lends ear to steel and bell;
Sad February, sobbing, tolls slow old Winter's knell.

Adelaide Pugh.

The Financial World

CONDUCTED BY DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.

The power of one man to bring on or avert a panic in the financial world has never been so thoroughly understood or demonstrated as it has been during the past month. But for the timely intervention of J. Pierpont Morgan, there might have been a crash that would have wrecked thousands of prominent houses throughout the country. Indeed, there is no limit to the extent of the panic that might have raged had not Mr. Morgan stepped forward when he did. Probably there is no other man that could have accomplished the same thing. Certainly no other one in this country commands such tremendous influence as he does, and it was a belief in this fact, a faith in him, that averted the panic and made New York and the country breathe easy. Thus it was demonstrated over again that all business and financial operations are conducted purely on a basis of faith. Mr. Morgan, no one man or set of men, could have actually met the obligations which were technically assumed, but a belief in Mr. Morgan's judgment made a possibility, to all intents and purposes, of an actual impossibility.

The cause of the disturbance—the war in South Africa—may be considered as having expended its strength. Whatever the results of the war may be, it is not probable that we shall be threatened again with such a calamity, though the trouble in Africa will continue to disturb the financial situation somewhat.

* * *

The financial bill, which has passed the House and is now before the Senate, is a purely gold-standard measure and will, in all probability, be passed by the Senate and signed by the President. Should this be the outcome, the result should have a steadying effect upon financial centres, and it will go far towards eliminating the money question from the next national election—a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

The country has had a prosperous record these last few years, and is entering upon a new era of prosperity which may be postponed or prevented altogether if we are forced to go through another long, tiresome, troublesome, bickering financial campaign. The money question should be left alone—for the present at least.

* * *

There is to be no curtailment in any particular at this session of congress of the taxes provided for to carry on the war with Spain, although it is estimated that at the end of the present fiscal year there will be a surplus of \$40,000,000 in the treasury.

The news that the war taxes will stand was made known through Representative Hopkins, of Illinois, one of the leading members of the ways and means committee, after a conference he had with President McKinley at the White House. Mr. Hopkins said: "It would be a difficult matter to overhaul the law at this session, and I doubt very much whether anything of a definite nature will be attempted." There was talk at the beginning of the session of removing some of the war tax burdens, inasmuch as the receipts of the government were exceeding the expenditures by upwards of \$3,000,000 per month, but it has died out as a result of the quiet promulgation of administration views on the subject. A majority of the ways and means committee is now opposed to any amendments to the law which will to any extent affect the government's income. The argument made in favor of letting the law alone is that, while there may be a surplus in the treasury this year, there is no telling what may happen at any time to increase expenditures. It is better, the administration leaders say, to wait a while and see how things come out in the Philippines. There is no probability, republicans say, that the entire law will ever be repealed.—New York Journal.

Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.

A Great Evans.

Mr. Lasker calls this game, in his "Common Sense in Chess," one of the finest games on record:

Prof. Anderson: 23	B—Q 7 mate.
White.	Black.
1 P—K 4.	1 P—K 4.
2 Kt—K B 3.	2 Kt—Q B 3.
3 B—B 4.	3 B—B 4.
4 P—Q Kt 4.	4 BxP.
5 P—B 3.	5 B—R 4.
6 P—Q 4.	6 PxP.
7 Castles.	7 P—Q 6 (A).
8 Q—Kt 3.	8 Q—B 3.
9 P—K 5.	9 Q—Kt 3.
10 B—R 3.	10 K Kt—K 2.
11 R—K Sq.	11 P—Q Kt 4.
12 BxP.	12 R—Q Kt Sq.
13 Q—R 4.	13 B—Kt 3.
14 Q Kt—Q 2.	14 B—Kt 2.
15 Kt—K 4.	15 Q—B 4.
16 BxP.	16 Q—R 4.
17 Kt—B 6—Ch.	17 PxKt.
18 PxP.	18 R—K Kt Sq.
19 QR—Q Sq (B).	19 QxKt.
20 PxKt—Ch.	20 KtxR.
21 QxP—Ch (C).	21 KxQ.
22 B—B 5—dbl Ch	22 K—B 3.

Notes by Lasker:

(A)—A now obsolete defense.

(B)—One of the most subtle and profound moves upon record.

(C)—Grand!

The following two mover we present to our readers as a gem—the solving of which will tax their analytical powers to the full:

White: K—K R 7, Q—K 8, Rks—K 5 and Q 3, Kt—Q B 6, B—K Sq, Pawns—K Kt 5, Q Kt 3 and Q R 3—9 pieces.

Black: K—Q 3, Kt—K B 5, B—Q 4, P—K 3—4 pieces.

White to mate in two moves.

A prominent chess master is quoted as saying: "Morphy proved his pre-eminence, not merely by his victories, but

TYLER WOODWARD, President.
JACOB KAMM, Vice-President.
FRANK C. MILLER, Cashier.
JAMES NEULANDS, Asst Cashier.

Statement of the condition of United States National Bank,

OF PORTLAND, OREGON.
Nov. 24, 1899.

ASSETS:

Loans	\$395,976.69
Gold Coin	126,160.00
Demand Exchange	295,908.89
Silver Coin	3,296.35
Legal Tenders	8,155.00
U. S. Bonds and Premium	54,300.00
Real Estate, Furniture and Fix.	38,874.10
Redemption Fund	2,250.00
	\$924,921.03

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock	\$250,000.00
Deposits	587,148.12
Circulation	45,000.00
Undivided Profits, Net	30,272.91
Surplus Fund	12,500.00
	\$924,921.03

ATTEST: TYLER WOODWARD, President.

THE ABOVE STATEMENT CORRECT:
F. C. MILLER, Cashier.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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Every Gem

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also in the fact that his games, as a whole, show fewer errors of combination than those of any other player."

* * *

The Oregon Road Club has shown a genuine interest in chess by placing in its rooms chess tables, and men to match, of a kind and quality that would prove a credit to any chess club in the country. It is a pity our local players do not show a proper appreciation of this fact.

* * *

Where and When was Chess Invented?

John McDonald, of this city, maintains that chess is of Persian origin, while "Suum cuique" gives to China the credit of its invention. Some paleologists hold that chess was played in Egypt as early as 3000 B. C., basing their opinion upon monuments of that period representing two men playing a game over a board unmistakably divided into squares. History and tradition point to the Indies as the birthplace of chess. According to Indian folk-lore, the sage Ziga Ben Daher invented the game about 1000 B. C., in order to convince King Balhil that a king is powerless if deserted by or cut off from his subjects. In Persia, chess was introduced by Sultan Koren, 840 B. C. It is a curious coincidence that Ali Hassan, Caliph of Cairo, prohibited the playing of chess in that very year.—The Evening Post, New York.

* * *

BOOKS ON CHESS.

For beginners the most interesting books are: "Chess Openings," "The Principles of Chess," and "The Art of Chess," by James Mason. This is a graded series, and fully covers the ground. The most elementary works, probably, especially designed for beginners, are those of Gossip, Bird, Gunsberg, Chadwick and Foster. After a person has mastered the principles, and can do a little analysis, the best study is the games by the masters, annotated by experts. Among the best are: "The Hastings Chess-Tournament Book," "Morphy's Games," "The Lasker-Steinmitz Match Games," "Chess-Sparks," "Grenwell's Chess Exemplified."—American Chess Magazine.

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Drift

"You will have to wear spectacles," said the oculist.

"I'd prefer a monocle," answered Chapple.

"But both your eyes are affected."

"Then I shall wear two monocles."

The story is told of General Steadman that during the thickest of the fight at Chica-mauga he rushed up to a retreating brigade and shouted:

"Face about, boys! We must hold this point."

"But, general," objected an officer, "we have done everything that man can do—"

"What! Everything?" cried the general. "You haven't died yet!"

Some people are never at a loss for an answer, and the colored valet who got off the following is a good exponent of that class. It seems he was a lazy rascal, and his master one day remonstrated with him about his neglect of duty.

"But, massa, I's am not equal to de occasion as I once wuz."

"Why, George, what on earth is the matter with you now?"

"I's got a stitch in my side, sir, dat trubbles me a powerful lot, and I's not able to do as much as I hab been doin'."

"A stitch in your side! Oh, come, George, that won't do. Where did you get such a thing as a stitch in your side?"

"De ober day, sah. You see, I wuz hemmed in by a crowd."

Lady—I want some assistance in relieving an unfortunate man. Old Gentleman—My dear madam, when it comes to relieving an unfortunate man, you don't require any assistance. You are fully equal to the emergency.

A good example of the manner in which students who are "in" for several subjects at the same time get their ideas mixed, is that of the youth who, having to answer the question, "Who was Esau?" replied, "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and sold the copy-right for a bottle of potash."

"Will you trust me Fanny," he cried passionately, grasping her hand.

"With all my heart, Augustus; with all my soul, with all myself," she whispered, nestling on his manly bosom.

"Would to goodness you were my tailor," he murmured to himself, and tenderly he took her in his arms.

If your eyes

Should happen to fall upon this space there are some reasons why it should rivet your attention.

In the first place we are going to use it for some time.

In the second place what we have to say may be of interest to you. If you don't read what we say the first time, then perhaps you will the second, or the third, or the fourth, or the sixth, or the tenth. At any rate, we propose to get your attention, and you must hear us through sooner or later. It may be "the sooner the better" for you.

If you had an ailment, and a friend of yours who had had the same thing told you of a sure remedy for it, you would be foolish not to secure relief. That is simply common sense.

But people tramp around with corns, in constant dread of having their feet trod upon, and actually suffer agonies, when a little prompt action can save their feelings, and put smiles where there have been lines and frowns. There is one thing that will do that for you. It is

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A Clear and Colorless Fluid.

It will positively remove corns, and leave natural skins in their places. It sells for 25 cents a bottle (as reasonably as it can be made), and if you are tortured with a corn and will give our cure a trial, you will find that what we say is a simple fact.

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"Bill."

Not long since, in one of the prominent and flourishing mining towns of Northern Arizona, an incident happened which very aptly illustrated the happy Western way of settling matters, that was both ludicrous and pathetic. The story is absolutely true, with the exception of the names of the principals, who are prominent and respected citizens of that Northern Arizona town.

Judge Wicks came into the territory from the East a number of years ago, when the boom was on. Mining camps were springing up in every direction, money was easy and was spent with a lavish hand. He was a college graduate, a lawyer by profession, and highly respected for a time, until he fell in with that reckless class which usually predominates in mining towns. In a short time he became closely associated with the gutter, and his sober hours were indeed few. While living this reckless life, he became acquainted with a woman of lost caste. She was a woman of much intelligence, and far above the average in refinement, circumstance having much to do with her fallen condition.

During a sober hour, when remorse was gnawing at his conscience, he entered into an agreement with her to the effect each should reform; he to abjure all allegiance to his former associates and habits, she to do likewise, and together they would lead honorable, upright lives and regain the respect of society and of themselves.

In a short time they were married. He turned his whole attention to law once more, and soon secured a good practice at the local bar. They were living happily, and the people of the town gave them every encouragement. Soon after his reformation, Wicks was nominated by his party for the probate judgeship and was elected by a good majority.

During the political campaign he was unable to withstand the many temptations that beset the pathway of the politician, and he fell from grace occasionally, but temporarily only, for his wife, out of the fullness of her knowledge of the ways of men, made his penitent return to sobriety easy, and did not chide him for his waywardness.

It was during one of these temporary wanderings from the straight and narrow path that he and a party of choice spirits were seated around a deal table in the "Senate" saloon one evening, renewing old acquaintance with Bacchus, all being in a condition oblivious to the future, when a woman rushed into the place, with a baby in her arms. She was apparently under 30, poorly dressed, haggard and careworn. Going straight to the bar, she hurriedly laid the baby on the bar, and, addressing the barkeeper, said:

"You have robbed me of my husband, and of his money; I have gone without food and clothes; take it all; take his child and care for it."

With this she turned and ran out as rapidly and as suddenly as she had come, leaving them in ignorance as to who she was or

RAIN!

RAIN!!

RAIN!!!

IN this climate where one must carry an umbrella ten or eleven months out of the year, you can be harassed to death by the continued tearing, rusting or breaking of cheap umbrellas. It is the worst of

False Economy

to buy a cheap umbrella. By cheap umbrellas we do not necessarily mean cheap in price, but one into which poor stuff has been put. Such are dear at any price. We have umbrellas on hand at very reasonable prices, but in which the best of material has been used—umbrellas that you can carry with pleasure and pride—and you have confidence in their staying powers.

One reason why our umbrellas last so long and give such universal satisfaction is that they never rust. It is a fact though, that seven out of ten of the ordinary umbrellas

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where she was from. For a time the bar-keeper was stupefied with the responsibility so suddenly thrust upon him, but in a moment, looking from the squirming bundle on the bar to the judge and his party, he said:

"Well, I dunno but the woman was right, but I'll be — if I know who she was; reckon I'll take care of the kid ennyhow."

"No," suggested one of the party, "let's shake dice to see who gits the kid."

The judge, who up to this time had said nothing, slowly arose to his feet, steadied himself with his hand on the table, and with much dignity made a short speech, saying:

"Gen'lmen, in your sovereign capacity as citizens of this magnificent commonwealth, you have elected me as the legal guardian of such widows and orphans as happen in this county; therefore, I, as the legal and duly constituted guardian of such orphans as may be thrown in my way, shall establish a protectorate over this kid, and the first greaser that attempts to tamper with the findings of this court gets fined to the full extent of the law."

Having delivered himself of this speech, he turned to a colored boy standing near:

"Here, George, get a hack and take this kid home to his ma at once."

The colored boy secured the hack, took the baby to the home of the judge, and handed his charge over to Mrs. Wicks without explanation.

In a short time, after drinking to the health of the baby, whom the judge had promptly named "Bill," and to several others, the judge slowly and with many gyrations wended his way homeward. He found his wife with several other ladies in the parlor, wondering where on earth the child came from. The baby was cooing and seemingly delighted with its newly found home. The judge unsteadily made his way to the parlor and, standing in the doorway, inquired of his wife:

"Lizbeth, where's Bill?"

"Bill?" inquired his wife, in surprise.

"Why, who do you mean?"

"I mean Bill—Bill, the kid that I sent home a little while ago."

"It isn't a boy, judge; it's a little girl."

"I don't care what he is; his or her name is 'Bill,' 'n' Bill is good 'nuff fer anybody."

And a bright and lovable little girl as one could wish to see still lives with the judge and his estimable wife, and is known by all her acquaintances as "Bill." Whatever became of her mother no one has ever been able to tell, nor does any one seem to know where she came from, unless from one of the many mining camps in that vicinity.

J. S. B.

"A man is weak in proportion to his cowardice. The thing he fears is the thing that will conquer him, that will enslave and destroy him. He is strong—as strong as the world itself—if he understands it and yields his mind to the all-controlling fact that he is one with God."

John H. Mitchell

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Transvaal Literature.

"Who reads an African book? Thousands of people, it appears, from many editions of many of these works. It is astonishing merely to confront the books which have been written in the Transvaal. Many of the South African books, it is true, have been begun or finished on the journey from England to Africa, or from Africa homeward. Some of them have been written under the English flag, either in the mother island or in the Cape Colony. But across the Vaal itself—the river which the Boers made their boundary to the south when they shook the dust of Cape Colony from their feet and made their great exodus northward—on the other side of this Jordan of the Boers there have been books enough written to stock a small village public library. For the general reader, however, all of South Africa is a fascinating field at present, and as everybody who goes to the Transvaal goes to Cape Colony, and writes of both, there is no need to make too fine differentiation in the literature of these far-away lands. Olive Schreiner's 'Story of an African Farm' is, probably, the piece of fiction which has made itself most felt, quite as much for its vivid descriptions of the scenery and life, as for the woe of the morbid heroine who loved and lost a cad adored. There are numberless books on social and religious topics by missionaries of all nations, particularly Dutch ones who have gone from Holland to the Transvaal since the northern exodus from Cape Colony of their kin, the Boers, sixty years ago. Huguenot blood, too, is mingled with the tears and prayers of those who have struggled to hold up the standard of the ideal in South Africa, and their books have the sturdy, never-say-die quality of their kind. Every woman who can write at all tries her pen at a book on South Africa, if she goes either to the Cape or to the Transvaal, and the result is a lot of delightful reading."—The Evening Transcript, Boston.

Remitted.

Thomas F. Marshall, a nephew of Chief Justice Marshall, was in his day one of the most eloquent of Kentucky orators. He was famous also for his brilliancy and quickness at repartee, so that many stories in which he figures are still current. One such is related by Henry M. Rowley in a sketch printed in the "Southern Historical Society Papers."

Mr. Marshall was defending a man charged with murder. The adverse testimony was strong, and Marshall was hard put to it, especially as Judge Lusk seemed determined to rule against him. Finally, greatly excited by some ruling of the judge, Marshall exclaimed:

"Our Savior was convicted upon just such rulings."

It was now Judge Lusk's turn to be indignant.

"Clerk," said he, "enter a fine of \$10 against Mr. Marshall."

Amongst the minor ills of life

One of the very worst is laundry work that is badly done. It not only uses up the cloth rapidly, but it destroys the temper and gives one an unsatisfactory appearance where finish is most needed. Starched linen collars, shirts and cuffs must be unquestionably immaculate, done with no risk, a certainty as to result.

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"Well, this is the first time I ever heard of anybody being fined for abusing Pontius Pilate," was Marshall's response.

"Clerk," said the judge, "enter another fine of \$20 against Mr. Marshall."

Marshall rose at once, and with an inimitable expression upon his face, remarked:

"If your honor pleases, as a good citizen I feel bound to obey the order of this court, and intend to do so in this instance; but as I don't happen to have \$30 about me, I shall be compelled to borrow it from some friend, and as I see no one present whose confidence and friendship I have so long enjoyed as your honor's, I make no hesitation in asking the small favor of a loan for a few days, to square up the amount of the fines that you have caused the clerk to enter against me."

This was what Dick Swiveller used to call an "inscrutable staggerer." The judge looked at Marshall and then at the clerk, and finally said:

"Clerk, remit Mr. Marshall's fines; the state is better able to lose \$30 than I am."

Alaska to Uncle Sam.

Sitting on my greatest glacier,
With my feet in Behring sea,
I am thinking, cold and lonely,
Of the way you've treated me.
Of the way you've treated me.
Three-and-thirty years of silence!
Through ten thousand sleepless nights,
I've been praying for your coming,
For the dawn of civil rights.

When you tore me, young and trusting,
From the growling Russian Bear,
Loud you swore before the nations
I should have the eagle's care!
(Never yet has wing of eagle
Cast a shadow on my peaks,
But I've watched the flight of buzzards,
And I've felt their busy beaks.)

Your imported cross-roads statesmen
(What a motley, sordid train!)
Come with laws concerned in closets—
Made for loot and private gain!
These the best that you can furnish?
Then, God help the heathen folk
You have rescued from the burden
Of the rotten Spanish yoke!

I'm a full-grown, proud-souled woman,
And I'm getting very sick—
Wearing all the cast-off garments
Of your body politic.
If you'll give me your permission,
I will make some wholesome laws
That will suit my hard conditions
And promote our country's cause.

By the latest mail you sent me
(Nearly all your mails are late)
Comes the news that you've gone roving
In your proud old Ship of State—
Dreaming with a sunburnt siren
By the sultry Southern seas,
Where the songs of your enchantress
Swoon upon the scented breeze.

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You are blind with lust of conquest
 And desire for foreign trade,
 Or you'd see the half-drawn dagger,
 With its brightly burnished blade,
 Sticking in the loosened girdle
 Of the black brute by your side.
 (If you treat her as I'm treated
 She will stick it through your hide.)

Curb your taste for sun-killed countries,
 Where the natives loaf and shirk!
 Come to richer northern regions,
 Where the people think and work.
 If you want a part of Asia
 When the Chinamen are killed,
 Run a railroad up to Behring—
 I will show you where to build.

Come next spring and count my treasures,
 And don't stop at Glacier bay,
 Like the many high commissions
 You have started up this way.
 You will see my wooded mountains,
 With their citadels of snow,
 Gleaming in the purple distance
 Through pearl-hued Alpen-glow.

Standing on my flower-strewn hillsides,
 Where my mighty rivers meet,
 Gazing o'er my verdant valleys,
 Stretching seaward from your feet,
 You will see the sunlit splendor
 Of my moonless midnight skies,
 Gilded with the light supernal
 Shining straight from Paradise.

If you stay till hoary winter
 Has entombed the silent land,
 You will read celestial sermons
 Written by the Master's hand
 On the azure walls of heaven,
 Where Aurora's tinted light
 Weirdly flits like summer lightning
 All the ghostly Arctic night.

When you come I'll show you wonders.
 That will cause you great surprise,
 And if gold is what you're seeking
 You will open wide your eyes.
 Drive away your Wall-street schemers,
 With their coupons and their nerve—
 Then, while you extend your commerce,
 I'll expand your gold reserve.

You will find a magic city
 On the shore of Behring strait,
 Which shall be for you a station
 To unload your Arctic freight,
 Where the gold of Humboldt's vision
 Has for countless ages lain,
 Waiting for the hand of labor
 And the Saxon's tireless brain.

You shall have a cool vacation,
 Hunting for the great white bear,
 And you'll soon forget Manila
 And the trouble you've had there;
 For, as in the morn of nations
 Every highway led to Rome,
 You and all your restless rivals
 Will be sailing straight to Nome.

By Sam C. Dunham.

Sam C. Dunham.

(In the Nome News, October 21.)

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The Portland Sanitarium.

When the management of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium, of Battle Creek, Mich., came to look over the field in the Northwest for a suitable location for a branch sanitarium, it was but natural that Portland, Oregon, should be selected. For it was in Portland that all the elements necessary to successful prosecution of the great work of a sanitarium—delightful and salubrious climate, beautiful and inspiring scenery, and a naturally healthy location, made more so by a perfect water supply—could be found in the most satisfactory degree.

The wisdom shown in the choice of the city in which to locate, however, has been approached, if not surpassed, by the selection of the elegant residence and adjoining buildings of the Reed estate as the home of the institution. The site occupies an entire block, in an elevated portion of the city. The buildings are surrounded by beautiful lawns and driveways, while the grounds present a panorama of gorgeous flowers and clinging vines twining from tree to tree or twisting into fantastic shapes. Electric cars pass directly by the buildings, communicating with every part of the city.

That an institution of this kind was greatly needed has been demonstrated by the results of two or three years' practical work in the city. Hundreds of invalids and those seeking health have visited the institutions, and gone home completely restored or well on the road to health. The Portland Sanitarium is very different from the ordinary city hospital. The managers have had years of training and experience in caring for the sick; and the help, especially the heads of departments, have come directly from the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and are thoroughly qualified to perform the duties necessary to make the sanitarium complete.

Upon visiting the sanitarium, one would scarcely realize that it was full of sick people. The quiet, homelike surroundings, together with its many other advantages, in the way of special diet, electricity in the form of galvanic, faradic, static, and sinusoidal, combined with the electric-light bath, manual Swedish movements, special massage, and scientifically combined gymnastic exercises, which necessarily encourage physical development, make it a first-class institution for the care of the sick. It is the aim of the management to provide comfortable accommodations for all classes of people in delicate health. Those suffering from chronic diseases who cannot receive proper treatment at home, will find the advantages offered at the sanitarium such as will not only relieve their temporary suffering, but will be the means of completely restoring them to health. In fact, the sanitarium is a temporary residence, comfortable, healthy and pleasant, where sick people may spend a few weeks or months, accompanied by members of their family, if necessary, and in pleasant social surroundings, and at the same time receive special attention from expe-

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rienced physicians and trained attendants. It is not the object of the institution merely to give temporary relief, but to remove the cause of sickness, and thus restore patients to perfect and permanent health.

The sanitarium management has announced that it has recently installed a Sanitarium Health-Food Plant for the manufacture of a full line of pure natural foods, such as Graham, Whole Wheat and Oatmeal Crackers; Granose, Granola and Caramel-Cereal, with Diabetic and Infant Foods, and hopes to supply the people of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, Alaska, and, in fact, all the Northwestern territory, with perfectly fresh, crisp, and toothsome health foods. The same formulae and principles are used in their manufacture as are employed by the Battle Creek Sanitarium Health Food Company. These foods have been developed through years of hard labor and experiment.

One item which certainly is noteworthy is that the Portland Sanitarium is not a money-making concern. The founders are men and women of philanthropic motives, whose sole object is to uplift humanity, and to assist people to understand and obey all the laws of health. Under no circumstances does any one connected with the institution receive one cent of dividend; all the earnings of the institution are used for internal improvements, and for helping and treating the worthy sick poor. We most heartily recommend the sanitarium to the readers of our magazine. Write them for further information if you or any of your friends are sick.

"The strongest illusion is that which we call reality."

To C. C. C.

She waits by the golden gate for me,
And beyond is the sky and the boundless sea—
The changing, abiding, deep ocean of love,
With the sky of hope as the arch above.

I come, dear one, but the way is long,
And my only scrip is the lover's song
That springs in my heart and sings of thee
As I follow the path to the open sea.

I cross the mountains; I cross the plain;
And when I come to the hills again
I know that beyond I shall see the main,
And there, by the golden gate, at last
I shall find thee waiting, the journey past;
So I come, dear heart, but the way is long,
And the world heeds not my lover's song.

And the smile oft fades from the fickle sky,
And the birds to my voice give no reply;
But I struggle on to the sea of love,
With the sky of hope as the arch above;
I struggle on to the golden gate
For the west wind whispers, "I wait, I wait."

W. W. W.

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VOL. III



NO. 4

FEBRUARY
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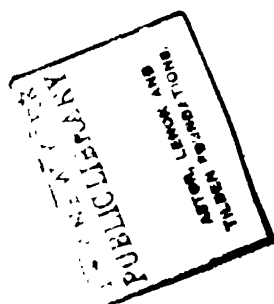
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The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. III.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 4.

The Sphinx of English Literature.

By GEORGE MELVIN.

FOR near three hundred years it has been read and studied, acted and discussed, and yet is now and forever new, is today as interesting, as irresistible in charm, as baffling and incomprehensible of meaning as when its immortal author first gave it to the Anglo-Saxon world.

Sublime in conception, masterly in execution, it is Shakespeare's mystery-play. In it he sounds all depths of mind and emotion, compasses the downward reach of mortality, and touches fingertips with stars.

There have been critics (I forbear to name them here) who have worried unnecessarily over the apparent want of unity, who have grown old trying to reconcile the seeming incongruities of the play, trivial faults that cease to exist when you cease to look for them. This masterpiece of the world's great master of truth and poetry must be regarded from a comprehensive point of view. If you so regard it, you will find the unities not sacrificed but made subservient to the execution of a conception that soars beyond the reach of rules. All attempts to confine it to certain limits of time, place and action are vain. Hamlet is not to be gauged by common standards.

One critic says of the Danish prince, and truly, I think: "Hamlet is a sort of universal man; in him every individual sees on some side a picture of himself; each one bears away what he comprehends, and often thinks it is all."

And again: "Everybody reads into Hamlet his own life experience and cul-

ture." In this, maybe, lies the secret of the unfailing charm that draws and holds in close, unconscious sympathy the world of thinking, feeling, struggling humanity, a poor, blind passion-cradled world, toiling in the dark, yet ever groping slowly, surely, toward the light.

And Hamlet—is he then a type of many-sided human nature? If we could but read deeper! The written word, though it is full of meaning, and reveals far intellectual reaches to him who leans to look and listen, gives hint of other and yet unsailed soundless seas of thought—glimpses of unscaled heights in man's moral and spiritual nature. "A sort of universal man," this mystical, melancholy prince upon whose every utterance we hang breathless, who thrills us with the truth he voices, and yet who makes us feel that all we see and hear is as a star-gleam through the dusk that hides a world of constellations; who leaves us unsatisfied, hungering to know what is in that pregnant mind which words, mere words, cannot convey.

Act I, scene 2, in the state chamber at Elsinore, where the king and queen, Laertes and the wordy Polonius, are introduced, Hamlet's entrance marks the real beginning of the play. Hamlet is the play. From the first he is distinguished by an air of majestic sadness, of unspeakable spiritual anguish. Like a mantle it envelops him, and he moves, a sombre, sentient shadow athwart the glare and splendor of that riotous, wicked court, the central figure in its hollow pageantry, but not of it.

An unnatural calm characterizes his demeanor toward the king, and there is evident a forced gentleness in his replies to the reproachful questioning of the royal couple, through which breaks the passion of despairing grief when the queen, reproving him for so persistently mourning the loss of his father, reminds him that death is common to mortals, and asks, with a touch of impatience:

"Why seems it so particular to thee?"

"Seems, madame! Nay, it is; I know not seems."

But this outburst is brief. Though he has that within which indeed "passeth show," he controls his emotion, outwardly, at least, and listens with downcast eyes and pale, immovable countenance to the long and heartless harangue of the king on the folly of indulging in this "unmanly grief, this unprevailing woe," and his hypocritical assurances of friendly interest and affection.

With a grace and a patience ineffably touching he yields to his mother's prayer, "Stay with us; go not to Wittenberg." Torn by conflicting emotions, harassed by doubts and fears and oppressed with the loss of his kingly and virtuous parent, he forgets not that this woman, though she has by her unseemly haste, in her unholy union with her brother-in-law, debased herself and outraged his father's memory, is still his mother. To her as his mother, he accords due obedience and respect. To his finely keyed sensibilities, the very presence and knowledge of the relationship must have meant torture, but—she is his mother, and in all seeming gentleness he yields. And the king, incapable of understanding a nature like Hamlet's, or comprehending the true cause and meaning of the act, mistakes his princely submission for tameness of spirit, and is pleased to believe that he may also be induced to cast his "nighted colour off." For Hamlet's mourning garb and melancholy air must have been a constant reproach to him, reminders of the crime he wished to forget.

"Why it is a loving and a fair reply,

* * * * * Madam, come;

This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart."

And so he will with the queen away

to fitly evidence his delight with noise of cannon, "respeaking earthly thunder."

When Hamlet is alone, his calmness falls from him like a cloak cast back from the shoulders, and he gives speech and license to his troubled heart:

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
God!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

But when Horatio and Marcelles enter with Bernardo, he recovers his composure sufficiently to greet his old friends kindly, and to refute Horatio's self-disparagement. The unaccustomed sight of the face of one whom he can trust, of one true friend in the corrupt and treacherous court of Denmark, moves him deeply. He makes no effort to conceal from Horatio the shame and humiliation which he suffers from his mother's insult to the memory of the dead king.

"Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father! Methinks I see my father!"

And Horatio, his mind full of the apparition which he had beheld the night before, is startled into believing for the moment that Hamlet also sees that ghostly visitant. Being assured that it is only a mental vision, he leads up to the subject which engrosses his thoughts, and, at Hamlet's solicitation, gives an account of the fearful sight, witnessed in company with Bernardo and Marcelles "in the dead vast and middle of the night." And Hamlet, easily enough convinced that it is his father's spirit they have seen, announces without hesitation his instant resolve to watch with them and speak to it, "though hell itself should gape," and bid him hold his peace.

It seems not to impress him as strange or unnatural that his father's ghost should walk in arms. He surmises that "all is not well," and longs for the coming of night that he may see and question. Certain suspicions, premonitions of the truth, are forcing themselves up from the depths of his tumultuous and grief-tortured soul.

Then follows the weird scene upon the platform of the castle. The star-lit

obscurity of midnight, "that dread hour when ghosts are wont to walk," the eager nipping air, the breathless waiting, the silence broken only by the hollow moan of the sea washing the walls beneath, and the sound of distant revelry which proclaims the feasting of the guilty king within while without his victim revisits "the glimpses of the moon."

"Hamlet," says a close student of this problematic character, "was the fate-chosen instrument of a mighty design," and attributes to weakness and evanescence of purpose his failure to act accordingly. The unhappy prince recognizes the end to which the finger of inexorable destiny points him, and bewails his luckless lot.

"The time is out of joint, O cruel spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

In his own great soul he doubts, while trying not to doubt, his right to do this thing which he has sworn to do. From the grave his father comes to reveal the crime that caused his "untimely taking off," and to cry for vengeance. In the horror of the moment Hamlet does not hesitate to swear. All else sinks into oblivion in the lurid light of the ghostly revelation. But in a nature so true and deep this state of feeling cannot endure. With the return of reason comes the question, the one great question, which to my mind constitutes the motive of the play.

A murder has been committed, his own father the victim. The murderer usurps throne and honors and insults the memory of the dead. Clearly, in the eyes of those about him, the son will be justified in avenging so terrible a wrong. By all known and accepted standards it is his duty so to do. It is neither weakness nor want of physical courage that deters him. It is a dim recognition of a higher law and a truer standard than those of courts and kings and common clay. It is the hitherto unheeded and unheard voice of God speaking to his soul. He thinks, believes, that he must slay his guilty kinsman, yet feels that in this act he will himself commit a crime as terrible as that which he seeks to punish. From the first, struggle as he will; he cannot reconcile his oath to the mur-

dered king with his fealty to heaven. He hears continually the divinely awful "Vengeance is Mine" thundered in the depths of his soul—a tempest which human reasoning cannot still.

Withheld by this inner prompting from instant execution of his oath, he seeks in every possible way to satisfy his own conscience by some tangible proof of the king's guilt. He will be sure that he is serving human justice. His lofty spirit will not stoop to mere revenge. The arrival of the players at Elsinore suggests to him a plan whereby he can test the truth of the ghost's accusation.

"I'll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit I have seen
May be the devil, and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

But when the play is over, when he can congratulate himself upon the success of his artifice, and is convinced of his uncle's guilt, he still hesitates. His responsibility to God outweighs his obligation to the dead. Though he will not acknowledge it even to himself, the thing he would do is murder, and the moral force within forbids him to commit a crime. He does not understand, or if at all, but vaguely. He chafes at the restraint which his own great soul imposes, and deems himself a coward, incapable of action. Opportunities offer but he lets them pass, and curses his indecision. With every hour the perplexity of his position deepens. The very forces of his being are at war. He would and he would not act. In the one case, though he is but dimly conscious of this, he will transgress divine law and imperil his soul, in the other prove false to his vow—a craven coward in the sight of men. Driven to desperation, his agonized mind ponders the dark question of self-destruction. Involved in the unutterable madness of grief and passion, he catches blindly at this faint, ghastly gleam. O for light! The one outspoken prayer of Hamlet is for light, more light.

In this maelstrom of moral anguish

and doubt there is no room for tender sentiment. Romance, love, sweet dreams—these are broken and engulfed in the night of mad emotion. Ophelia! To think of her has become a sacrilege. She is too pure and fragile to withstand the volcanic fury of his burning heart. Sweet and delicate as a flower, she withers at the first rude breath. Had she been stronger, "a perfect woman nobly planned," the conclusion of Hamlet's life story might have read far otherwise. Ophelia is not of the sisterhood who "understand." She shrinks, crushed and hurt, from the madness she might have helped to cure. It is her misfortune, not her fault, that she fails him in his hour of need.

"Did Hamlet love her?" Yes; as we love any fair, sweet thing, but not as a man loves the women who sways his life; not as he could have loved. And in the rush of events he forgets her utterly, for a time.

And still the conflict rages—till at last he ceases to listen to the voice within. Discovering the king's plot against his life, he, too, stoops to treachery, and sends the guilty instruments to their own unconscious destruction. By this one act he ceases to stand part, or above the common humanity of his day and age. He descends, to become a drop in the vast, surging sea of human wretchedness; and for such a sinner there is no

return. His very greatness insures his ultimate ruin. It is another fall of man.

A very able student of Shakespeare dates the turning point in the play from the death of Polonius. I cannot agree with him, because, in the first place, that act was not the result of deliberate purpose, and, in the second, it was instantly deplored and repented. The real beginning of the end is when he loses his hold upon Divine Goodness, and drifts upon the rocks of fatalism. Just how this comes about, or when, it is difficult to determine with exactness, but that it did occur is evidenced in the crafty vengeance which he inflicts upon Guildenstern and Rosencrantz. And that it broke up the strong fastness of his soul, numbed his spiritual faculties, and hurled into chaos the moral consciousness hitherto so active he gives verbal proof in his admission to Horatio. The first outward manifestation of the change within is, as I have said, the trick whereby he turns the tide of fate and sends his jailors to the doom prepared for himself. What follows is the inevitable result of that act, in which he seals the death warrant of his soul and falls headlong from the sublime heights of moral righteousness to the uttermost depths of human night.

"And a man's life's no more than to say one." This play of Hamlet goes beyond mere life—it lays hold upon the things that are before and after.

Her Answer.

With glowing words you bring your heart
to me,
And lay it at my feet; and from the springs
Of love and longing in its depths, it brings
Tears to my eyes, where smiles are wont to be.

You say you love me; and you beg to know
If in my heart there is an answering flame—
If my calm pulses quicken at a name—
Or if one footstep sets my cheek aglow.

Are these the signs of love? I cannot tell.
I am not sure I love you; yet I know
That footstep and that name are dear, and so
I dare not say: "I love you not." Ah, well!
In love's uncertainty, I can but say,
If love be absent, 'tis not far away!

Florence May Wright.

A Brave Defense.

A Story of Pioneer Days in Oregon.

By CAPTAIN HARRY L. WELLS.

IT WAS a beautiful morning in October; pretty Mrs. Harris, as she went singing about her household duties, occasionally glanced out of the window at her two children playing stage-coach on the rail fence of the corral about the barn, or stepped to the open door to drink in the invigorating air. Never, to her eyes, had the lovely valley of the Rogue River looked more charming. For miles the valley extended in gentle undulations, dotted thickly with little clumps of moss-grown oaks, gently rising towards the horizon in slopes of brilliant green to the summit of the Cascade mountains, above which Mount Pitt thrust his white head, crowned with eternal snow. A little to the left, in the middle ground, the huge basaltic mass of Table Rock rose abruptly from the valley, the river flowing around its base with a noisy rush that spoke of a rocky channel and an impetuous haste to reach the sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris had crossed the plains to Oregon in 1852, with one of the great emigrant trains that toiled wearily over sandy wastes, alkali deserts, rugged mountains and turbulent rivers, had escaped the dangers from Indians, from accidents, from starvation and from cholera, which claimed so many victims that fated year, and had finally settled in this beautiful and fertile valley of the Rogue River. The foothills and mountains to the south were then the scene of feverish activity. Gold hunters, who had worked their way north from California the year before and discovered good "diggings" in the Siskiyou, toiled with pick and pan and, as miners must eat in order to live and work, there was a demand for food at such high prices that a man with a family, like Mr. Harris, was more certain of digging wealth from the ground in the form of potatoes than in the shape of gold dust. Besides this,

he had gone to Oregon to make a home.

So the Harrises had settled upon a fertile tract, and erected a substantial house of logs, with two rooms below and an attic above, the whole roofed with long shakes riven from the white cedar so plentiful in that region. A barn and several other outbuildings of shakes, a corral for the horses, and a spring of soft water near the house completed this pioneer home, around which were unfenced fields cultivated to grain and vegetables. Cattle roamed at will and grazed upon the free grass of the valley or slaked their thirst in the cold waters of the river.

Three years had passed since they first settled in the valley, and every year there had been trouble with the Indians, whose headquarters were in a lovely valley in the rear of Table Rock. That mass of basalt, from whose top and precipitous sides the elements had long since washed every particle of earth, was known to the Indians as Council Rock, and from time immemorial had been a landmark and a treaty ground for the tribes of that region. Only two years before, General Joe Lane, "the Marion of the Mexican war," had there concluded a treaty with them, after severely whipping them in battle. Yet the settlers never looked at the barren walls of that mighty rock without thinking of the savages who lived behind it, and were a constant threat of danger. Some premonitory thought of this passed through the mind of Mrs. Harris, as she stood at the door of her cabin, and feasted her eyes upon the landscape, on this ninth day of October, 1855.

It was nine o'clock. Her husband was working in the field back of the barn, and Reed, the hired man, was at the farther end of this field. Little Mary, aged three, and David, aged ten, had tired of playing stage-coach on the rail

fence. Mary had gone around to the front of the house to show her mother a pretty snail-shell she had found, and David had gone down the road a few hundred yards to count the speckled eggs in a quail's nest, discovered in the bushes a few days before. At this moment Mrs. Harris heard a shout, and, looking up, saw her husband running towards the house at the top of his speed, pursued by a band of Indians. They had killed Reed at the farther end of the field, but had been discovered by Mr. Harris before they reached him, stealing along from one clump of bushes to another. He dropped his hoe and ran for the cabin, determined to defend the lives of his family from behind its protecting walls. Just before he reached the door the Indians fired upon him and he was mortally wounded in the breast, but with the help of his wife he succeeded in getting inside and fastening the door with a heavy wooden bar used as a lock by the pioneers.

"Ellen," he said, "you have been a good wife to me, and if you live will be a good mother to our children. As for me, I am helpless to defend you. It is your duty to do what you can to defend yourself and our little Mary. Leave me to die, and trust David in the hands of God. Go up stairs and get the two guns and the pistols and all the ammunition we have, and bring them down here and fight for your life and that of our little girl, and God bless you both."

It was then that this woman proved herself worthy of the name of pioneer. Her home surrounded by yelling savages; her husband dying, and her little son at the mercy of the cruel foe, she yet had strength and courage to defend herself and child, and prepared to sell her life as dearly as possible.

She knew the use of firearms, and, obedient to her husband's last command, brought her little arsenal and laid it ready to hand upon the kitchen table. With desperate energy she loaded the weapons alternately and discharged them through the chinks between the logs of the cabin walls. The Indians kept up an incessant firing, and in a few minutes little Mary was wounded in the arm. The terrified child crawled up into the attic,

where she remained till the fight was over.

The mother dared not take time either to bind her daughter's wound or to minister to her dying husband, whose lamp of life went out quietly while she was shooting at the savage forms without, first on one side of the house and then on the other. If she thought of her missing boy it was only to commend him to God for protection. The frequency and steadiness of the fire doubtless deceived the Indians, and led them to believe that Mr. Harris was still alive. They dared not approach the house near enough to set it on fire, and, after keeping up a skulking fight for several hours, they burned all the outbuildings and went away, afraid of being caught by some relief party from the settlements.

The fate of little David was a sad one. When he heard the shooting and saw the savages around the house, he knew he could not get in, and that he would be killed if seen. He was a sturdy little soul, as the boys of the pioneers were wont to be, and he conceived the idea of going down the road about four miles to the house of Mr. Wagner, the nearest neighbor, and getting help for his father and mother. Poor little fellow! He knew not that the Wagner house was already in ashes, and that Mrs. Wagner had been burned alive within it. On he trudged manfully, crying, to be sure, but none the less full of youthful courage and determination. But it was all in vain. He soon fell into the clutches of the band that had burned out the Wagners, and was hurried off towards the mountains, the Indians fearing pursuit from the soldiers at the fort and the miners and settlers farther up the valley. His little legs soon became tired, and, as he was too much of a burden to be carried, he was killed and thrown into a canyon, where his bones lie to the present day.

When the Indians withdrew to save their skins, Mrs. Harris bound up the wounded arm of the frightened child in the attic, and, leaving a kiss upon her husband's cold brow, slipped stealthily out of the house with Mary, and went to a clump of willows near the road, where the two lay in concealment during the remainder of the day and all the long

and chilly night, a constant prey to fear from the wild animals they dreaded less than the savage men. Several bands of Indians passed their hiding-place, but all were in a hurry to get away, and neither discovered them nor molested the deserted cabin. In the morning Major Fitzgerald rode up with a company of dragoons from Fort Lane, and the two fugitives came out from their hiding-place. Some volunteers also came, and buried the dead father and took the mother and daughter to Jacksonville for safety.

For six months, war raged with the Indians through the mountains of Southern Oregon. Two regiments of volun-

teers and nearly a regiment of regular soldiers fought them in many battles, and finally conquered them and removed them to a distant reservation. During all that time, and for several years thereafter, the brave Mrs. Harris was in an agony of doubt as to the fate of little David. She knew not whether he had been carried off by the Indians, as so many other pioneer boys and girls have been, or whether he had been killed. Finally she abandoned all hope, and many years later an old savage on the reservation told of the resting-place of the brave lad's bones at the bottom of a dark canyon.

The Bonfire on the Beach.

Cheerily blazed the driftwood fire -
In a hollow of the snowy sand;
Around it sat, chance-gathered there,
From widely sundered shores, a band

Of jovial spirits, met to pass
An hour in social merriment;
The encroaching darkness 'round them closed
Its curtains like an ebon tent.

The kindly jest, the joyous laugh,
The ballad and the chorus strong,
Each other followed merrily,
And then again the tale and song.

The pungent odor of the smoke,
The chilly night wind as it blew
But gave to all a keener zest,
And closer still the circle drew.

The simple cheer, the homely food,
Rudely prepared and eaten then,
Seemed Epicurean luxuries
Beyond the usual fare of men—

A banquet-board and hearthstone bright
To those who, strangers heretofore,
In broken bread and open heart,
Found friendship on that lonely shore.

The old-time friends grew dearer still
As passed the happy hour away,
Beside the roaring seas that stretch
To far Cipango and Cathay.

Will J. Meredith.

Long Beach, Wash., Aug. 19, 1899.

Terror on a Mountain Top.

By *GEORGE M. MILLER.*

A NERVOUS tap, tap, tap, at your chamber door in the early morn while you are yet in the border land of dreams, is not a very welcome sound, especially in Alaska where the business day ends with 12 o'clock midnight and begins only at 12 o'clock noon. Nevertheless, I had promised, and by the third repetition of the knock I was out of bed and at the door making all sorts of apologies for oversleeping.

A hasty breakfast and I was ready for the start to the summit of Vestovia, one of the highest peaks that tower above the town of Sitka. Mount Vestovia is a mountain in every sense of the word. Like many of these Alaskan peaks it sits with its feet in the sea. Its summit is surmounted by a dome of rock which from its peculiar shape bears the name of the Arrow Head and rises some 500 feet above the main structure. From the sea wall on Sitka bay it rises in one precipitous slope 3,200 feet, and from this quarter is practically inaccessible. We therefore decided to attack from the rear, going up the Indian river for a distance of five miles, turning to the right and ascending the ridge that connects the mountain with those lying farther inland, follow this backbone towards the Arrow Head and descend in the direction of our starting point. Our journey then lay in the shape of a horseshoe.

We were fortunate in having a perfect day. The first five miles led along a miner's trail, through a dense forest of spruce, hemlock and cedar. In Alaska the moss is everywhere and beautiful in varying shades from gold to deepest green, on the trunks of fallen trees, swinging from the overhanging branches, in the transparent and gurgling brooks and on the stones by the roadside. Here and there the sunlight found its way into the depths of forest shadow revealing and emphasizing these hues. Many varieties of delicious ripe

berries hung over our winding path. The scent of the damp woods and Indian musk filled the air; the song of the running river, with now and then a distant bird note, made music in our ears. and the belated and welcome dew from the overswinging boughs cooled our perspiring faces.

At the end of three hours' walk we were at the miner's empty cabin, and at the beginning of our hazardous climb. Beside a dashing brook fed by melting snows we disposed of our luncheon. From here on no path or sign marked the way. We were now at the timber line. Below us the dense woods, above us the moss-covered mountain, seamed with glacial gorges and armored with overhanging cliffs.

Selecting what appeared to be the only accessible approach to the summit of the great backbone we began the climb. During the warm season, under the heat of the sun, the snow on many of the mountains of Alaska disappears, excepting in the gorges and canyons, where it has been massed by the winter winds. Many slopes are too steep for snow to lie upon and it slides down forming great banks at the base. Passing the foot of one of these banks we discovered a subterranean passage leading under its entire length. The snow had packed in a gorge and the water flowing underneath had melted it away enough to admit a current of air. This had continued the thawing process until now the passage was quite high enough for a man to walk uprightly. The deep shades of color in the snow overhead were beautiful beyond description.

For the next 2,000 feet our ascent was steep and dangerous. Beyond the timber line wherever there is soil enough to support it the earth is covered with a compact growth of vegetation that appears to be the connecting link between moss and shrubbery. It grows thick

upon the ground like moss with fibers six to ten inches in length and very tough and strong. Clinging with both hands to this and drawing ourselves up we made satisfactory headway, and by 3 o'clock were on the summit of the backbone. This we found to be much like an inverted sawblade, with now and then one or more teeth broken out. My companion complained somewhat of dizziness, and I felt an uneasiness in the pit of my stomach, which at the time I mistakingly attributed to nothing more serious than human sympathy. Lying prone upon the moss-covered crest we viewed the widened landscape. To the south and below us Blue lake, blue as a robbin's egg, lay in a nest of black woods. To the east the mountains. Mountains that seem to mark the border land of another world. Mountains that forbid the passage of man, even in his most daring and reckless search for gold. Though this island, called Baran-off island, is eighty miles in length and only thirty in width, and has been settled by whites for more than 100 years, so rugged are its mountains it is said no person has ever crossed it except in one place. The chief characteristic of Alaska mountains is not so much in their great altitude as in their bold and rugged acclivities. Then, again, they do not stand in lines or ranges as those of Oregon and California, but are content to sit around on the grass anywhere in promiscuous disorder, and in many instances with their feet in the sea. Our view to the westward encompassed the Bay of Sitka with its more than 300 evergreen islands, and beyond this the broad Pacific. On the bay an occasional white sail was seen. Strange it seemed to us that while on the water below there was a good sailing breeze; at our altitude not a breath of air could be felt. The day was perfect. Not a cloud in sight and the atmosphere as clear as possible. A deer walked out in open view and watched our movements with undisturbed curiosity. To the north the Arrow Head, our destination towered still above us. Resuming our journey we climbed the first sawtooth, the next and the next with little

difficulty, though in many places we were compelled to cling to the moss for safety, and at several points the backbone was so narrow and steep that we were compelled to hang a leg on each side and drag ourselves along with our hands.

Passing the last broken tooth we reached the base of the Arrow Head in comparative safety, minus an unknown quantity of self-confidence. Resting here again we contemplated the prospect with some doubt. To the right hung a jagged cliff with a descent of more than 1,500 feet. To the left impassable gorges and crevasses of mysterious depths. In front of us the giddy Arrow Head, rising 500 feet, and up which we must climb like flies on a window pane, and that without wings. To start up that dizzy height without a guide seemed madness; to turn back was out of the question, for, in that case, darkness would overtake us before we could reach the settlement. Our deliberations finally ended in a determination to go forward. My companion, whose improved condition had fitted him for the lead, started upward. I did not dare to look up or down, to right or left. I only groped and followed the voice and directions of my friend. We had no ropes or other safety appliances and my shoes were without hobnails. The first hundred feet of climbing was against rocks firmly imbedded. (In climbing such a mountain as this you do not climb over it, you climb against it. You are not over it in any true sense until you are on the top).

A voice came from above, "Keep to the right, below the big rock, out on that projecting shelf. It is the only way." At this moment I was clinging and crawling up a ridge or rib of solid rock when my left foot slipped and—I still live to say it, the rocks being firm and sharp, I caught just in time to escape instant death. In order to save myself I threw my weight upon the rough ledge with such force as to bruise and lacerate my knee and the pain of it along with the shock of my narrow escape produced nausea. I realized now that for the first time in my life

I was thoroughly terrified. Notwithstanding I had my life insured, and, as I supposed, had made all spiritual preparation and business arrangements to meet death however soon and in whatever shape it might come, I found the animal desire for life had full control and that the animal was thoroughly frightened. I had been through many sorts of dangers, had looked into the muzzles of loaded pistols and been mixed up with runaway teams where I had expected my life to be crushed out the next instant. In none of these dangers had I experienced a degree of the terror that now filled my whole frame, even to my finger tips.

There was no place to rest. I must cling and climb. I came to that projecting shelf of loose rocks. What if one of these should yield a few inches only, or if I should faint, as I felt I must? Many of you have dreamed of falling immeasurable distances and felt the indescribable ache that accompanies the sensation. This ache was in my very bones. I felt as helpless as a new-born babe and shamed at the knowledge of the feeling. The shelf of loose rock was scaled in safety, however, and in due time I reached the summit, threw myself upon a bed of moss and wondered long at human frailty. We found the descent on the opposite side of the Arrow Head scarcely less hazardous and annoying, but by deliberate caution reached lower slopes in safety, resolving to never again attempt a climb so reckless. How that resolution was broken and with what results you shall soon know.

* * * * *

Two weeks had passed since my disagreeable mountain experience, and the usual duties of life and physical rest had restored my nerves to their normal condition. Yet, every mental reflection upon or casual view of that sky-piercing height, brought back the creepy aches into every bone of my body. This annoyance finally resulted in a determination to again ascend the mountain, and alone, and by familiarity with its dangers, teach myself the folly of fear. The moon was now at its full; why not

make a moonlight trip of it? An Alaska moon on a cloudless night, owing to the extreme purity of the atmosphere is beautiful beyond words.

With some brief preparations for the trip I flung myself down upon my bed for an hour's rest before setting out.

* * * * *

What a rare night! The moon was well above the horizon and smiled in all the queenly brilliance that only the northern moon bestows. Athwart the silvery waters of the bay lay a path that was paved with diamonds. The stillness of the hour was most impressive. To me it was even prophetic, and yet the fascination of danger smothered the warning, and I pressed on.

Being a fair woodsman I had no difficulty following the route taken two weeks before. The cool night air in my face, the damp odor of the forest, the stillness of the night, broken only by the murmuring streams and the occasional call of a distant night bird, the weird moonlight—companions to an irrepressible premonition of impending disaster—thrilled me, yet my eagerness lent swiftness to my feet, and ere I realized it, I was clinging to the moss and climbing the first perilous ascent to the backbone. Scaling this I flew on towards the towering Arrow Head. My objective point was now in sight. On the dizzy heights of those sawteeth where two weeks before I had clung on all fours, I now walked upright, and even leaped from stone to stone on the very verge of the perpendicular cliff above the chasm whose depths were made doubly black by the shadow of the mountain.

The coolness of the night made rest unnecessary. On I hurried scarcely looking to the right or left. The sight of that unhallowed thing that had frightened the manhood out of me and had transformed me into a cowering beast now maddened me to a frenzy. I reached the base of the Arrow Head and paused. Resting here for a moment my senses revived enough to discover I had made no preparation for the dangerous climb before me. My shoes were without hobnails, and from the long travel over the moss were as smooth as glass.

Nevertheless I could not now turn back. I had come safely so far and felt no fear. I cast one look at the sky-piercing peak and bolted up its precipitous side. Clinging with both hands to the overhanging rocks I cast a glance below, when the terror seized me as before, intensified tenfold, though I did not grow sick as then.

I struggled on. My feet slipped again and again. I lost heart and hope; yet like a wild creature I clung and groped in the semi-darkness, for the moon was now shining on the opposite side of the mountain, and I was in its shadow. In this darkness I missed my way and soon reached an impassable point. I had drawn myself up thus far by feeling with my hands, holding to whatever presented, but now reach as far as I could there was no welcome crack, service or projecting ridge for my grasp. My feet rested on a ledge of unknown security. An attempt to turn back meant certain death. Below was the black shadow of immeasurable depths, from which I now realized there was little chance of escape. I dared not look down. There was but one chance in a hundred. I must jump and stake my chance on catching a hold in what in the dim light appeared to be a crevice in the rocks, some three feet beyond my full arm's length. There was no time for delay. The pain from terror was breaking my bones. Beads of sweat stood on my forehead. I felt I was growing blind. My heart threatened to stop beating and my breath came slow and hard. It was madness to attempt that leap; it meant death to delay. I made one desperate effort at composure and sprang with all my power to find the supposed crevice was only loose moss. With a groan that must have sent a chill through every stone within reach of my voice, I slid from the rock into the blackness of that black shadow below. The impetus given by

the slide from the sloping rock sent me far out and clear of the projecting cliffs. You who have cast stones from high declivities know about how long it took me to fall this 2,000 feet in open space. At first I felt the cool air in my face, then the coolness turned to burning as the velocity increased. The vibration of the air caused a roaring sound that gradually but rapidly changed to a higher key. Total darkness enveloped me almost instantly, I felt the cutting prints of my finger nails in my palms as I instinctively grasped the empty air. My heart refused to act. My brain had grown sluggish. At the beginning of the fall I had given up all hope and only waited for the dull thud that I assured myself I would not be able to feel or hear, to end all. At last a change came over me, and, quick as a flash, I saw the moonlight above and on the valley below the mountain's shadow. I ceased descending. The pain and terror were gone and in their stead a feeling of safety and delight. I heard the fall of a leaden lump below me and its faint echo in the walls of the gorge and did not feel concerned. I heard the lonely call of the night bird and sweetest music from I knew not where. Instead of falling I now began to rise and soon came into the full glow of the moon. With no effort greater than a wish, I reached the top of the Arrow Head. I had conquered at last. There was no pain or terror now. The animal body with these had gone to the rocks below and I was glad. I stood upon the very pinnacle of that giddy height gazing upon the sleeping town beneath, and as a triumphal salute to all its inhabitants threw out both arms—and knocked my lamp chimney into the washbowl and the noise awakened me. I was still in bed. My last ascent of the mountain had been a dream.

The Indian "Arabian Nights."

By H. S. LYMAN.

A Series of Indian Stories and Legends, began in September, 1899.

THE STORY OF CELIAST.

ABOUT three years from the date of Celiast's reception at the fort, Nathaniel J. Wyeth came with his rival fur company to establish a trading post upon the Columbia. The post did not prove either permanent or a profitable one, and the company went to pieces in the course of a few years and scattered to the four corners of the earth. In the party, and left from it, was a young man of good education and much enterprise, in fact, a scion of one of the best families of New Hampshire. Having come to the Pacific Coast to make his fortune and live his life, he was loath to retrace his steps, and so cast about for something to do in this new land.

Dr. McLoughlin, knowing his attainments and sympathizing with his desire to remain on the coast, employed him to teach the children at the fort, the former instructor having gone to sea.

They were Indians and half-breeds—these children—restless but quick to learn, and his tasks were light. He had much time for long walks along the river bank, for loiterings in the woods and musing in his canoe upon the majestic tide that was at times like burnished silver. Somehow, before he had been long at Fort Vancouver, he was constrained to notice the young Indian mother whose two bright-eyed children were his pupils.

Possibly Celiast, hoping to pick up some crumbs of knowledge for herself, lingered about the schoolroom. At all events, either from her or from the governor himself, the young American learned her story and was deeply touched and interested. He recognized, with Dr. McLoughlin, the depth and purity of her character, and at last he said to her the words that made her his own while life should last. For Celiast loved him, and from that day they were as one.

For some time he continued to teach, but changed the location of his school to the place above the "Falls," where many Frenchmen had settled with their native families. But later came the missionaries, and the school was turned over to them. The teacher became a millwright and went into business at Chehalis. Perhaps he worked too hard or perhaps the surroundings were not healthful; anyway, he fell ill, and Celiast, thinking of her girlhood's home by the sea, where the rigor of the salt wind kept one strong and well, besought him to return with her to her own land. It was in this manner that Celiast came back to her people—the loved and honored wife of an honorable man. And it was here on the plain by the sea, where the tall grass waved and rippled in the wind, and the tides swept in and out of the winding creeks, that they founded their home.

This home became in a short time the nucleus of a settlement of Americans. Its doors were always open, its hospitality unbounded. All this, without going into detail, was of infinite value in settling the title to this vast region in favor of the United States, at a time when the balance swung so evenly between our own nation and Great Britain that the weight of even one little pioneer settlement might turn the scale.

But the one great personal service done by Celiast, a heroic and determined act, occurred at a later period, when the settlement on Clatsop Plains, grown to proportions of importance, was threatened with extermination by the combined efforts of the Tillamooks and Tlah-tsops.

The details of the trouble that imperiled the Americans need not here be given. Suffice it to say that an Indian

of the hitherto peaceful Tlah-Tsops was accused of crime and resisted arrest. He maintained his innocence of the charge against him, and was killed by a white man. This, according to the Indian's sense of justice, was an outrage, the memory of which was to be blotted out only in blood. Doubtless there were other wrongs that they were burning to avenge as well. The whole tribe gathered to plan the attack, and the Tillamooks, from the northern shore of the river, coming over to make a friendly visit, were taken into the plot.

The threatened whites, reading the signs of danger in the sudden disappearance of the natives, fortified themselves as best they could in the largest and strongest of the houses on the plain. The Indians, formed in a wild band for the attack, and armed with guns and knives, rushed down upon the seemingly doomed settlement. Half way in their course they were arrested, not by armed men, but by a woman. The daughter of their dead chief barred their way, and

empty-handed and alone, forbade them to advance. What she said no white man knows, but the Indians heard and understood. Standing there, her forehead bared to the breath of heaven, she spoke such words of power, of persuasion and command, that her people, listening, believed it was the spirit of Kobaiway himself speaking to them through the lips of his daughter. And Kobaiway had been the white man's friend. The Tlah-Tsop chiefs found no voice to answer. The threats of the warriors sank to silence; one by one they dropped back to the shadows of the forest.

The little group of whites, watching all day, observed, toward sunset, the tall dune grass on the ridge to westward shake and quiver, disturbed by dark, gliding forms. Now and then a feathered crest or a painted face gleamed for an instant and was gone. The Tillamooks were going single file toward the river's mouth, returning home. Celiast had saved the settlement.

The Man Prevails.

Once more the freeman's bolt is hurled;
Is fired a shot, heard round the world.

To hear the Transvaal's thunder-voice—
What man is there does not rejoice?

Sinks again that falsehood old,
Our world is ruled by greed and gold.

Sinks again that lie of time,
That wealth and power commit no crime.

Lives the truth that God is just,
And gold and thrones are only dust;

That manhood is the living throne,
And God with manhood still is one;

That even earth and labored steel
For manly arms mute love shall feel.

The Mauser and the Maxim still
Can best obey the freeman's will.

On native kopje, heath, or wold,
The freeman's heart is doubly bold;

Upon his native mountain wall,
The freeman's form ten times as tall!

To loose the seals the monarch fails;
The Son of Man at length prevails.

H. S. Lyman.

Elise.

A Sequel to "The Voice of the Silence."

Chapter II.

"IT IS perfectly absurd, and I am not going to let you off. Besides, your costume was ordered weeks ago, and you haven't the shadow of an excuse, and—well, you just must not fail me."

Elise, standing on the hearthstone, one arm resting upon the low mantle shelf, her soft draperies outlining her slender figure, turned a pale but smiling face upon her insistent guest.

"I am sorry," she said, "but the truth of the matter is I am tired, too tired to even think about it."

"You don't have to think about it, my dear, and, as for being tired, what in the world have you to do between now and Thursday night but rest?"

"A thousand things, engagements—"
"Cancel them."

"That is simple enough to say, but—"

"In this case it is easy enough to do."

Elise smiled again somewhat wearily, it must be confessed. "I don't seem to find it so."

"Oh, but this is different. It is to be the event of the season. I've set my heart upon that, and you must not fail me. The whole affair will fall flat without you. It is too late to ask any one else to take your place, and there is no one who could, anyway."

"But," objected Elise, "I am really not fit. I shall look a fright, and—I—I am not well, I think."

"Nonsense! A touch of rouge will do away with that interesting pallor, and as for not feeling well, we are all more or less used up so near the end of the season. I simply live on tonics these days, my nerves are in an abominable state, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that my neighbors are all in the same boat. You are no more run down than the rest of us, my love, and after this is over you can go to bed with a clear conscience and sleep for a week if you like. But I must go. I have a

dozen things to attend to before luncheon. It is 1 o'clock now, and I am due at Mrs. Banks-Berry's at 1:30."

Mrs. Natron rose and shook out the folds of her perfectly-fitting gown with that almost imperceptible yet exquisitely graceful movement of the hips only possible to a woman whose muscles are under absolute control of the will. "I shall tell your charming sister-in-law that I have overcome every one of your objections, and that the queen of the fete will appear in all her royal splendor. I knew you wouldnt and couldn't leave me in the lurch for anything short of a death in the family. Good-bye. Are you going my way, Katherine? I can drop you anywhere you wish between here and the avenue."

"You are awfully kind, but if Mrs. Randolph will have me I am going to stay where I am. I haven't been so comfortable in six weeks as I am at this moment."

"Certainly," Elise hastened to say. "I shall be delighted."

"In that case I shall proceed to divest myself of my hat and gloves, for I mean to stay to luncheon. Good-bye, Mrs. Natron; it is not that I love Caesar less."

"O, you need not explain. I envy you enough as it is. Good-bye."

With Mrs. Natron's departure a silence fell upon the two women left thus together in the simply furnished room where the morning sun came in, and an oak wood fire burned cheerily upon the hearth. In all the beautiful house in which the Colonel had set up his Lares and Penates on returning from an extended trip abroad some five years before, there was no room in which his wife felt so much at home as in this low-ceiled, narrow place which she had selected and arranged to suit her own special needs and convenience.

"How queer!"

"What an odd-looking apartment!"

"How uncivilized!" These were some of the exclamations to which her friends gave expression on being admitted to its sacred precincts for the first time. For it was as different from the conventional morning-room of the average society woman as it was possible to conceive. To unaccustomed eyes it had a bare look, an air of not being quite finished or furnished. Indeed, the Colonel himself was wont to say teasingly that Elise had moved in before the carpenters had moved out, and this accounted for the naked rafters and the unplastered walls. But the room, nevertheless, had a charm of its own, an atmosphere neither to be bought nor persuaded, that made its influence felt upon all who were fortunate enough to be received therein. Even Mrs. Natron declared that she felt herself in another world the moment she stepped across its threshold.

"And to complete the idea of primitive and barbaric simplicity I presume she wishes to preserve, there is always that half-tamed savage lurking in the background. Ugh! The mere sight of him gives me a lifting sensation in the top of my head. I am positively certain that he will break out some time and scalp somebody. You can see the latent design in his eye."

Mrs. Banks-Berry, to whom this dismal apprehension was confided, made a laughing reply to the effect that there was no more mild-mannered and kindly disposed youth upon the face of the earth than this same so-called savage. "We are all attached to him," she said; "and his devotion to Elise is something beautiful to witness."

"All the same, my dear, he is an Indian, and Indians are notoriously treacherous. Why, I wouldn't live under the same roof with him for worlds. The mere sight of him gives me the shivers, and it is my earnest conviction that he is only awaiting a suitable opportunity to tomahawk the whole family some night in their beds. Those eyes of his remind me of nothing so much as of slumbering volcanoes. He has all the characteristics of his race—I verily believe you might pull his finger-nails out by the roots without extracting a groan, and he doubtless takes a fiendish delight

in the spectacle of human pain. Oh, I know the Indian nature. It's a hopeless task trying to civilize the red man." And Mrs. Natron, whose exhaustive knowledge of the subject had been gathered from the superficial skimming of books and an occasional glimpse of the wooden image in front of a tobacco shop, drew her sables closer about her shapely shoulders and rose to depart.

"If Mrs. Randolph were my sister-in-law," she added, "I should remonstrate with her, but—"

"If you were her sister-in-law," replied Mrs. Banks-Berry, "you would be willing to adopt a whole tribe of Modocs if she insisted upon it. She is a lovely tyrant, and we all adore her, and delight in her vagaries."

"O, well, if you look at it that way—. But really I wish she would devote less time to good works and more to society. A woman in her position is not without certain responsibilities, and even you must admit that she shirks hers in the most shameless fashion. Homes for the homeless, and foundling hospitals, and orphan asylums, are all well enough in their way, and I suppose it is commendable in people who have more money than they want to spend it in that manner, but when it comes to giving up the half of one's time to teaching indigent women how to sew, and make bread, and so on, it seems to me it is carrying benevolence a trifle farther than one's Christian duty requires. I wish you would exert your influence in my behalf and prevail upon her to come to my receptions this winter."

"If you have tried and failed I am afraid my arguments would be worse than wasted, but I will see what she has to say for herself on the subject."

That was two years ago, and with each succeeding season Mrs. Randolph went less and less into society. She had so much to do, she said, in self-justification.

"That is where the trouble lies," replied her husband. "You have too much to do. If you would leave about two-thirds of your work to the Associated Charities, and hire a couple of secretaries, you would find life less trying."

"But there are so many things that re-

quire my personal supervision—individual cases, for instance—and the affairs of the Working Woman's Home are in a tangle as it is. You see there is no one who understands the details and will take the trouble to look after them. And the kindergarten in Reese alley—oh, if you could see the wretchedness of life in Reese alley for one single hour you would never advise me to give up the work there. It is only through the school that I can hope to accomplish anything, but I do expect, in time, to reach the mothers through the children."

Colonel Randolph looked at his wife, and his glance was one of mingled admiration and disapproval. "You are wearing yourself out, and all to no purpose, I fear. Your fortune is but a pebble cast into the sea. Reese alley and its counterparts all over the globe will go on drinking and fighting and starving while time lasts. But have your way about it; only, if I see it is beginning to tax your time and strength too heavily I shall bundle you up without a word of warning and carry you off to Europe."

The Colonel regarded himself as a very magnanimous and indulgent husband, in that he never interfered with his wife's philanthropies. Perhaps if they had in any way conflicted with his own comfort he might have looked upon them with less leniency. . . .

The stylishly dressed girl, half-reclining in the lounging chair in front of the open fire, this sunny morning, was one of Mrs. Randolph's most devoted friends. They were about of an age, though Elise looked somewhat older, and, though she never suspected it, the one thing to which she owed the interest and affection of her guest was the fact that they were both in love with the same man. Kath-

erine Farmer had refused a dozen good offers of marriage in the course of her first two seasons, for she was what the world calls a charming girl, and she was lacking neither in wit nor fortune. But the right suitor did not present himself, and she was not inclined to part with her independence to any other. In spite of her friendship for Elise she was not quite sure that she was any more than pleasantly tolerated. Perhaps it was this uncertainty as to just how the latter regarded her that made her so determined to maintain an intimacy which thus far had been largely on her side.

"Funny, isn't it," she remarked presently, "but I have long observed that women like Mrs. Natron always carry the day. It is next to impossible to say no to them with any effect."

Elise sighed and left her position on the hearthstone. "I shall be so glad when it is over," she said. "I really am tired, and it seems so unnecessary, all this dressing and dancing and dining, surely there are other things that are quite as interesting and more worthy."

"Undoubtedly! But unfortunately we don't care to do anything but amuse ourselves."

"Are we amused? I think rather we are wearied and sick of it all."

"Ah, well, we make believe that we like it, and it amounts to the same thing in the end, I suppose."

"I wish," began Elise and paused. She was asking herself if it were worth while to speak to this girl of the things that lay nearest her heart, and she was on the point of deciding negatively when something so unusual happened that, for the moment, she was thrown entirely off her guard.

(To be continued.)

And This is All.

What was it, after all, but this?
A smile, a clasping hand, a kiss—
A gleam of joy, a blinding pain,
A hope that will not spring again.

Then one forgot, and one forgave,
And—that is all this, side the grave.

Lisken M. Miller.

Itoca's Story.

Told on the Siuslaw.

By *LISCHEN M. MILLER.*

“TOCA,” I said, “how is it that you, who are so loyal to the traditions of your people, have a paleface for a husband?”

Itoca sat as usual, crouched over the fire on the cabin hearth. She was a silent, noiseless creature, soft-footed as a panther, and her voice was sweet and low. She would have been comely, but for the ugly tattoo disfiguring her forehead and chin; and she had wonderful eyes—true Indian eyes, that could flash fire on occasion, but were, for the most part, fathomless wells of light.

When I questioned her now, she waited long before replying. The winter darkness had fallen early. Outside the wind howled and shrieked, and lashed the river into a fury of foam. The tall young pines, that stood thick about the cabin, bent and swayed in its fierce breath. Now and then a swift patter of raindrops swept the roof, and through the tumult of the storm beat the ceaseless thunder of the surf. The driftwood fire burned with a steady flame; its red glow, from the cabin windows, made shining paths into the night and made our solitude complete.

“It was a night like this,” Itoca said at last: “not here, but far down the coast. I was young then; young and free and light of heart. I could not understand why my mother was always heavy-eyed and sad. I did not see the shadow that overhung the Indian’s sky. Alas! The white man even then pushed the red to the very edge of the earth, already hunted in his forests and fished in his rivers. Before I was born, came the traders, with their cunning, and their worthless beads and baubles, winning the Indian’s wealth, robbing him—”

“But, Itoca,” I cried, interrupting her, “you have told me this before. It is your own story that I want to hear to-night.”

“Yes, yes; you shall hear it; but the wrongs of my people fill my heart with fire.”

“I know,” I said; “I cannot blame you; but surely you do not hold all white men guilty?”

Itoca lifted her head and looked at me in the firelight. Her great black eyes were soft and sad. I almost fancied there were tears waiting behind those heavy lashes; but no man or woman had ever seen Itoca weep, and I was not to be the first. She differed from her white sisters in this: Whatever her grief might be it found no vent in tears; but, for all that, it never lacked expression.

“My people,” Itoca began, “in the days when the white man first came among them dwelt upon the banks of the Umpqua, near the sea. I was yet a child when to our lodge, through the gray mist at evening, came one whose like I had never seen. Tall and straight, as a young pine tree, he stood in the leaping firelight. His hair, a yellow flood, fell down upon his shoulders in shining curls. His eyes were blue—blue as the sky in summertime, and soft as the soft blue sea in the moon when the winds are still. I was alone by the fire and he spoke to me. I knew not what he said; but his voice was kind. I offered him food, and when he had eaten he smiled and went away.”

“Well,” I said, for Itoca had lapsed into silence, “did he return?” She slowly shook her head.

“Not then. It was many, many moons before he came again; but when he went away he gave me this.” She held up her small brown hand and showed me, among the many rings there a plain gold band, worn now to a mere thread. “When my mother and brothers returned from the river, where they had gone for fish, I hid the ring in my

bosom and was silent. But I gathered from their talk that they had seen the white hunter down on the shore, and that my older brother had put him across the river in his canoe. After this came other white men, passing up and down the Umpqua, and I learned to understand their language and to speak it. Then there were ships that sailed in from the great sea, and more people, who built houses on the river bank different from the lodges in which the Indians dwelt. And soon there fell a cruel sickness that swept off the unhappy Umpquas as if they had been leaves driven by the autumn wind. My brothers died and my mother. I was alone. An old woman of our tribe let me live in her poor wigwam on the sands, under the storm-twisted pines, near the place where the river meets the sea. She was good, but her heart was full of sad thoughts and her eyes blind with tears that would not fall. She sat all day weaving baskets—the beautiful baskets that no one now can make because the secret died with that old woman. I was often lonely and sometimes hungry, for we had only fish and berries to eat, save when I went to the settlement where the white women bought my baskets. There was one kinder than the others, the wife of a missionary, who taught me many things, and gave me books, so that I came to know the thoughts of the white man. And I was glad, for as I grew to be a maid and to have the dreams of maidenhood I remembered more and more the blue eyes that had looked upon me in the gray dusk beside the campfire, when I was yet a child. And I kept the ring closely hidden in my bosom, for I knew that some time I should see again the white face of the hunter.

"One afternoon I was out upon the river in my canoe and I saw coming up from the other shore a boat with three men. An Indian bent to the oars, and in the stern, leaning back upon some furs, was a man whose shining yellow hair fell down about his shoulders like a flood of sunlight. As the boat drew near I would have fled; but he sat up and called to me; and hearing his voice I must obey. When I had brought my canoe alongside he reached out and laid

his hand on its prow and questioned me, and the blue eyes were the same that had looked upon me in the firelight many, many moons before. But he knew me not, for I was yet a child when he saw me first. After this he came often and my heart was no longer my own.

"One night, a night like this, looking out from the door of the old woman's wigwam, I saw at dusk a boat driven by wind and tide swiftly toward the sea. It was far out from the shore, but in the dim, gray light I caught the gleam of yellow locks and my heart told me who it was thus drifting to death upon the bar. I was young and strong, but had I been as a reed that grows by the water-side it would have been the same. I ran down to the river beach and pushed my cedar canoe into the tide, and stepping in, paddled out toward the tossing boat. The old woman called to me to return, but I would not hear. The wind flung my canoe about as if it had been a leaf. Sometimes I lost sight altogether of the boat. When I came nearer I saw that the white hunter had but one oar, and he could do nothing with a single oar in such a sea. Ah, me; the night was wild! Though I paddled fast the wind and tide carried the boat before me till it seemed I would never reach it. Then a squall turned the water black and in another moment I was fighting for my life with the salt waves. But I clung to my paddle and when I rose on the crest of a billow there, but an oar's length away, was the boat. Ah, it is only when death fronts us that we know how dear and how deeply we can love!" Itoca sighed, and I thought as I watched her sitting there in the firelight that color was a slight thing after all, and a woman's heart beats as warm and true beneath a dark skin as beneath a white.

"Go on," I said gently. "I am listening."

"Indian girls are early taught to swim. I reached the boat and e'er my hand clutched the gunwale the white man caught and drew me in. 'Itoca,' he cried, 'why did you come?' but I would not speak. It was no time for words. He gave me the oar, and with the help of my paddle I could keep the boat's

head to the wind so that she rode the waves instead of rocking in the trough of the sea; and he tried to bail her out, for she was nearly full of water. It was no use to pull against the wind and tide; all that could be done was to keep her from swamping in the heavy seas. With every moment we neared the bar. The roar of the breakers drowned the rush of the wind and the wash of the waves; but I did not mind now. The darkness was intense; nothing was visible but the phosphorescent gleam of the angry surf. Some times the white hunter spoke to me; but it was only a word. He was brave, and not once did he speak of fear, though he was wet and cold and knew that it was death toward which we were drifting. The Umpqua bar is a wild place when the winds are out. It was a black horror that night! A thousand times the boat was lifted high in air, a thousand times she plunged down terrible slopes into the dark! All night we drifted, and when the dawn broke the white hunter lay like one dead, across the thwarts, and we were far at sea. But

the wind died with the coming day, the great waves sank to wide, smooth swells. The tide had turned, the heave of the sea set strongly shoreward. I looked toward the bar and saw a black path through the white wall of the breakers, and my heart once more began to live. The one oar had gone adrift in the darkness of the night, but I had the paddle from my canoe left. And as a canoe, over the gray miles of sea, across the raging bar, I brought the boat in."

"And the white hunter?"

"Before another moon had waned I was his wife. The missionary said it was not lawful for the white man to wed an Indian, but the missionary's wife was my friend. She said that love recognized no law and no color. But it would have been the same no matter what was said; for the white hunter knew his own heart, and from that night it has been mine." And Itoqa rose and went away to her own corner of the cabin as a sign that she was done with words for the time, at least.

Light of Our Swift Flight.

Can the wondrous eyes of thought
Dimly see—ever see
What is in the future wrought
For you and me?

Though a minute is the space,
Can they trace—ever trace
Where the mystic billows wave,
Anything—except the grave?

Hope can gaze afar today,
Fear can look a little way,
Thought, the truest guide, is blind,
Save it turns and looks behind;
From the past alone to see
What shall be.

Ah, the future is a deep—
Endless deep—
Where the shores of present raise
With the passing hours and days—
Yet to keep—ever keep
Sinking, fading in the past
Boundless vast.

Round about, on every hand,
Shifting sand—drifting sand—
Forms ahead, and sinks behind,
And our truest guide is blind;
Only Faith and Hope can light
Our swift flight.

Valentine Brown.

A Bovine Gladiator.

By P. C. LEVAR.

CLEAR as the note of a silver trumpet sounded a call of defiance that made the woods ring. The sound reached the ears of a boy who was engaged in untying and turning out of the barn the four yoke of oxen which formed the team in a certain Oregon logging camp. He paused and called to his father: "Here comes that Pogue bull again. Had we better keep Doc in the barn?"

"No; turn him out and let 'em fight. I guess Doc can hold his own."

"Well, I guess he can! I should think that fellow would get enough of it after a while; he gets licked every time."

Doc had heard his enemy's challenge, and went out of the "tie-up" with a threatening grumble. Outside the door he stopped, lifted his head and gave his answering call to battle. He was a magnificent creature to look at, as he stood in the bright sunlight of that Sunday morning. His huge body was long, round and "tapering as a gunbarrel," and his back was straight as an arrow. His immense neck carried a head which was short and wide, with a full shaggy forehead and short, thick horns set at just the right angle for offense and defense. A small patch of snowy white on the breast served to emphasize the jetty blackness of the rest of his coat, which shone in the sun like that of a well-groomed horse, some strain of good blood having given him a skin as thin and hair as satiny as those of a thoroughbred. His musical talents, however, were not equal to those of his unseen rival, for when he lifted up his voice in answer it went off into a high-pitched and ridiculous squeal.

But this answered his purpose and brought forth another trumpet-like call from his enemy, who presently came in sight near the buildings. There he checked his advance and proceeded to viciously gore the high bank at the side

of the road, throwing the soft dirt in all directions, and uttering dire threats in a variable bass. He was white with red neck and head, and was not so large nor so handsome as Doc; but his courage and ability as a fighter were well known. More than once before he had met Doc with results disastrous to himself, but his was a spirit which refused to accept defeat.

In the meantime Doc had approached him with much pawing of the ground, and presently they were sidling around each other with deep rumblings of anger, each watching for a chance to take the other unawares. They evinced a lordly disregard for the fact that they might have chosen a much better field for their maneuvers, as the steep hill rose on one side of the narrow road, while on the other the ground sloped sharply away to a small brook, beyond which stretched the level land of the "bottom."

Fear of injury to a valuable animal led the boy and his father to appear upon the scene armed with long pikepoles, "to see fair play," just as the two bulls suddenly came together and locked horns with a resounding thud of their thick skulls.

With the greatest fury they pushed and strained, braced, twisted and altered their positions, each striving to gain some advantage. They raised a cloud of dust, through which their struggling bodies were hardly distinguishable. Doc's superior size and weight forced his adversary to give ground occasionally, but he would not give way entirely. He kept his face to the foe, and changed position with a skill and agility which gave Doc no chance to break down his guard.

Presently Doc forced him partly out of the road, but here he held on with desperation until the violent exertion compelled them both to pause for breath. And now the boy did an unchivalrous

thing. He thrust the sharp steel pike with which he was armed against the side of the white bull, throwing him off his guard; and Doc, having no Quixotic notions of fair play, took advantage of his momentary confusion and rushed him backward down the slope and into the brook.

The white bull clambered out on the other side, and, adopting the bank as his line of defense, held the black at bay in the brook until the latter was reinforced by the two pikepoles. Then, on the level "bottom" the battle raged, until Doc's superior size and strength enabled him to exhaust his adversary and drive him grumbling from the field, beaten but not conquered.

This was but one of many combats waged between these two. They had formerly belonged to the same owner; and the white bull, being a year the older, had been undisputed "boss" until Doc forged ahead of him in growth and succeeded in whipping him in a fair fight. This had happened several months before our story opens, and, about the same time, Doc had changed owners. In nearly every case, one appeal to the arbitrament of arms will decide, between two bulls, the question of supremacy, and the defeated one will quietly accept the verdict. But the white bull had the blood and spirit of a long line of fighting ancestors, coming from stock which had been driven from the Spanish ranges of Southern California, and his dauntless spirit was not to be crushed by disaster. He had ruled the black and he would rule him again or perish in the attempt! Time after time did he meet and do battle with Doc. The result was invariably the same: he was obliged to leave the field exhausted, bruised and beaten; but before the next encounter he would apparently forget this, and he would go into the fight with a desperate determination, a confidence and high courage, that took no note of defeat.

At last Doc sought him out on his own ground one day, and a hard engagement was fought. When the smaller animal's strength was spent Doc succeeded in breaking down his guard,

and by a dexterous flank movement pinned him helpless against a large fallen tree. Then, by sheer strength of horns and neck, the white was tossed bodily over the tree, alighting fairly on his back. Then the white bull took counsel of his better judgment, and, seeming to acquiesce in Doc's claim of supremacy, avoided further encounters; but he still cherished a thirst for revenge, and solaced himself with the reflection that this unsatisfactory state of affairs was only temporary.

About this time he was enticed into the barn and the sharp tips of his horns were removed with a saw so that he should do no serious injury to Doc, whose horns had already been treated. He was then discovered to be "quite a chunk of a bull"; so soon after his defeat he was bought and put in the same team with Doc, thus becoming a useful member of bovine society. He now reached the dignity of a name, being christened "Spot," from a round, red spot on each side. Here he unhesitatingly acknowledged Doc's sovereignty, and, the latter being of a magnanimous disposition, they became the best of friends. On Sundays and other days when turned out they regularly spent an hour or so in a friendly "sparring" match.

Calm in his conscious superiority, Doc was never vindictively vicious toward the other cattle. He would never go out of his way to harm one of them; nor, on the other hand, would he go a step out of his way to avoid going through one of them. He would patiently and gently "spar" with the oldest or weakest steer of the lot, or he would, with equal readiness, fight all comers for blood or for fun.

Spot seemed to cherish the hope that by sparring with Doc he could learn his "tricks" and perhaps perfect some plan by which to eventually overthrow him. Many times the boy, watching the friendly scuffle, saw Spot put forth all his strength for a moment as though experimenting on some new "system." But Doc was too overwhelmingly able to handle him, and also seemed to be of too noble a spirit to suspect the scheming

vindictiveness of his fallen foe. Only once were they observed to come to open hostilities. Sparring on rough ground, Doc unsuspectingly allowed Spot to take him at a disadvantage, when, quick as a flash, Spot seized his opportunity, and had his horns been sharp would have ended Doc's career on the spot. But his triumph was short, for Doc recovered himself and in righteous indignation chased the white villain for half a mile. However, Doc was too generous to hold animosity, and friendly relations were revived at once.

For years the two animals worked in the same team every summer and ranged together every winter; and still Spot cherished his vengeful determination to some day retrieve his disasters and conquer his conqueror. At last he passed the prime of life and found himself going down the hill. Years and hard work were telling on him worse than on Doc; if he was ever to achieve his lifelong ambition it would have to be soon. So one day on level ground in an open field he once more challenged Doc to deadly combat.

It was "a fight to a finish." The open ground enabled the smaller animal to keep clear of all entanglements, to realize the full benefit of his agility and endurance, and to avoid a decisive overthrow. Round and round the field they fought, tearing up great flakes of the grassy sod with their hoofs. In a square trial of strength Spot was obliged to give way; but by every twist and turn and trick that he had learned in his years of sparring, he strove to diminish Doc's advantage. For hours they struggled, stopping occasionally to recover breath, and then going at each other with renewed fury. At length they were both trembling on their feet and nearly exhausted, but Spot simply would not give up. It was the fight of his life, the culmination of all his dreams, and he would win or die on the battle-field. Finally his desperate and unconquerable valor won the day. Doc gave it up, turned tail and owned himself defeated, and Spot was left in victorious possession of the field.

"Everything comes to him who waits."

He had accomplished the object for which he had planned and schemed for so many years—but at what a cost! In the language of his owner: "He had strained himself all to pieces and was never any good afterwards." He grew thin, and being put again in the team, was found to be a total wreck, weak and "all crippled up." So he was turned out to pick his living on the abundant wild grass and recruit if he could.

The question of supremacy was not again opened with Doc, who accepted his defeat as final and philosophically took his place as second in command; but, as this story is absolutely true in every particular, it is necessary to state poor Spot's enjoyment of the supreme authority was of short duration.

Old Star, Doc's mate, a bull as much larger than Doc as the latter was larger than Spot, seeing the championship within his grasp, was suddenly seized with ambition. One unfair advantage he had in the fact that, having always displayed a mild and peaceable disposition, he had been allowed to retain the needle-like tips of his horns. Principally by sheer weight of brawn he defeated Spot in a few weakly contested rounds; then, turning his attention to Doc, disposed of that humbled monarch with equal ease. And it is well to add, parenthetically, that there soon proved to be a very noticeable difference between the reign of the dignified and magnanimous Doc and that of the more docile and intelligent, but small-spirited and vindictively tyrannical, Star.

But Spot's day was done. Old before his time, weak, lame and generally broken down, with his life's work accomplished, and nothing more to live for, he wandered off "down the slough," and, frequenting a salt-water marsh, he ignominiously mired down in a lonely mud-hole and there breathed his last.

Many years have passed since the discovery of his bleaching skeleton gave plain indication of his fate, yet, by the boy, now approaching middle age, Spot is still remembered as the embodiment of unswerving determination and "clear grit."

In Memory of Our Dead Soldier Boys.

By CHAS. K. BURNSIDE.

When to our country came the call to arm
Against the wrongs of centuries to fight,
Our brave boys left the workshop and the farm
And went forth nobly to defend the right.
They met the tyrant, in his pride sublime,
And drove him from the isles across the sea,
Tore down the flag of ignorance and crime
And planted there the emblem of the free.

The work, for which they left their homes,
was done,
And they with honor might have marched
away;
But, not content with glory nobly won,
Where duty called, our heroes chose to stay
And with their comrades meet the savage foe,
Who, taught by Spain foul treachery to
try—
Too vile, too ignorant the right to know—
Assailed our flag, nor stopped to reason
why.

And in the battle front our heroes fell,
Or sank beneath the tropic's blazing sun;
Died bravely for the flag they loved so well,
Unyielding till the victory was won.
And in the jungles, far across the sea,
In unknown graves beneath the somber
shade,
From pain, and toil, and strife forever free,
There many a noble soldier boy is laid.

Long shall the comrades by whose side they
fought
Think of the heroes who in battle fell;
Long shall a nation's highest, noblest thought
The story of their brave devotion tell.
Theirs was the courage none but freemen
show—
Sublime as e'er the field of battle trod—
That noblest impulse man can ever know:
Devotion to his country and his God.

Sleep, brave defenders of your country, sleep;
Your graves are hallowed by a nation's
love;
And angels shall their vigils o'er you keep,
For each lone resting place is known above.
Rest, heroes, for your honor is secure;
Forever safe from scandal's blighting
breath,
Your fame through all the ages shall endure,
True sons of liberty, in life and death.

God of our fathers, by thy mighty hand
Lead thou our nation in the ways untried;
May we be faithful to our native land,
True to the Stars and Stripes for which
they died.
And if our priceless heritage to keep,
Freedom and right at any cost maintain,
Then they who in the far-off islands sleep
Have not laid down their noble lives in
vain.

Our Point of View

Just Among Ourselves.

The Pacific Monthly has come to stay. That much is settled. So the doubting ones who stood aloof and said, "It can't be done" can best get into line now by subscribing and doing their part to help us build up a great magazine in the Pacific Northwest. We are going to do it—that is settled, too. But we are not going to attempt any great splurge. Our policy is rather to grow gradually and surely—how could it be otherwise in Portland? We've had a hard fight of it this last year—there's no denying that, but we have won out (our record is, all things considered, the best of any periodical that has ever been started on this coast), and we've buckled on our armor for another hard fight, and we are not afraid of the result, so you needn't be. Did you ever think seriously for a few minutes what a splendid thing it would be to have a great magazine published in the Northwest? What a source of pride and gratification it would be to you, to your town, to your state? Irrespective of our stand or interest in the matter, could there really be any other one undertaking that has such wonderful possibilities in it? Of course there would not be many possibilities in an undertaking of this kind if we were to keep aloof from our readers, but we shall endeavor more and more to make this your magazine, kind reader, a mutual proposition in which your interest in its progress will be as great as ours. And we are not building our structure upon false hopes or sand. There is a great field here for a magazine such as we have in mind. The valleys and hills of the great West are capable of supporting a tremendous population, and this fact is just beginning to be appreciated by the world. We can say that here is the most favored region on the whole earth—and you are here and we are here. Shall we not, then, lift up our faces and be glad?

When smiling valleys and snowclad mountains, majestic rivers and all that is grand and glorious in nature urge us on to our best shall we lag and be skeptical? Let us put our shoulders to the wheel. Let us make the most of our opportunities—make the most of our possibilities in education, in literature, in art, in the great business world. The Pacific Monthly hopes to encourage these things, to take a part in the development of this wonderful region. Our aims are high, and we shall do our best, but after all much depends upon the attitude of the people of the Northwest. That it will be even more satisfactory in the future than it has been in the past we have not the smallest doubt.

* * *

You can be happy if you will; the trouble of it is—you won't.

* * *

The Pacific Monthly's Attitude Toward Politics.

This magazine is in no sense a partisan journal, nor will it ever become such. Political subjects have been treated in some of the departments, because politics is perhaps the most fascinating and absorbing subject that occupies the attention of the nation, and no periodical which proposes to keep abreast of the times can well afford to disregard this fact. Our department, "Questions of the Day," has therefore been reserved for those of our readers who wish to express themselves on any subject that might properly come under that heading. We shall always endeavor, however, to have both sides of any question stated. Editorially there will be no expression of opinion. We make this explanation at this time for those who may not have clearly understood our position, and for the benefit of the large number of new subscribers which has recently been added to our list.

The man who lives is one who orders his life well; who sleeps well, eats well, and works well, and allows nothing to interfere. The others exist.

* * *

Any suggestions from our readers in regard to the manner of conducting our departments, subjects to be treated, or ideas to be carried out, will receive the most grateful and considerate attention by the editors, and are respectfully and earnestly solicited from all.

* * *

If I were a woman I would rather be able to cook a good meal and manage a house than be Queen Victoria.

* * *

White.

In one of our large universities a study was recently made as to the effect of colors and their relative importance in daily life. Much stress was laid upon red and blue, but, strange to say, white received comparatively little attention. Yet there is no color that has so many marvelous facts connected with it. The world has always put a peculiar estimation upon white. It has been used as the symbol of purity from time immemorial, and there is that something about it that defies time or explanation. It is a standard towards which the whole world of mankind, as well as plant and animal life, seem to unconsciously move. We believe it to be true that, as a rule, perfection is reached as white is approached. There are, of course, exceptions to this, but there are enough important instances in accord with it to make it a rule. The most perfect race on earth is the white race. The most perfect heat is a white heat, and the most perfect light is a white light. The best and most nourishing bread is white, and most of the best foods are white. The most perfect and efficacious medicines, we believe, are white medicines. The most perfect flowers are white. These few examples will suffice to suggest our line of thought, but many others could be mentioned. There are other facts connected with white that are equally interesting. It is the most enduring of the colors. It is used more than any other, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, it is the color that is used when the fairer and gentler sex appear

at their best. Webster's dictionary says that "white was used as a term of endearment or favor, especially to a favorite child or dependent." Dr. Busby used to call his favorite scholars his "white boys." Probably the present similar use of white, commonly supposed to be slang, can be traced back to this origin. Webster also gives the following definitions of white: "Characterized by freedom from that which defiles, disturbs, and the like; hence, innocent; fortunate; happy; favorable." An example of this usage is found in Walter Scott's works: "On the whole, however, the dominie reckoned this as one of the white days of his life." No color, then, has the significance or importance possessed by white. It holds a unique and very peculiar place, and may have a deeper meaning than the world yet understands.

* * *

You can gain anything you wish if you will sacrifice enough for it.

* * *

Consumption.

The medical profession has struggled in vain for centuries to find some remedy for that dreadful malady—consumption. Yet the labor has not been entirely fruitless, for some of the long-accepted theories have been overthrown by recent investigation. One of these theories, and a very important one, which is now disregarded by the enlightened medical men of today, is that consumption was, in the majority of cases, an hereditary disease. The very opposite of this is now believed to be the case. Investigation has proven that it is a very rare thing to find an hereditary case of consumption, while the majority of cases are those which have been brought on by a disregard of the laws of health. This is a fact of great importance to mankind, and one that will prove of incalculable assistance to the medical profession in meeting, resisting or preventing the spread of such a relentless disease. An ounce of prevention in this case will equal several hundred pounds of cure.

* * *

The trouble with people is that they don't care; or, if they do care, that is often as far as it goes.

Men and Women

The sketch which Mrs. Duniway presents in these two brief paragraphs is too true to life, and too realistically drawn to be passed lightly by.

"Our pioneer women had not long been property-holders before they became taxpayers. Then, gradually, the truth dawned upon them, as they toiled to pay the taxgatherer, that 'taxation without representation is tyranny,' and 'governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.' By and by the son of the pioneer grew up and left the farm, with its old-fashioned, meager equipments, which satisfied the good old father, who, while he lived, had tried in vain to curb the aspirations of the boy. And the son became an inventor, an actor, a speculator, a printer, a publisher, a doctor, a prize-fighter, a soldier, a banker, a broker, an editor, a politician, a merchant—an anything but a plodding, half-way tiller of the soil his parents loved.

"Then the daughter, finding the young man had left the farm, came also to the city, and began to crowd her brother in the race for livelihood. The young man co-operated with his fellows and built a clubhouse—and still the maiden was alone. But she would work cheaper than he, chiefly because she could not run life's race with him, ex-

cept in ruinous competition. So she lived in a 7x9 room, with an oil stove and a folding-bed! and more and more she crowded him to the wall. And it was a life of independence compared to that which she had left. Her meager wage sufficed for food and clothes and shelter. She had discovered herself, and for a time she was satisfied."

Whether or not the remedy which she suggests would prove effective, is a matter of doubt, but that the "self-discovered" woman is not particularly pleased with her present situation is apparent to all who presume to read the "signs of the times." In spite of her boasted independence, it is easy to believe that Mrs. Duniway has caught the gist of her soliloquy in the words which she puts into the mouth of the wage-earner: "This box wherein I sleep is not a home? I toil at half wages, and I am ostracized from the society in which my favored sister and brother shine. I have no hope in posterity, for I cannot marry. But I must live, and I am not content!"

It is mockery to be told to keep to her home, seeing that she has only that 7x9 room where no love is. And "when you remind her that 'marriage is her proper sphere,' she is confronted with the fact that the modern bachelor is not a marrying man."

Madame Sarah Grand has been telling the women's clubs of Philadelphia about the influence of "chiffon" upon the progress of the world. She thinks that the noble pioneers of what is termed the "woman movement" made a great mistake in "ignoring the potency of dress and trifles."

* * *

"Love, real love, is not afraid of poverty or of anything else."

Carriage and dress are part of the cultured atmosphere of womanhood. If we are not judged by appearances, how else are we judged? Appropriate dressing is all important, short hair manly; coats and skirts and a sailor hat will not carry the average woman through life.

* * *

In true married life everything is poetry; and in the person who is loved everything is noble.—Michelet.

The divine character is built up slowly by taking loyal hold of the diviner possibilities of human science.

* * *

There is a speech without words which is understood without having been at school, and which is read without having learned to read books.—Lamartine.

* * *

When individuals have sailed together a certain number of years they become friends from a similarity of destinies, from sympathy of views, from resemblances of places, times and moral living together in the same ship, sailing toward an unknown shore. To be contemporaries is almost being friends, if they are good; the earth is a family hearth, life a kindred relationship. One may differ in ideas, in tastes, even in convictions, while they are floating, but we cannot keep from feeling a secret tenderness for the one who is floating with us.—Lamartine.

Let every woman think there are no limits to her progress, and let her believe it, and make this a living action in her life. With confidence and hope, she can feel a new energy and inspiration to conquer the crisis of life.

* * *

As soon as a girl grows old enough to think of the possibility of marriage educate her to think of it not as a settlement in life, but as the outcome and crown of an honest, healthy, real love.

* * *

It is in the hours of toil, responsibilities and daily duties that the sincere woman rises above her environments. She feels the abounding life and gladness, and meets each new morning with enthusiasm and good will to all mankind.

* * *

"A violet without perfume is like a woman without a soul."

The Woman Who Stands Alone.

You have passed the gates of trouble,
Wiped away your tears for aye;
Seen fear vanish like a bubble.
Loss? There's nothing lost, you say.
Pain you've met and learned to dare it,
Care has like a phantom flown.
Grief? Like victor's crown you wear it,
You who calmly stand alone.

Others 'mongst the dead or living
Have seen love or felt his dart;
You, a very queen in giving,
You have pressed him to your heart.
Why should those we love delude us? ,
For his life you'd given your own;
Yet he kissed like traitorous Judas,
Called your foes—left you, alone.

But for you, all hope must perish;
Darkest billows o'er you roll,
Ere you could be taught to cherish
All the power of your soul.
Death can never more alarm you;
Life eternal is your own;
Baseless hopes no more can charm you,
You can smile, and stand alone.

Look down on the world's wild riot,
Where men struggle, curse—and die.
Unmoved, in your spirit's quiet,
Calmly watch the swift years fly.
Gaze adown the coming ages,
Careless though the storms ne'er cease;
Smile while death's fierce tempest rages.
Somewhere, God has written, "Peace."

Adonen.

The Home

SOME OF THE THINGS PEOPLE SAY ABOUT IT.

What is Home?

The golden setting, in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

Home is the blossom, of which heaven is the fruit.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

The place where the great are sometimes small, and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket, containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

Home is the central telegraph office of human love, into which run innumerable wires of affection, many of which, though extending thousands of miles, are never disconnected from the one great terminus.

The center of our affections, around which our heart's best wishes twine.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

"The home means the perfection of the child life for which it exists."

The household and its management is the most important factor in national prosperity.

* * *

Domestic science should become a part of every girl's education. When girls are taught and trained to keep house, as boys are educated for professions, there will be more homes and fewer boarding-houses in the land and more happy wives and wise mothers.

* * *

"The twentieth century household demands of its manager, first of all, the scientific understanding of the sanitary requirements of a human habitation; second, a knowledge of the values, absolute and relative, of the various articles which are used in the house, including food; third, a system of account keeping that shall make possible a close watch upon expenses; fourth, an ability to secure from others the best they have to give, and to maintain a high standard of honest work."

Dr. W. B. Sampson, who is an ardent advocate of and the originator of what he is pleased to term "lacteropathy," gives the following treatment as a cure for smallpox. He claims that it is an infallible remedy.

Mode of Treatment.

Lay three or more blankets on a mattress and take a single sheet, only large enough to envelop the body, and if the weather be cold, first warm the sheet, then saturate the sheet with about a pint and a half of warm milk (not boiled), and open out the sheet without wringing it, and lay it on the top of the blankets. Then pack the patient in the sheet tightly round the body, under the arms, covering the shoulders on each side with the top of the sheet, the arms resting bare on the sheet. Then pack the blankets one by one over the body on each side and let the patient lie in this pack for, say, an hour. When taken off he can either be sponged all over with warm water, or take a warm bath.

The following recipe for "taffy" by a graduate of Lasell should be in every household. The second recipe by the same author, however, we do not recommend:

Any one who is accustomed to make frequent use of this dish should learn this recipe by heart, in order to prepare it on short notice.

Take two teacupfuls of carefully assorted compliments, mixed thoroughly with sugar of exaggeration until each compliment is covered. Add a few drops of oil of common sense and two or three kisses, according to disposition. This should boil half an hour and should be

served just before demanding a favor. The effect will be instantaneous and extremely satisfactory.

To prepare this palatable dish, take three hours of fooling in the evening, beat carefully to a stiff froth, adding page by page and with exceeding care a chapter from the last sensational novel smuggled into the room. Now pour in a half wineglassful of gossip and season with half a dozen jokes from Truth. This should bake all night and be turned out in the morning. You will be surprised to find in the pan a beautifully browned and well-done scolding, which should be served hot.

Interchange.

When summer glows from South to North,
 Her flower-embroidered mantle wearing,
 The city sends her myriads forth
 On pleasure's errands gaily faring,
 Seeking the shellfish by the sea,
 The mountain trout, so timid-hearted,
 The wood bird's tender minstrelsy,
 Till heat and fever have departed;
 To climb o'er peaks and rocky domes,
 Seeking the glacier's icy homes;
 Or view from heights the flowery fields,
 And all the charms the country yields.

When winter comes and fields are brown,
 And pictures of the wood-aisles hidden,
 The country goes to view the town,
 A guest to merry feasting bidden.
 And in the city windows sees,
 Where, reproduced by cunning fingers,
 The summer's scenes, her spreading trees,
 Her beauty and her color lingers.
 Then, what the city's charm completes,
 To view at night far-reaching streets,
 Like garden paths a-bloom with light,
 The many-colored flowers of night.

Belle W. Cooke.

San Francisco, January, 1900.

Books

PSYCHISM

By Paul Gibier, M. D.
Bulletin Publishing Co., N. Y.

"Psychism" is on the same lines as "A Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life," by Hudson, and others of that class, using the manifestations of psychic phenomena and the occult as a basis upon which to build the theory of future existence. Dr. Gibier has been a member of the Society for Psychical Research of London for several years, and is the director of the New York Pasteur institute. For 15 years he has been investigating this matter among some of the most noted mediums and hypnotic subjects, and is firmly convinced of the truth of these demonstrations. He recognizes the fact that many of the clairvoyants and "psychics" are arrant frauds and pretenders, but enough has been shown him to prove (to him, at least) that some can communicate with the world beyond, and that the spirits of the departed can, under certain conditions reveal themselves to the living. The doctor reasons that man is made up of three component parts: The body, or material part, the energy, or life, and the intelligence or spirit. The spirit can leave the body temporarily, as in dreams, delirium, unconsciousness, etc., but is controlled by the energy, or life, and brought back; but when, from accident or lack of strength, this is not effected, then dissolution, or death, as it is termed, ensues.

Unfortunately, the author lacks the power to express himself in a lucid manner, but his earnestness and faith are nevertheless convincing, and one sees as he sees through suggestion, not argumentation. To those who are drifting toward a belief in annihilation, this book is earnestly commended.

* * *

"The Muse of Brotherhood" is Edward Markham's last and greatest poem. It is published in the Saturday Evening Post.

LIFE BEYOND DEATH.

By Minot Judson Savage, D. D.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This work is a more pretentious one than Gibier's "Psychism," but reaches the same conclusion, namely: There is a future life, and it is capable of demonstration.

The inspiration for the book is found in the loving dedication to the author's son, who died early last summer.

The belief in immortality is shown to have existed from the earliest records of mankind, even among the most savage and degraded tribes. The conception of it varied as the races varied in character. The American Indian looked forward to the happy hunting-ground, well stocked with game, the Scandinavian to the hall of Valhalla, where the brave warriors again fought their battles, and the Mohammedans to rose-scented gardens, melodious with the songs of birds, and peopled with dark-eyed houris. The fact, however, of an almost universal inborn belief in the future life, leads the author to regard it as well founded.

He brings out the history of clairvoyance from ancient times, including the "Witch of Endor," to that of the present day. Dr. Savage is of the opinion that specially constituted individuals have the power of communicating with those of the "great beyond," and cites many personal experiences in proof of the same. He does not fall back upon the Scriptural writing to any extent, but bases his belief upon analogy and reason. The poets are freely quoted in corroboration, and again we hear Whit-tier say

"That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own,"

and the familiar sweet words of Long-fellow:

There is no death! What seems so is transition,
brings once more its message of consolation.

The gifted author has in this work

added to his already great reputation as a writer, and one hopes that he may yet give us another of its kind.

* * *

THE QUEEN'S TWIN, AND OTHER STORIES.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

It is always with a feeling of pleasant anticipation that one takes up a volume of stories by Miss Jewett, and her last one issued, entitled "The Queen's Twin," makes us only regret that there are so few of them written. Her stories of New England, while rich in local color, have none of that stern, grim Puritanism which pervades the work of some writers in this field. There is a kindly, genial tone to her characterizations, and a flavor (like the red-cheeked apples of this region of granite soil and fierce summer sunshine) of old wine of a rare vintage.

The initial story of the book is of a gentle, lovable old lady living alone in a picturesque cottage on the Maine coast who was called the "Queen's Twin," as she was born at the same hour as Queen Victoria. There was also a strange coincidence in the husbands of both having the name of Albert, and the first four children of both being given the same Christian names.

The best story of the volume is without question "Martha's Lady," and brings out strongly the unwavering loyalty and fidelity of a neglected country girl to a young lady from the city who has encouraged her. Forty years of absence has not changed the love of her girlhood days, and Sunday afternoons always found her seated at her chamber window with the "little wooden box" open before her, looking fondly over the gifts and trinkets sent her long years ago.

"Aunt Cynthy Dallett" is told in Miss Jewett's best style, while the "Night Before Thanksgiving," although a well-worn theme, gets a new charm in the dainty handling of it.

The admirers of the author of "Deephaven" will not be disappointed in this last work of hers, and her pictures of the self-sacrificing women and men will

always be retained in the memory of those who see in these examples the true meaning and lesson of life.

* * *

BANDANNA BALLADS.

By Howard Weeden.
Doubleday & McClure, New York.

This attractive volume, with its vignette in ivory and gold on the cover, makes a good impression at first sight, which is strengthened when the interior is seen. Miss Weeden has brought before us the "quality negroes" of the period before the war, both in portraits and verse, and every one familiar with the South will recognize the types of the old-time darkies at once. Each portrait has its appropriate poetry, and the author seems to have caught the rhythm and melody for which the colored people were famous. Here we see one old darky sighing for the "good old times" and complaining:

'I haven't cooked a 'possum, Lord!
For such a long, long time,

And another homesick and crying
pathetically:

I long to see a cotton field
Once more before I go,
All hot and splendid, roll its miles
Of sunny summer snow.

The "man with the hoe" voices his philosophy thus:

You can always depend on de fields an' de sky
Whichever way other things go,
An' de res' will get plain in time to de man
Who keeps a good grip on his hoe.

One of the best portraits is one of the old "mammy," so dear to every Southerner's heart; that loving autocrat of the household—whose word was law, from which there was no appeal:

One face shines whiter than the dawn,
And steadfast as a star,
None but my mother's face could shine
So bright—and be so far!

The other dark one leans from heaven,
Brooding still to calm me;
Black as if ebon rest had found
Its image in my mammy!

* * *

Joel Chandler Harris has written an appreciative introduction, in which he looks regretfully back to the old times when "Here was to be found the courtesy, the refinement, the dignity, the

touch of condescension which the old-time negroes caught from their masters. Alas! that the successors and descendants of these old negroes should now everywhere answer to the name of 'coons,' and that their rich melodies should be degraded into the vulgar and disgusting 'rag-time' songs."

* * *

DANGER SIGNALS.

By Edward S. Tabor.
The Abbey Press, New York.

The Abbey Press is a new publishing house whose books are admirably gotten out. In the way of paper, type and binding there is little left to be desired. This book, "Danger Signals," is written with an obvious purpose, and while it is never a wise thing to try to reform an evil by preaching about it and painting pen pictures of its hideousness, there are many hands into which this work may fall that will make right use of it. The author is evidently an ardent supporter of W. C. T. U. principles, and there is no question about his earnestness. Also, he sees clearly, not only the evils that affect modern society, but the proper remedies as well. He is not a dreamer of dreams, a visionary, but practical reformer who would bring about better social conditions by simple and natural methods. With the exception of one or

two pages which good taste would have been glad to dispense with, the book is interesting, instructive and well and strongly written, and certainly no thoughtful person can read it without profit. Such books are not perused for pleasure.

* * *

BIRD NOTES.

By June McMillan Ordway.
Wright Publishing Co., Portland.

Madame Norelli, to whom this exquisite little song is dedicated, speaks of it in terms of the highest praise. Mrs. Ordway is soon to publish other of her musical compositions. She is already known to the world of song by the patriotic production, "Our Country Grand," which has been so often sung during the last two years.

* * *

In the February number of the Century, Captain Slocum, of the Spray, concludes the account of his three years' cruise around the world. Nothing more interesting than this story, simply told, of a solitary voyage in a little sloop no larger than a pleasure boat could be imagined. To those who love the sea it is exhilarating, inspiring. Every line thrills with the unwritten romance and mystery of the deep, which can be felt but never told.

Unspoken.

In drifting boat
Sit man and girl;
Their thoughts remote
And hearts awirl.

Their fancies play
As free winds blow,
Where shadows stray,
Or streamlets flow.

In mystic gloom
And hazy air,
'Mid wild perfume
They drifted there.

The loon's far cry
The silence smote
Like words on sky
The Magi wrote.

"Cast off the troll
For foolish fish?
Upon my soul
I only wish

"To think and dream;
With you I live,
Then only seem
To have and give."

The lake was cross'd
And cross'd again;
Campfire was lost—
Time was not then.

The day had come
When they must part.
If lips were dumb—
From heart to heart

No message bore;
Yet Nature, bold,
Them o'er and o'er
The secret told.

But, wards of Fate,
Not theirs the prize;
At Destiny's gate
The joylight dies.

C. H. Sholes.

The Idler

A STUDY.

It was nearing the close of a hot, tiresome day, and he was glad to have the opportunity of going to the woods to indulge in the habit he called "reasoning." Reasoning!

That's what he thought it was, but then he didn't know; his mind was too clouded and dissipated by long practice of this same thing for him to perceive the difference.

He walked to the woods and threw himself upon the grass at the edge of the large pond. For some moments he lay there looking up at the hazy sky.

And then, naturally, he began to think: "I am not poetic, else I should be impressed by the largeness of the heavens.

"To me the sight brings recollections of days in grinding college life—a vision of chalk-dusty classroom, sleepy students, book shelves loaded with dry text-books.

"The sky repeats my story—opportunity, promise, effort, discouragement, failure, utter surrender. What am I now? A butterfly in the garden of literature, sipping here and there as my impulses direct, and going deep into nothing."

As time wore on the sky became less hazy, the sun sank lower and lower. At last—sunset. He was vaguely conscious of the change, and he knew he should have risen and gone to his evening meal.

Suddenly he turned on his side and faced the west. The sky was one sea of splendid color. As he gazed in admiration his bitter self-consciousness left him. Peaceful thoughts took form and passed; he ceased to feel weighed down by himself.

Once he had been a hypnotist, and now the old sleep formula came back to him. He smiled in pleasant anticipation. "I will change the formula from sleep to peace. Ah! the herd little knows what

rapture is in the power of a human mind! 'Peaceful, contented, quiet, but tired, drowsy, drowsy, forgetful, happy, oh, so happy!'"

The spell of his own cultivated power had taken possession of him, and he wandered in the paradise that was his conception of highest happiness.

Time passed from minutes into hours. The colors in the western sky faded into an all-pervading gloom just as his youthful hopes had paled and lost themselves in the gloom of experience. He expanded, he grew, he wandered on in the self-willed deception, ever higher, higher.

The law of compensation must have been paying him for his usual wretchedness.

The little, sympathetic frogs came out and sang a chorus of contentment, and the world went to sleep.

* * * * *

At last, late in the night, he resumed consciousness, bitter consciousness.

Stiff with the damp and cold, he arose and started back to the city. His exalted mental state was paid for in the pains of his physical man. Paid for? Never! A life time of wretchedness is slight in comparison to an hour of that life which is stored in an intelligent, human brain, but which nearly always dies a stranger to its possessor.

* * * * *

Some months later he was found dead at the edge of the pond.

He had passed an unusually trying day and had sought the woods at sunset. The usual thing had happened, but it had gone farther.

From "reasoning" he had gone into his only "happiness," and "happiness" had been followed by oblivion—the yielding of the misused brain. With the light of this late peace on his face his wretched life had dissolved.

Loris Melikoff Johnson.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions, limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

AMERICA'S FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

At this moment, when another Englishman (and one whose name will go ringing down the corridors of time by simple virtue of that daring and original question, "What would you do if Christ came to Chicago?") is congratulating himself upon his success as a prophet of evil, it may seem presumptuous in me to rush into print with the avowed hope and expectation of lifting a corner of the mantle of gloom cast about us by the pessimistic predictions of this man who seems to see all things "as in a glass darkly."

Perhaps it is due to the fact that I was born under an optimistic planet and so inherited from the stars an extraordinary fund of hopefulness, that I cannot quite agree with Mr. Stead when he writes in large, indigo-colored letters upon the wall his "mene, mene," but it stays one mightily to know that there are still several millions of level-headed Anglo-Saxons left who uphold me in my belief that England and English-speaking people are destined to rule the world, and who refuse to quake in their boots at the dire announcement that the empire, stripped of its armor, has its hands tied behind its back, and its bare throat exposed to the keen knife of its bitterest enemies."

But granting such to be the case, I take it that we could count upon our friends to rally to the defense at the first threat of real danger. America, for her own protection, must stand by England and cry "hands off" to all who would dare to take advantage of her in her time of stress. But America would do this for other and less selfish reasons.

Set in this stormy northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England, what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the seas divide?

They may say much that is not altogether approving, they may criticise and condemn, but when it comes to the danger point, when England and English institutions are threatened with annihilation, our neighbor republic will not look on, inactive or silent.

"England is our mother." America has said it too often to have forgotten or to ever forget. Does a child repudiate a parent simply because having grown to years of discretion and responsibility it has set up a separate establishment and maintains the right to self-government?

English-speaking people are blood-kin the world over, and "blood is thicker than water" is the editorial opinion of this magazine voiced in its "Point of View" only last month. America will "see that there is fair play," to quote further from the same text. "We cannot stand idly by, should complications arise, and see England, our mother country, set upon by all Europe as by a pack of hounds bent upon her destruction." This sentiment, expressed, reluctantly as it would seem, is, at heart, the sentiment of the people of the United States, in spite of petitions to the president for interference in behalf of the Boers. America may sympathize with Oom Paul—even Englishmen pay tribute to the Boer as a fighting man, but she will stand by England should the need arise. And it is to this one fact that I wish to call Mr. Stead's attention, for he seems to have entirely overlooked it in his

eagerness to hurry the nation on to a dismal and disastrous end.

It may be true, as he is so anxious to have us believe "that there would not be more than the thickness of a piece of tissue of paper between us and a war with France if any incident arose which kindled popular passion on either side of the Channel." But so long as that thickness, or, more properly speaking, thinness exists, or even should it cease to exist, there is not sufficient danger to justify Mr. Stead's lamentation. What, for instance, if it should come to pass that all our battle-ships should be temporarily withdrawn, as he predicts, and that

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
Must leave his sapphire care of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
The star of England's chivalry.

There would still be found a force

strong enough to protect the British isles from foreign invasion. Let men like Mr. Stead, who see only the dark side of the shield, remember England's past; let them recall the fact that she has given "For every inch of ground a son"; that though today a monarchy in name, she is and has long been republican in her form of government; that she stands for republican institutions—for true democracy,

And when this fiery web is spun
Her watchmen shall descry from far
The new republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of war.

And so, loving England, loyal to her institutions and believing in the loyalty of our "brothers in blood," and in the ultimate triumph of English arms and English chivalry, I subscribe myself, yours, most respectfully,

Clarence Danvers.

A Sonnet.

O wide, eternal, depth-unmeasured sea,
Of which no wave e'er breaks upon the shore,
Thou wast and must remain forevermore,
Till ev'ry soul is set from bondage free,
And time is lost in vast eternity.
O Sea of Death, thy mists are never torn
Apart by sounds of life, by breezes borne!
O mysterious, dark, unfathomed gloom,
Eternal silence reigneth over thee!
The horrors of a never-ending night—
A darkness that is never pierced by light,
But hangs amidst a silence deep and cold,
That light or life of earth can ne'er find room
To stay when thy dark mists around them fold.

Edith M. Church.

Winter on Puget Sound.

Can I forget that gray, chill day,
Upon the steely waters of the Sound.
When, with the salt spray in my face,
I stood for hours and watched
The broad, white path the vessel left
All shuddering from its contact?
Ever and anon the gulls,
The grand white gulls,
The silent, soft, strong, sympathetic gulls,
Would rise in triumph from the waves,
As if they spurned the element that gave them
life,
And sought companionship with man.
O gulls, O waves, O breezes of the sea,
How strong ye are! How tireless! and how

Bernice E. Newell.

The Month

In Politics—

The trend of thought and events during the past month has been in the direction of casting the republican party more firmly in favor of the permanent retention of the Philippines, while the democratic party is becoming more and more opposed to the idea. Judging by the present conditions, this will be the chief issue upon which the parties will divide. Senator Beveridge's speech in the senate January 9 is regarded as "the real opening declaration from the republican side regarding the Philippine policy." Senator Beveridge said, in part:

"The Philippines are ours forever, 'territory belonging to the United States,' as the constitution calls them. And just beyond the Philippines are China's illimitable markets. We will not retreat from either. We will not repudiate our duty in the archipelago. We will not abandon our opportunity in the Orient. We will not renounce our part in the mission of our race, trustee, under God, of the civilization of the world. And we will move forward to our work, not howling out regrets like slaves whipped to their burdens, but with gratitude for a task worthy to Almighty God that he has marked us as his chosen people, henceforth to lead in the regeneration of the world.

"This island empire is the last land left in all the oceans. If it should prove a mistake to abandon it, the blunder once made would be irretrievable. If it proves a mistake to hold it, the error can be corrected, when we will see every other progressive nation stands ready to relieve us.

"But to hold it will be no mistake. Our largest trade henceforth must be with Asia. The Pacific is our ocean. More and more Europe will manufacture all it needs—secure from its colonies the most it consumes. Where shall we turn for consumers of our surplus? Geography answers the question. China is our natural customer. She is nearer to us than to England, Germany or Russia, the commercial powers of the present and the future. They have moved nearer to China by securing permanent bases on her borders.

"The Philippines give us a base at the door of all the East. Lines of navigation from our ports to the Orient and Australia; from the Isthmian canal to Asia; from all Oriental ports to Australia, converge at and separate from the Philippines. They are a self-supporting, dividend-paying fleet, permanently an-

chored at a spot selected by the Pacific. And the Pacific is the ocean of the commerce of the future. Most future wars will be conflicts for commerce. The power that rules the Pacific, therefore, is the power that rules the world. And, with the Philippines, that power is and will forever be the American republic."

* * *

Senator Hanna, regarding the coming republican convention and the national issues (the first utterance he has made on the question), has said:

"Of course, President McKinley will be renominated, and, without doubt, he will receive every vote in the convention; but when it comes to choosing his running mate and deciding on the platform, there is likely to be an abundance of excitement. . . . The national issues will be, first, the prosperity of the working people of the country; second, the retention of the Philippines."

* * *

The Hamburg chamber of commerce, in its annual report, characterizes the trade relations of the United States and Germany as unjust and unsatisfactory, and places the blame for the situation upon the Dingley tariff and the "harassing restrictions and regulations to which German exporters to the United States are subjected."

* * *

Mr. Bourke Cockran bases his change of position upon what he is pleased to term the "change of issues," and so justifies his determination to support W. J. Bryan for the presidency in 1900, though he opposed him in 1896.

* * *

The Nation says that "something ought to be done to check" the collection and expenditure of money in political campaigns for corrupt purposes. The evil having grown to national proportions can only be effected by the application of a "national remedy."

* * *

The important issues affecting the Pacific coast are the Nicaragua canal bill and the Hav-Pauncéfote treaty, which are at present engaging the attention of congress.

England is still firm in pressing the South African war, and expresses confidence in Generals Roberts and Buller. The Boers continue to be victorious in all engagements, and there is meanwhile much suffering on either side from hunger and disease.

* * *

Governor Roosevelt has made public announcement of his intention to decline the nomination for vice-presidency.

In Science —

A prehistoric fossil, a cross between an alligator and a lizard, has been found in Chile. It is believed to weigh about six tons, and measures approximately 28 feet 11 inches in length. The head is nine feet long, and the tail is 14 feet 11 inches long. Across the back it measures 9 feet 9 inches. The fossil is petrified, and has considerable stone hanging to it. It will be taken to Valparaiso.

* * *

Francisco de Borja Pavon, a Cuban has invented an improved electro-magnetic machine.

* * *

The first Chinese electric railway is now in operation, connecting the Peking railway station with the south gate of the city.

* * *

Dr. Schenk has been dismissed from his professional positions by request of the Vienna medical faculty for the "frivolous publication of scientific matter."

* * *

The London Journal, Engineering, in a recent issue, contains an illustrated description of a new freight locomotive, one of 40 constructed at Dunkirk, N. Y., for the Union Pacific railway.

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The printing of books and periodicals upon highly glossed paper is held to be extremely injurious to the eyesight, so much so that the growing practice has provoked a united protest against it on the part of English readers.

* * *

Liquid air is to be put to a practical test in raising the Maine.

* * *

Inventive genius is just now being brought to bear upon the solution of the problem of saving the fine gold in which

the sands of Cape Nome are so rich. The ordinary sluice box or flume is not used with profit here because the sand packs the riffles and neutralizes the saving device. An invention of very recent date is being indorsed by practical miners, mining engineers and mineralogists. The salient features of this machine are, first, that it has the same motion in the panning that a Chinaman, who excels in that work, has in panning gravel in an ordinary gold pan, and the agitating fingers have a lateral motion and perform the same service on a large scale that the man does in stirring up the gravel in a gold pan in order to give the gold an opportunity to gravitate to the bottom of the pan. It is claimed that one man operating this invention can furnish sufficient power to work from thirty to forty tons of sand or gravel daily. It requires less than one miner's inch of water to run the machine to its full capacity and less than one horse power.

In Literature—

John Vance Cheney, in the contest for the three prizes offered by a New York man for the best answer to Edwin Markham's "Man With the Hoe," was awarded the first.

Nature reads not our labels, "great" and "small";

Accepts she one and all
Who, striving, win and hold the vacant place;
All are of royal race.

Him, there rough cast, with rigid arm and limb,

The Mother molded him,
Of his rude realm ruler and demigod,
Lord of the rock and sod.

With Nature is no "better," and no "worse,"
On this bared head no curse.
Humbled it is, and bowed; so is he crowned
Whose kingdom is the ground.

The third prize was awarded to Kate Masterson, whose "Song" ends with the following lines:

From the wealth of the living age,
From the garden grave of death,
Comes one acclaim like a furnace flame
Fanned to a white-hot breath—
Honor the man who toils
And the sound of the anvil's ring;
From a deathless sky a hand on high
Has reached to make a king.

Mrs. Helen C. Cander's book "How Women May Earn a Living," which appears this month, is already exciting discussion. The volume aims to deal with the problem wage-earning women from a practical point of view, and that the subject is one in which the public is vitally interested is evidenced by this early discussion.

* * *

"The Laws of Scientific Hand Reading" is a book that is to be brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons to meet a popular demand. It is written by W. G. Benham, who has given many years to the subject along what he terms "the most undisputed scientific channels."

In Art—

There is a reproduction in half-tone in the Art Journal for January of one of Mr. George W. Joy's pictures that inspires one with a longing to see the original. It is Joan of Arc in full armor lying asleep in her tent, her unsheathed sword ready to her hand. A child angel kneeling at the sleeper's feet keeps loving watch, and her outspread wings in the dim glow of the lamp make a soft white glory in the place. There is also in this number a remarkably good half-tone of Turner's mystic "Plains of Enna."

* * *

The subscriptions to the fund in charge of the permanent Dewey arch committee amount already to more than \$200,000.

* * *

The exhibition of painting and sculpture by Elihu Vedder at the gallery of Williams & Everett, in Boston, was considered the most important art event of the season. The gallery was crowded with visitors every day. "The Annaean with visitors every day. "The Armaean Sibyl," "The Fair Goddess Fortune" and "The Keeper of the Threshold" were among the pictures attracting the most attention. The exhibition has just been reopened in New York.

* * *

The celebration in Antwerp last summer of the 300th anniversary of Vandyck has had the effect of stimulating interest in the works of this great por-

trait painter, and as a result there has been an exhibition of Vandyck pictures at the Royal Academy in London this winter.

* * *

The event of the month in Portland has been the exhibition of Vandyck pictures belonging to the Ladd collection at the library, and which is to be followed by a Rembrandt exhibition. These pictures, the Vandycks, are for the most part photographic reproductions made from the original paintings.

In Education—

Mrs. Emmons Blaine is building in Chicago a school of pedagogy, which is to cost \$1,250,000.

* * *

It is claimed by those in charge of the free circulating libraries in those sections of New York where the population is largely of the poorer classes that the best standard authors are constantly in demand, and that less fiction is called for than is the case in more prosperous neighborhoods.

* * *

Mr. Robert Barr says: "The man who would coin a word would coin a lead dollar. * * * The only man who has a right to coin a word is the inventor who makes a machine which comes into the world without a name, and therefore needs one."

* * *

The reports at the beginning of the month show the affairs of the university of Oregon to be in an excellent condition.

In Religious Thought—

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," the book which created such a sensation in England and America, will have control of the Topeka Capital of Topeka, Kan., for one week, beginning March 13, and will edit the newspaper as he thinks a Christian daily should be edited.

* * *

William R. Moody is announced as his father's biographer and his successor in evangelical work.

* * *

All the talk in missionary circles is of the coming ecumenical conference, which is to be held in April of this year.

Leading Events—

Dec. 27.—Reports of rich strikes of gold near Granite and Sumpter, Or., are corroborated.

Dec. 28.—England withdraws from Samoa, leaving the islands to the care of Germany and United States.

Dec. 29.—Bubonic plague reported in Honolulu.—Boers strongly intrenched at Colenso.—Common council at Boston adopts a resolution of sympathy for the Boers.—Reported that England will secure Delagoa bay through treaty with Portugal.

Dec. 30.—Towns abandoned by American army in Philippines are being terrorized by the Filipinos.—"Bradstreet's" gives 1899 as an unprecedented year for increase of volume of business and prices, and the record year for exports.

Dec. 31.—European powers and Japan assure the United States of their willingness to maintain an "open door" in China.—Chicago has a million-dollar fire.

Jan. 1.—German press very hostile over British seizure of German imperial mail steamer Bundesrath in Delagoa bay.

Jan. 2.—The Chicago drainage canal completed at a cost of \$33,000,000.—The contest in Kentucky between Goebel and Taylor for Governor begins.

Jan. 3.—The University of Chicago adopts the phonetic method of spelling.

Jan. 4.—The English under Methuen are attempting to flank the Boers near Douglas.—The financial bill is taken up by the senate.

Jan. 5.—The joint commission to hear the contest in Kentucky was drawn by lot, and 10 of the 11 members are democrats.—The English seize another German steamer at Aden.

Jan. 6.—All American prisoners are rescued from Filipinos.—General Baden-Powell attacks the Boers at Gametree and is repulsed.—The senate committee makes an adverse report on Quay.—Germany greatly excited over seizures.

Jan. 7.—Boers attack Ladysmith and are repulsed.—Lipton will not challenge for America's cup this year.

Jan. 8.—White holds out at Ladysmith.—Small engagements reported in the Philippines.—The plague breaks out in Manila.

Jan. 9.—Senator Beveridge attracts attention by his speech in the senate in favor of holding the Philippines.—The New York Journal presents its loving cup to Admiral Dewey. The cup is made of 70,000 melted dimes and stands 6 feet in height.

Jan. 10.—Lord Roberts and Kitchener arrive at the seat of war.—The Deutschland, the most powerful ship afloat, is launched at Stettin, Germany.—American flour, seized off Delagoa bay, is released.—Secretary Root states that he will not be a candidate for the vice-presidency.

Jan. 11.—Announcement is made that Ladysmith has plenty of food, and can hold out until summer if necessary.

Jan. 12.—White's situation at Ladysmith becomes serious.—Buller reports a forward movement.—The Kentucky contest becomes more complicated.—The shipping subsidy bill under consideration by the senate committee.

Jan. 13.—Republicans in Kentucky refuse to vacate the offices if the legislature decides against them.—Tight censorship shuts out news from South Africa.

Jan. 14.—Report of agricultural department shows that England, Germany and France are our best customers. England comes first in the extent of her purchases, and Germany next.

Jan. 15.—Two British columns are marching to relieve Ladysmith.—An effort is to be made by the democrats "to pull Bryan down."

Jan. 16.—Boers sharply contesting Buller's advance.—Samoa treaty ratified by senate.

Jan. 17.—Buller recrosses the Tugela.—House committee decides against Roberts.

Jan. 18.—Maryland democrats refuse to endorse Bryan.

Jan. 19.—Great battle expected in South Africa; Buller has 40,000 men.

Jan. 20.—John Ruskin dies.—British and Boers meet near Ladysmith.

Jan. 21.—Feeling of confidence in England over Buller's advance.—Ministers of Frankfort, Ky., appoint a day for prayer and humiliation.

Jan. 22.—Buller makes slow headway.

Jan. 23.—Buller cannot advance further.—Roberts case comes up for final settlement.

Jan. 24.—General Warren's troops capture Spionkop, dislodging the Boers.

Jan. 25.—The house refuses to give Roberts a seat.—Body of 1,000 armed men arrive in Frankfort, determined to see that justice is done.—Chinese emperor reported dead.

Jan. 26.—Warren is forced to abandon Spionkop.—Gloom in England.

Jan. 27.—Goebel victory in test vote in Kentucky legislature.

Jan. 28.—Buller retreats, recrossing the Tugela. Great disappointment in England.

Jan. 29.—Bourke Cockran promises to support Bryan.

Jan. 30.—William Goebel is shot down in the streets of Frankfort, and is declared governor by the contesting board.

Jan. 31.—Goebel is sworn in.—Taylor declares martial law at Frankfort.

Feb. 1.—England has nearly 200,000 men in South Africa.

Feb. 2.—Crisis at hand in Kentucky. Democrats talk of raising troops.

Feb. 3.—Goebel dies, and Beckham declared governor in his place.—Buller's army is again engaged.

Feb. 4.—Better prospects in Kentucky.

Feb. 5.—Lord Roberts prepares to invade the Free State.—Republicans and democrats of Kentucky meet in conference in Louisville and come to an agreement.

Feb. 6.—Thomas R. Bard is elected senator from California.

Feb. 7.—Buller, Methuen and Gatacre advance.

The Financial World

CONDUCTED BY DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.

To convey an idea of the extent to which speculative operations on the New York stock exchange have fallen off of late, it is but necessary to refer to the record of daily transactions. Less than 200,000 shares figured in yesterday's total, and not more than a dozen stocks found favor with the trading element. This showing holds out slight encouragement to the very large number of speculators far removed from Wall street to come into the market.

It is not easy to find a satisfactory explanation for the inactivity of the big operators who are considered the leaders in the bull cause. They are doing practically nothing, offering as an excuse the uncertainty surrounding affairs in South Africa.

From the extraordinary amount of interest manifested by the Wall-street people in the war, one would imagine that the very life of the market depended exclusively upon the success or defeat of the English.

If the so-called leaders would turn their attention from the war to domestic affairs, a far more satisfactory state of things would soon be noticeable. This nation is in no way interested in the trouble between John Bull and Oom Paul, therefore it seems singular that our security market should be allowed to drift into its present position, while every factor of consequence at home favors a broader speculation and better values. If our market possesses the inherent strength which the bulls claim it does, it should act independently of what transpires in South Africa. Whatever happens over there will, at best, produce but a temporary effect.

If there is to be no permanent relief from existing conditions until the war is brought to an end, Wall street may as well begin to prepare for a long siege of dullness and unsatisfactory prices.

Railway earnings, which in the early part of the present month gave rather poor promise, are beginning to show a marked improvement. Returns for the third week, as far as received, are largely in excess of those for the same period last year. The mild winter is, in a great measure, responsible for the increased earnings. There have been no snow blockades or severe weather to incur heavy losses. Traffic has been handled without the delays so common in previous winters, and were it not for the scarcity of cars many roads would make a far better showing. Good earnings are the strong bull argument, and would prove a great help to values were it not for the feeling of apathy that has settled down upon the speculative public at large, and has

Sooner or Later

You must read what we have to say here, and sooner or later you must think about it, but

What is the sense

of putting it off, and tramping around in agony with a corn that makes life miserable?

If you have a corn

and nearly everybody has—you know what it means to suffer. We simply want to tell you how to secure relief. You can take advantage of it or not, but if you do what we recommend, we guarantee you will get relief—that the corn will be entirely removed, and a clean white skin left in its place.

We have experimented

a great many years to achieve this result. One thing will do it. We don't know of anything else that will. You are interested in knowing what will. It is

THE WILLAMETTE CORN CURE

A Clear and Colorless Fluid.

It will positively remove corns, and leave natural skins in their places. It sells for 25 cents a bottle (as reasonably as it can be made), and if you are tortured with a corn and will give our cure a trial, you will find that what we say is a simple fact.

BOERICKE & RUNYON,

303 Washington St.,

Portland, Oregon.

WHEN WRITING OR PURCHASING, MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

made it indifferent to the bright side of the situation.

Considerable interest was manifested in the speculative markets of the Chicago board of trade during the month just closed, particularly so in regard to wheat. Liquidation in the absence of demand by export had carried prices down to the lowest point during the present crop year, when reports were circulated that the growing crops in France had been seriously damaged by frosts. Then came news of injury to the growing plant in Russia from the same cause. These factors, coupled with the pronounced advance in prices in all European markets, were mainly instrumental in creating a strong tone to the market here, and so lifting it out of the depression from which it had been suffering for some little time past. Prices advanced materially on a fair demand on both foreign and home account. Whether they will continue to do so is a problem. Foreign as well as domestic conditions will have a great deal to do in solving it. Already this has become manifest to a certain extent. Rumors were prevalent that the bubonic plague had broken out in Rosario, and a rigorous cordon established. This will have the effect of temporarily stopping shipments of wheat from that port. Rumors of the same trouble were also reported from Sydney, Australia. Then, true or not, it is claimed that a strong disposition exists on the part of the American farmers to hold their stocks in the hope of getting better prices for them than now prevail.

It is an established fact that liberal quantities of wheat will have to be purchased for consumption in Europe before the coming crops there are harvested. The question is, where this wheat is to come from; and it is fair to assume that there will be a sufficient demand for it in this country to absorb a greater part of the surplus stocks held in the United States. In this event, a much stronger and higher market in the near future should be the result.

* * *

The Catholic church has begun a series of meetings in New York for non-Catholics. In explaining the movement, which is the first of the kind in this country, Father Doyle said that numerous and repeated complaints had been made on the part of the Protestant churches of all denominations that they were losing their hold on the masses. It had been stated that the Protestant church numbered on its rolls only 7 per cent. of the population of Greater New York, so that 93 per cent. are either Catholics or out of the church altogether. It was to reach this large un-churched class that this movement was commenced.

Amongst the minor ills of life

One of the very worst is laundry work that is badly done. It not only uses up the cloth rapidly, but it destroys the temper and gives one an unsatisfactory appearance where finish is most needed. Starched linen collars, shirts and cuffs must be unquestionably immaculate, done with no risk, a certainty as to result.

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has come to represent this to men who make any effort at all to dress well. Those who have not tried us will find that it will pay them to do so. Send a postal or telephone, and we will call.

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Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.

The Leading Openings.

GIUOCO PIANO.

White.

1. P to K4
2. K Kt to B3
3. B to B4
4. P to B3
5. P to Q4
6. P takes P
7. B to Q2
8. Q Kt takes B
9. P takes P
10. Q to Kt3
11. Castles (K's side)

Black.

1. P to K4
2. Q Kt to B3
3. B to B4
4. Kt to K B3
5. P takes P
6. B to Kt5 (ch)
7. B takes B (ch)
8. P to Q4
9. K Kt takes P
10. Q Kt to K2
11. Castles

Even game.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT.

White.

1. P to Q4
2. P to Q B4
3. P to K3
4. B takes P
5. P takes B
6. Kt to K B3
7. Castles
8. P to K R3
9. Kt to Q B3

Black.

1. P to Q4
2. P takes P
3. P to K4
4. P takes P
5. B to Q3
6. Kt to K B3
7. Castles
8. P to K R3
9. P to Q B3

White has a somewhat freer position.

RUY LOPEZ.

White.

1. P to K4
2. K Kt to B3
3. B to Kt5
4. B to B4
5. P to Q4
6. P to K5
7. Castles
8. R to K sq
9. B takes Kt
10. Kt takes P
11. Kt to Q B3

Black.

1. P to K4
2. Q Kt to B3
3. P to Q R3
4. Kt to B3
5. P takes P
6. Kt to K5
7. B to K2
8. Kt to B4
9. Q P takes B
10. Castles
11. P to K B3

Even game.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

White.

1. P to K4
2. P to K B4
3. B to B4
4. B takes P
5. K to B sq
6. Kt to B3
7. P to Q4
8. P to K R4
9. Kt to B3
10. K to Kt sq

Black.

1. P to K4
2. P takes P
3. P to Q4
4. Q to R5 (ch)
5. P to K Kt4
6. Q to R4
7. B to Kt2
8. P to K R3
9. Kt to K2
10. P to Kt5

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We are asked if it pays to have an umbrella re-covered. The only answer is, if you have a good frame it will pay you. But many times after you have had your umbrella re-covered the frame gives way on top, the rust having eaten away the eye of the ribs and the cover is destroyed. Our anti-rust frame overcomes this.

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- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 11. Kt to K5 | 11. B takes Kt |
| 12. P takes B | 12. Q takes K P |
| 13. Q to B sq | 13. P to B6 |
| 14. P takes P | 14. Q to Kt6 (ch) |
| 15. Q to Kt2 | 14. Q to Kt6(ch) |

Drawn game.

EVANS GAMBIT.

- | White. | Black. |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. K Kt to B3 | 2. Q Kt to B3 |
| 3. B to B4 | 3. B to B4 |
| 4. P to Q Kt4 | 4. B takes Kt P |
| 5. P to B3 | 5. B to B4 |
| 6. P to Q4 | 6. P takes P |
| 7. Castles | 7. P to Q3 |
| 8. P takes P | 8. B to Kt3 |

White now has three approved continuations, viz., B to Kt2, P to Q5, and Kt to B3; to take one.

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 9. P to Q5 | 9. Kt to R4 |
| 10. B to Kt2 | 10. Kt to K2 |
| 11. B to Q3 | 11. Castles |
| 12. Kt to B3 | 12. Kt to Kt3 |
| 13. Kt to K2 | 13. P to Q B4 |
| 14. Q to Q2 | 14. P to B3 |
| 15. K to R sq | 15. B to B2 |
| 16. Q R to B sq | 16. R to Kt sq |

The game may be considered about even

KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.

- | White. | Black. |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. P to K B4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. K Kt to B3 | 3. P to K Kt4 |
| 4. B to B4 | 4. P to Kt5 |
| 5. Castles | 5. K Kt to B3 |
| 6. P to Q4 | 6. P to K R3 |
| 7. P to B3 | 7. Kt to K2 |

Black has the advantage.

ALLGAIER — KIESERITZKI GAMBIT.

- | White. | Black. |
|----------------|---------------|
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. P to K B4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. Kt to K B3 | 3. P to K Kt4 |
| 4. P to K R4 | 4. P to K5 |
| 5. Kt to K5 | 5. K Kt to B3 |
| 6. B to B4 | 6. P to Q4 |
| 7. P takes P | 7. B to Kt2 |
| 8. P to Q4 | 8. Castles |
| 9. B takes P | 9. Kt takes P |
| 10. B takes Kt | 10. Q takes B |
| 11. Castles | 11. P to Q B4 |

Black has the better game.

(To be continued next month.)

* * *

Are we to be never satisfied? Have we so much of the immer-streband in our composition that we shall never know peace? Alas, peace that can be bought for a price is not peace. It can only be entered into by the straight and narrow way.

John H. Mitchell

Albert H. Tanner

MITCHELL & TANNER

Attorneys at Law

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Drift

Sudden Light.

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell;
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet, keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before—
How long ago I may not know;
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?
And shall not this time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our loves restore
In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more?

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

* * *

The story, which has not the faintest shadow of truth to it, started recently by the Detroit Journal, that some Indians, "graduates of government schools," had bound a captive to a stake, and the conventional happy thought struck the man who was to be burned:

"If you burn me, the sun will be darkened tomorrow," and the educated Indian's reply: "You will find, if you calculate the parallax to the 43d decimal, that the eclipse does not take place until day after tomorrow," has its counterpart in an incident told of a Pawnee Indian school boy, who was detailed to assist the agency physician in his office.

The boy continued with the physician for a year, but was never heard to utter a word of English.

The doctor thought, of course, that the Indian understood no English, and he was often inconvenienced by awkward attempts to make his directions plain through the sign language.

His gesticulations seemed to be understood, however, for all duties were satisfactorily performed.

One day, after a busy season with some Indians, the boy sat quietly looking at the labels upon the bottles in the dispensary.

"Doctor!" said he, finally.

The startled physician, who had been used to quiet when the two were alone, turned toward the unusual sound and said:

"What's the matter?"

"Will you please inform me," said the boy, "why pharmacists label their bottles in Latin?"

—From the Indian Helper.

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Fancy Cakes...

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ed by Electricity, Massage, Dry Hot Air, and
Vapor Baths.*

N. F. MELEEN, M. G.

PHONES—
Office, Black 2857.
Residence, Black 691. Office, 318-319 Marquam Bldg.

There is No Death!

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best beloved away,
And then we call them dead.

Ah! ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life! There is no death!

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

The Life of a Boer Girl.

One-half of the Boer girl's life is spent in following the flocks and herds of her father. At the beginning of the dry season the Boer farmer locks his cottage door and becomes a nomad. He places some of his household effects in several large wagons not unlike the old-time "prairie schooners," and, accompanied by his wife and children, leads his sheep and cattle in pursuit of water and pasture.

When the wet season begins and the nomads have returned to their homes, the Boer girl is busily engaged in her studies, which, if the father of the family has realized sufficient money from the sale of cattle and sheep, are directed by a governess brought from one of the towns. If a governess is not provided, the mother teaches the daughter, and if the finances of the family are too low to allow the purchase of the necessary supplies, then the Boer girl has the family Bible as her only text-book. The Boers are as familiar with the Bible as they are with the rifle, and a mother would consider her daughter's education neglected if she were not equally familiar with both

Ladies' Home Journal.

The Sleep.

Love in a life; and after life—the Sleep.
But we hang on a word, a look, and keep
The pulses throbbing, make the spark burn low,
And close the book to laugh, perhaps to weep,
Most surely—if, O gods, we may but know
Love in a life!

And so
Our burning palms we raise.
For dear hand-clasps and kisses on the lips
And close embrace
We give our nights and days;
And in one sweet draught our spirits steep,
Forgetting, whilst the Lights of Love Eclipse
The Sleep.

M. L. van Vorst.

IT IS A GENERALLY RECOGNIZED FACT

That the circulation of *The Pacific Monthly* is very much larger than that of any other monthly publication in the Northwest

This is true to such an extent that *The Pacific Monthly* may lay claim to a monopoly of the field

Besides covering Portland thoroughly, *The Pacific Monthly* has a large and growing circulation in the cities and towns of Oregon, Washington and Idaho

There is no better medium in this field for the advertiser who wishes to reach these States in an effective manner

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Address

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY,
Chamber of Commerce,
Portland, Or.

If We Didn't Have to Eat.

Life would be an easy matter
 If we didn't have to eat.
 If we never had to utter,
 "Won't you pass the bread and butter,
 Likewise push along that platter
 Full of meat?"
 Yes, if food were obsolete,
 Life would be a jolly treat,
 If we didn't—shine or shower,
 Old or young, 'bout every hour—
 Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
 'Twould be jolly if we didn't have to eat.

We could save a lot of money
 If we didn't have to eat.
 Could we cease our busy buying,
 Baking, broiling, brewing, frying,
 Life would then be oh, so sunny
 And complete;
 And we shouldn't care to greet
 Every grocer in the street
 If we didn't—man and woman,
 Every hungry, helpless human—
 Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
 We'd save money if we didn't have to eat.

All our worry would be over
 If we didn't have to eat.
 Would the butcher, baker, grocer,
 Get our hard-earned dollars? No, sir!
 We would then be right in clover
 Cool and sweet.
 Want and hunger we would cheat,
 And we'd get there with both feet,
 If we didn't—poor or wealthy,
 Halt or nimble, sick or healthy—
 Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
 We could get there if we didn't have to eat.

Nixon Waterman.

The only sure way in this world to have
 one-half of what you want is to quit wanting
 about two-thirds of what you haven't got.

When a woman gets so mad at her hus-
 band that she won't speak to him she is always
 unhappy, because she can never be certain how
 much it is punishing him.

"Good-bye," I said to my conscience—
 "Good-bye for aye and aye."
 And I put her hands off harshly,
 And turned my face away;
 And Conscience, smitten sorely,
 Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
 Grew weary of its pace;
 And I cried, "Come back, my Conscience,
 I long to see thy face!"
 But Conscience cried, "I cannot;
 Remorse sits in my place."

Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

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Far up a mountain pathway, where the crags
hang steep and high,
And fir trees make a network of their arms
across the sky,
I heard a fairy concert where the music was
so sweet
I laid me down to harken in an ecstasy com-
plete.

The brookway was the concert hall, and every
tiny wave
Laughed out its voice in melody I hushed my
breath to save.
The score was written on the rocks, but each
one knew its part,
And dashed away to join the song with eager,
willing heart.

The ferns grew by the water, where they
stooped to listen low,
And waved their dainty batons with a gentle
motion slow;
The ripples watched their movements, so they
sang in perfect time,
A happy, flowing cadence, like a harmony of
rhyme.

I could not count the singers as they sang
on, glad and free,
Some tripling voices hit the shore and
splashed to upper "C."
But, oh, the rushing chorus, it was madly,
gladly gay,
And shadows bent beneath the trees to hear
it on their way.

Thus, the world is full of music, and Nature
has her songs
That can hush away life's discords in a heart
where pain belongs;
Go, hear the wonder concert on the pathway
up the hill.
And peace will touch your weariness and bid
your woes be still.

"Good taste is cheap when you've got it,
but it comes mighty high when you haven't."

There is another sight than that of
the eye; there is another sunshine
than that of the regal day; there
is another world than the one we
see and feel. There is a love of
the spirit as well as of the passions, a
pleasure in the intellect as well as in the
senses; so there is a higher temperance
than concerns this body—a higher di-
gestion and assimilation than goes on
here. We are related to the winds and
tides, to the morning star and the solar
year, and the same craft runs through
all.—John Burroughs.

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Go to sea, my boy, go to sea! If there is anything in you, it will bring it out.

Last year, in Vienna, Mr. S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) sat talking with a Scotch bar-rister named Guthrie.

"Do you ever smoke?" asked Mr. Clemens of Mr. Guthrie.

"Yes, Mr. Clemens," replied Mr. Guthrie, "when I am in bad company."

"You are a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Guthrie?"

"Yes, I am."

"Ah," said Mr. Clemens, "you must be a heavy smoker."—Saturday Evening Post.

Joan of Arc's Home.

Domremy has changed but little during the four centuries and four score years which have rolled away since Joan of Arc was born. It was a farming village in Joan's day; it is a farming community still. Jacques of Arc (Joan's father) was a prosperous farmer of the village. He owned his modest home and some twenty acres of meadow, field and woodland, and had an income of about \$1,000 a year. He was a much respected citizen in the small community, performing many of those duties now relegated to a mayor, or a justice of the peace, and entertaining in a humble way the pilgrims who passed along the great highway. It is truly said that great characters are the children of unusual mothers. Joan of Arc was no exception to this almost universal rule. Isabeau of Arc was a woman evidently far in advance of her village associates. She had a brother who had been educated for the clergy; she possessed some little property in her own right; and what was, perhaps, rarer still, she signed her name with the title of Romee, used only by those who had made the pilgrimage to the Eternal city. The family of seven, three sons and two daughters, lived in the vine-covered cottage beside the mill, on the plot of land adjoining the church. The house has scarcely changed since repaired by one who knew Joan, and were it not for the sculptured details above the door, the tall spruce trees which shelter it, or the well-kept inclosure, there is nothing to distinguish it from the other farmhouses in the village. —Emma Ashbrand Hopkins, in Ladies' Home Journal.

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A Nes Perces Chief.

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. III.

MARCH, 1900.

No. 5.

The Chinese of the Pacific Coast.

By WILLIAM SYLVESTER HOLT. LINE DRAWINGS BY MISS LILLIAN BAIN.



HERE are 105,000 Chinese in the United States. Of these some 70,000 are found on the Pacific Coast. To the resident they are such an every-day sight as to attract but little attention. They go their quiet, unobtrusive

way and we scarcely think of them unless we need a cook or some one to cut the grass, or unless there is a highbinder fracas. But much interest attaches to these aliens, when we remember that they are our neighbors, since the war with Spain.

The first coming of Chinese to the Coast, as an immigration, was due to the demand for laborers on the first transcontinental railroad. Then they were cheap labor as compared with the white man, who had forgotten how a penny looked, and to whom the minimum of value was a "short bit." To the Chinese, in those days, the Golden Hills, their common name for the United States, were a veritable land of promise. Here a day laborer could earn in one month more than he could hope for in a whole year at home; while the cook whose services would command \$4 or \$5 per mensem, not including board,

was worth from \$20 to \$75 in gold, with board and room provided. And an autocracy beyond his wildest dream was yielded him by the housewife, who was charmed with the bland manners, punctuality and skill of the domestic who wished no Sundays off. This combination of cheap labor, then needed not only for railroad work but also for clearing land, gardening, factory work, and for competent domestic service on our part, with an opportunity for good wages and consequent wealth on the part of the Chinese, lead to what may be termed the rush to the Coast.

At the outset this rush called for no comment. White men were not numerous, money was plenty, work was abundant, times were good, and no objection was raised to the presence of the Chinese. They were not regarded as a menace, but as a needed help in our industrial conditions.

But times changed. The railroads were completed. They made it easy for people to come in from the East. Among those who came were many who depended upon day labor for daily bread for themselves and their families. They found the Chinese entrenched in positions which white men filled in the East. They found themselves in competition, in the labor market, with men of a different land, who could not vote. Then it was learned that the Chinese were very objectionable. They were heathen, and this was awful. They smoked opium, and this was worse. They gambled, they carried revolvers,

they organized highbinder societies; they got control of the best portions of some of our cities. Then came sand-lot oratory, and "the Chinese must go" demand. Such an element as the Chinese, who would not become citizens (why?); who lived frugally; who sent money out of the country to support dependent families in China; who lived in narrow quarters where white men would suffocate; who spent little money in saloons; who worked for less wages than the white man, and who could not be rounded up on election day, because they had no vote, could not be tolerated in an enlightened country.



Then we were treated to statements about the millions of Chinese in China, who would come here and overwhelm us. This, too, in face of the fact, still a fact, that there are no Chinese in this country except from the single province of which Canton is the capital city, and in which there are but 16,000,000 of people.

The result of all this was the Tacoma effort, in which the then President of the Y. M. C. A., whose sister was a missionary in China, took an important part; the attempt at Seattle, which proved futile because of a determined judge and the militia; the little affair at Oregon City; the effort in Portland, stamped out by the manly attitude of

the Oregonian and the firmness of officials. Out of all this agitation came the stringent restriction legislation so creditable to a powerful Christian nation.

We have learned some things in these years, and, since China is taking such cargoes of American flour and is in large measure the future market for many of our products, there is less excitement about being overwhelmed with anything from China except orders for our lumber and flour. Those we are prepared to welcome. Indeed, we are not much disturbed to learn that in Portland there are some 60 native-born Chinese who will vote at our next election, if they do not forget to register.

The Chinese who are now here have more chances for a permanent residence than was possible before our restriction measures were adopted. Then the increasing number, by various methods, of those who are born here, will call attention to them.

When we consider the Chinaman as a citizen, it must be remembered that the average Chinese, at home, has no definite idea of citizenship. Laws are made, officials are appointed, not elected, and taxes are levied by the imperial government. The people have no share in such business. Their share is to pay the bills and carry the burdens of government. This lesson of citizenship must be learned by our Chinese citizens here. It is not innate, but must be taught. If we are content to leave it to ordinary political sagacity to do the teaching, the Chinese voter will make a splendid ally of the boss. Bossism he understands. But as he is a man of quick perceptions and many resources if taught independence, he will know how to exercise his right as well as an old-time, independent American, and at the same time keep his own counsel, so that no boss can know what he will do. We must never belittle his keenness, but rather help him to use it for the good of the state whose privileges he shares. When he gets into politics we shall have some revelations in astuteness and adaptation to environment which will surprise us, especially if we have had a small notion of his ability.



At the entrance to a Joss House.

For domestic service and as laborers the Chinese are probably unsurpassed in the world. Fortunately or unfortunately, depending upon the point of view, we, as Americans, know nothing of a servant class. The girl in the kitchen today will be the teacher in the public school tomorrow, and a daughter-in-law the third day. The American girl is not a servant. She "helps" that she may help herself, and can do it as no other woman in the world can. Those domes-

tics who come from other lands soon learn the possibilities here, and by and by are on the force, or in politics, through matrimonial alliances, and work, naturally, toward the top. So of the laboring man who is born here, or is not too old when he comes here. The stump-digger of today is the rich man of tomorrow. The plowboy edits the great paper; the clerk goes to Congress. But in China there is a vast multitude who must serve. Men of

that sort come here. They find that by neatness and skill and knowledge of the language and good manners they can get on. They take pride in their work, in their own appearance and their skill. In some communities of Chinese in this state the cooks are the aristocracy. They are well dressed, polite, affable, and know their value. The Chinese man who tips his hat to a white lady is, or has been, a domestic. If they ever fail to give satisfactory service, the reason for it will be found in the households where they serve. As laborers their fidelity is attested by those who employ them. Although it is noted that the section men on our railroads today are Japanese, instead of Chinese, the reason for this is not known to the writer, nor has he had opportunity to inquire.

As a resident, citizen or servant, the Chinese are worthy subjects for missionary effort. Nor by this do we mean simply religious missionary effort. Of course, that is the highest form, and under that head all else may be done. But in education the Chinese readily respond to efforts made. In fifteen years of educational work in which the writer has been interested, not one pupil has been found, except among children, who has not shown appreciation of help. Men grown, who are compelled to arise at 4 o'clock A. M. to work; clerks in stores, gardeners, laundrymen, fishermen, after a day of wearying toil, attend night school and pore over the new language with a zest and earnestness which wear out the white teacher. They are equal to the Germans for persistence. They learn to write more readily and more exactly than do our own young people, and are neater than the ordinary schoolboy with his copy-book. Were there manual training-schools to which they could have access, they would have the dexterity which insures success.

Where the opportunity is offered for higher education the Chinese have taken high rank in our colleges and universities. They have mental ability of the highest order, and only need the chance to show it.

In religious work among the Chinese in this country certain facts must be borne in mind. They are here separat-

ed from their families; they are not here to learn religion, but to make money; they have a religion of their own to which they are attached by birth, inheritance, training and family affection. Each of these facts presents a barrier to the acceptance of a new religion, and the first two facts are a barrier to the practice of any religion.



Yet the Chinese are not beyond the reach of the Gospel, and many of them are consistent members of Christian churches. Sometimes we think gifts to religious work are a proof of sincerity. The Chinese Christians in this country send thousands of dollars, annually, to their own country, to maintain churches and schools, and employ preachers among their own people. Some of them return home and become efficient helpers there.

The church with which the writer is connected—Presbyterian—has no less than six mission stations in Kwong-tung Province, opened by the aid of men who had returned from this country. A fine church building and school were erected largely by contributions from Chinese here, and one church and a book distributing society draws nearly all its support from Chinese Christians in this land. A Chinese man and woman converted here in Portland, and afterward married, returned to China, built a comfortable home, and gave a house-warming. After receiving the congratulations of his neighbors on his good fortune in saving money in the Golden Hills to enable him to build such a home, he replied thanking his friends for their kind words; then he added: "I got some-

thing in the Golden Hills much better than money, and wish to tell you of it." Then he confessed himself a Christian, and urged the Gospel as worthy their attention. His wife also visits among the women, telling them of Christianity.

In his native religion there is not much show. There are "joss houses," but they resemble very faintly the temple of the home land. The God of War, Kwan Ti, seems to be the favorite idol, and his image is found in the joss house and in the Chee Kung Tong, Most Just Hall. His picture is also seen in some of the stores.

Worship consists in offerings of incense, burning candles, libations, and prostrations before the image. If the oracle is to be consulted, lots are cast after worship, and these lots direct the inquirer to the book where the desired message is found. On doors and walls of shops and houses felicitous expressions are found. At New Year the word for happiness abounds, and "May the five blessings descend upon the door" is



a favorite. "May the single door yield wealth"; "May the opening of the door be greatly prosperous"; "May the Chinese be at peace and the foreigner be in harmony," and many others are seen, written upon slips of red paper.

Often under a small table we find a strip of paper on which is an inscription invoking the aid of the god of wealth and tutelary god of the locality; near this incense and candles burn, or a dish of oil with a lighted wick is set.

Perhaps the keenness of the Chinese is not better shown than in their selec-

tion of quarters. When they have been allowed to decide where they shall live, the 10,000 Chinese in San Francisco, the 3,000 in Portland, and the smaller communities of other towns, are in the midst of the business portion of those cities and towns. They compel our admiration in the business sagacity they show. There are some 14,000 Chinese in this collection district, and when they have had their own way they have hit upon good business locations for their various enterprises.

Let it be remembered that, in the main, our immigrants from China are peasants. We have not many of the mercantile community, nor have we more than a few literary people.

The peasant is accustomed to very humble fare. Rice, some vegetables, occasionally fish, or pork or chicken, eggs, fruit. But the staple is rice, with a flavor, only, of meat. Here he eats the best he can get, and he much enjoys good food. Relishes are much appreciated, and fruit is enjoyed. A visit to a grocery will show as much variety as in our own.

When they can afford it they go well dressed. Broadcloth upper garments, fashionable material for trousers, shoes of the approved model, and ordinarily a soft hat, is his equipment. If he has adopted our costume the apparel usually is neat and fits well, while the hat is the Derby of that general style.

One who converses with the Chinese in English hears him often say of another man, "He is my cousin." Some think that the cousinship is a very common relation, and that the Chinese have as many cousins as the white man who wants to see a game of football has sick relatives.

But a "cousin" is simply one who bears the same surname, and is not an immediate relative. This grows out of the family or clan notion. All the Smiths belong to the Smith family. Therefore all the Smiths are relatives, and this relationship is expressed by the words "Heng Die," which the Chinese roughly translates "cousin."

This calls to mind a peculiarity connected with Chinese names. Every Chinese has a family name, which never

changes. Wong remains Wong, and Lee remains Lee to the end of the chapter. This name always is pronounced and written first, for it is the important name. Wong Ah Kai in Chinese is



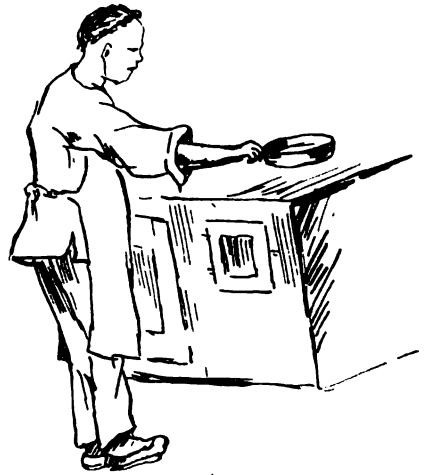
Ah Kai Wong in English. But what we call the given name or Christian name changes. The baby has a pet name—"milk name," the Chinese call it—given by the mother. This name she will always use, doubtless, and so will many of his friends. When the boy goes to school he has a "book name"; when he is "capped," a "man name," when he is married, another may be taken; when he attains office, another, and after death a posthumous title or name may be bestowed.

The pet name is sometimes apparently entirely out of place, and is given as a protection. A boy is a priceless treasure, and some evil spirit may seek to harm him. But a silly name will deceive the spirit into thinking: "The parents do not care much for that boy, because they have given him a senseless name. I will not harm him." So a boy is called "the dog," "the cow," "the calf," "the female," or any such ridiculous name.

"Ah," prefixed to so many Chinese names, sometimes has no meaning and sometimes has the force of "the." For example, in a family of eight boys known

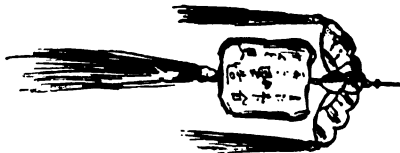
to the writer they were numbered, and to the numeral was prefixed "Ah." "Ah Ng" was "the 5th," "Ah Sam" was "the third," and the boys were ordinarily called "the 3d," and "the 5th."

As a people, the Chinese are one of the most interesting in the world. The linguist, the ethnologist, the philosopher, the historian, the philanthropist, the Christian, finds among them a world of material for delightful study and research. They are not readily measured or understood. But they repay all the labor one is disposed to expend in the multiform phases of their national or in-



dustrial life. We have not uncovered the ledges of wealth which lie in that field. But here and there a prospect has been made, and in developing these prospects new discoveries of increasing richness are found.

They are a wonderful people, and but just entering upon their career in the world's history. We need to make and keep them our friends.



Me Kim's Funeral.

By CAPTAIN HARRY L. WELLS.



ME KIM is dead; not only dead, but buried, and buried with all the barbaric pomp of a Mongolian funeral. Me Kim was an educated Chinese merchant, who came to Portland some 30 years ago, and, though he lived here continuously and never returned to his native land, he was just as much of a Chinaman at the day of his death as the day he set foot on American soil, with the slight difference that he had learned to talk pretty fair English. This is one of the most powerful objections to Chinese immigration, that the subjects of the Brother of the Sun never cease to be alien in dress, customs habits of thought and sympathies, no matter how long they may live among us or how much better off they are here than they could ever hope to be in their native land.

Two days ago Me Kim paid the debt of nature, and today his grotesque funeral cortege moved through the streets with its discordant orchestra and all that was mortal of the distinguished deceased was laid to rest temporarily, awaiting final shipment to China; for be it known that no matter how long a Chinaman may expatriate himself in life, he wants his bones to be finally buried in the Flowery Kingdom, for upon that depends his hope of such a heaven as he expects to reach.

As an overwhelming exhibition of grotesque ceremonies and imposing awkwardness a Chinese funeral stands unrivaled. However impressive it may be to the true believers, to the unregenerate heathen of this country the spectacle is supremely ludicrous. Neither pen nor pencil can convey to one who has never witnessed the scene an adequate idea of the manner in which the numerous ceremonies are performed. Neither grace nor dignity is exhibited in any portion of the service; unless striding jerkily about in long and flapping robe of white cotton, with the head bandaged with a strip of the same material, may be called dignity, and jouncing up and down irregularly on the back of a horse that wanders about the street at its own sweet will may be denominated graceful. Chinese locomotion is the perfection of awkwardness, whether it be the ordinary shamble of the lounge, the jog trot of the vegetable vender, or the supposed stately tread of the priest; and when these are all combined in a funeral procession, the effect upon the Caucasian observer is far from impressive.

Me Kim was not an ordinary Chinaman. The coolie, when he departs this life, is unceremoniously nailed up in a pine coffin and hurried away to the temporary grave, the procession usually

consisting of a hearse, a hack with a Chinese orchestra, and an express wagon, containing a few good things for the departed to eat, his blankets and other worldly effects. It is only when a man of wealth or position dies that the genuine funeral service is performed, making it an event sufficiently rare to be always novel and interesting. Me Kim was a great man, and his funeral today was the most elaborate and impressive that has been witnessed in Portland for many years.

The body lay in state in Me Kim's store, on Second street, encased in an elegant rosewood casket. In the street by the side of the store, a wooden canopy, covered with white cloth, was erected, and in front of this were placed three long tables, with intervals between them. Upon the tables reposed a whole roast pig, bowls of rice, confections, and a mass of eatables and drinkables, enough to make a banquet for a score of men. These were to be taken to the grave and left there for the use of the departed spirit, it being one of the Chinese beliefs that the dead still hunger for the fleshpots of this world, and will severely punish those still on this side of Jordan who should feed them and do not. The body was brought down and placed upon an elevated platform beneath the canopy and overlooking the tables. Smoking and smelling punk, fluttering paper prayers, flapping banners, and numerous odd and fantastically colored devices completed the equipment, save mats before the tables upon which the priests kneeled. About the tables was gathered a motley crowd of spectators, Caucasian and Mongolian, and within the circle the cotton-gowned priests performed the various ceremonies of the occasion.

The priests bowed themselves successively upon the mats, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, and at times three together, kneeling and touching their foreheads to the ground, continually chanting in a shrill and unmusical voice some form of supplication, never forgetting at all times to agitate vigorously the fans they held in their hands. For nearly an hour this performance was carried on, a constant clatter being maintained by

two Chinese orchestras seated in hacks stationed conveniently near. The culminating spectacle was the procession, intended, no doubt, to be imposing. For lack of a competent field marshal there was great difficulty in getting the component parts of the parade in their proper places in the column, but after much running backward and forward, wrangling and chattering, the different elements of the pageant were properly disposed and the line of march was taken up.

Owing to the wealth and exalted position of the deceased, an American band had been engaged to help render the occasion more impressive. This innovation was introduced a number of years ago, when a wealthy merchant died and his funeral cortege passed solemnly along the street with the band playing "Maginty." During the preliminary ceremonies the band gave expression to the general grief by playing "Two Little Girls in Blue" and "Daisy," but when the procession started it struck up a dirge, and even at that cadence it nearly ran away from the remainder of the procession before it was properly placed in line. The most difficulty was had in locating two white-robed musicians, who were evidently an important factor in the display. Each bore across his left shoulder a long pole, from the rear of which fluttered a banner, while a gong depended from the end in front. Upon these gongs they beat at irregular intervals. Whether it was intended to frighten away evil spirits or to announce to those on the other side the approach of another to join them, it must have had the effect desired. It was loud and discordant enough. They first took the head of the procession, then were moved to the rear, then given a place in the center, and finally, after a start had been made, came trotting to the front again, and stationed themselves immediately behind the hearse. At this point a Chinaman ran towards them excitedly for the fifth time, and snatched from their heads the dirty black hats they had forgotten to remove, revealing two red turbans that made quite a transformation in their appearance.

When fully in motion the cortege con-

sisted of two white-robed couriers on horseback, who looked exceedingly uncomfortable and could neither keep abreast of each other nor in the middle of the street; the band, playing Mendelssohn's beautiful funeral march; the hearse; the two red-turbaned gong-beaters; a dozen white-robed priests; the widow, with disheveled hair and bare feet, weeping copiously; an express wagon containing the feast to be left on the grave, and a Chinaman who strewed little pieces of paper along the street as a guide for the departed spirit upon his friendly visits to his former home, and a long procession of hacks, two of them containing clattering and shrieking Chi-

nese orchestras and the others having Chinese occupants or being entirely empty. In the number of persons participating and of carriages, it was the largest funeral procession that has passed through the streets of Portland for years, and it attracted greater crowds upon the streets as it passed along. Me Kim was laid to rest in a style that must have been highly gratifying to his observant and exacting spirit, and expensive to his estate, and when, at some future time, his bones shall have been given final interment in the sacred soil of China, there will be nothing of which his ghost can complain.

Christine Sturburg's Ride.

IN TWO PARTS.

By *MARY BURKE CALHOUN.*

Part I.

THE California coast country is always lonely. It consists mostly of the foothills of the Coast Range, which slope down to the sea, ending in abrupt cliffs whereon the billows of the Pacific crash, whirling their spray into the wind. Here and there a little stream tumbles down from the mountains, cutting out a little valley which terminates in a bit of beach. Despite the loneliness, the dairymen who live along the coast have pretty homes and comfortable ranch houses, all built down in the brook hollows to avoid the cold trade-winds which sweep down the coast all summer long. The grass of the hillsides, green through the spring, is cured by the summer sun and affords pasture the year round. Swedes and Italians have usurped this country for their dairies, and no thriftier, cleaner countrymen can be found.

Gustaf Sturburg, nicknamed "The Don," was one of these, and he prided himself on the weight of his butter rolls and on the size and color of his cheeses;

no better were ever found in market on shipping day.

This rainy morning, he stood with folded bare arms in the doorway of the barn, facing the hills. A justified pride gleamed in his eye as he watched the great black-and-white Holstein cattle winding down the paths from the upper pasture. Some dairymen counted their cows by units, running no higher than twenty or thirty; Gustaf Sturburg counted his by tens and did not stop with hundreds.

The vaqueros slid sidewise down the hills, turning their horses this way and that to catch the strays. "The Don" observed with satisfaction that they obeyed his every suggestion in managing the herd. But his satisfaction died away into a frown that darkened as a Spanish vaquero broke from the herd and rode straight toward him. He dismounted by the fence, and, leaning over it, addressed his master in imperfect English:

"Senor knows the cow we found in the far pasture? Senor examined it himself.

He is mistaken. No lion ever killed it. It has been carved, here and here, so and so—" illustrating with the edge of his hand on the side of his broncho.

"The Don" bit convulsively at the ends of his long black mustache and his eyes grew ugly with passion. Of all hated things the coast country most despises a cattle-thief. Not even a fence-breaker is so detested. Without a word the master turned from the expectant face of the vaquero and walked to the stall of his ready-saddled mare. Throwing a noose of rope about her nose, he mounted and rode from the barn toward the hills, the vaquero, unbidden, following at a respectful distance.

"The devil's afoot," he whispered as he passed his fellow-herders. This word was whispered from one to another as they pushed the cattle into the yards. The milkers went to work hurriedly, only pausing in passing from one cow to another to look furtively toward the hills. "The Don" in anger was a thing to be dreaded.

"Kossuth is a brave one to go with him," said one.

"It was braver of him to inform him," replied his neighbor, moving past with his stool strapped to him to squat at a cow close by.

"Had it been among the trees there would have been no need to report it," said the first.

"No," replied the second, "but 'The Don' doesn't appoint his days of riding the ranch, and had he found those cuts it would have been all up with us."

And then a third milker, bolder than the rest, struck the thought all were engaged with. "'The Don' said it had been killed by a mountain lion, and he does not like to be mistaken."

Meanwhile "The Don" and his companion had silently wound their way over the foothills to the far pasture, a flat space of several acres on the top of a ridge. This same ridge ran down into the sea in the form of a sandy headland, separating the Sturburg property from that of Waddell's canyon.

The men rode to the far edge of the open. There lay the dead cow. The vaquero pulled back the hide to show the great slashes a knife had made. He

made no comment, merely pointing to the tracks now filled with water, leading up from the other side to the carcass. "The Don" said nothing, but turned home. Kossuth kept his wonted distance, lost in the contemplation of the little wells of muddy water which fell from the hoofs of the mare of his leader.

All the while, "The Don's" little sister, Christine, was busy scouring the shelves of the cheese room. This done, she watched the new milk pour into a great vat from without. Through the little window she could see the milkers at their work. One of them approached to empty his bucket into the vat funnel outside, bending his head to avoid the water which was blown into his face from the dripping eaves. Raising the funnel lid, he poured in the rich milk, which ran in a wrinkled, creamy stream through the trough inside, falling in bubbles into the vat below.

"There'll be a gale," called Christine.

"Yes," smiled the milker with a glance at the sky, "and a bad one, too."

"Where is my brother?" queried Christine. The milker opened his lips as though to reply, but, with a swift look at the hillside, he sped away and squatted to his work.

Christine followed his glance, and saw her brother slipping and winding his way down the hill. Her little forehead knitted itself into wrinkles. What could be the matter? Was her brother angry? That would be too bad, for when angry "The Don" was not kind even to his little sister, the only member of his family. Christine waited, but worked while she waited. She determined to watch her chance and interview Kossuth. She saw her brother call two of his milkers and enter the stable with Kossuth. Just at this juncture she was called to help the old housekeeper, Ursula.

"You are quiet as a tomb," exclaimed Ursula, noting the solemnity of Christine's face as she flitted to and fro, arranging the table. Christine made no reply, but, winding her two thick braids of hair about her head, she snatched up a bonnet and tied its strings securely beneath her chin.

"You are not to go out," grunted the heavy Ursula, raising a finger at her.

"Your brother won't have it. He says he has enough to run out into the wet without your having to go."

"I go to the cheese room," replied Christine, without looking at the wrinkled face whose eyes were bent upon her. Hearing no reply, she slipped away and stood guard behind the cheese room door. One by one the men came up on the long porch, washed themselves, and went in to supper. By and by her brother came. Kossuth was not with him. As she had hoped, he had remained in the stable to rub down the horses. Never had she seen her brother's face so terrible. With flying feet she ran down the steps, and, leaping from block to block, she crossed the muddy cowyard and opened the stable door.

"Sh—sh!" she warned Kossuth the minute he turned his dark eyes upon her. With brushes in hand, he hastened toward her.

"Go back, Christine. Thy brother is very angry. Go back! He might tear thee to pieces," and he stooped to peer through a chink to see if the brother were visible. He had spoken in Spanish, but she understood too well.

"But, Kossuth, you must tell me the why that my brother is so angry," her little Swedish tongue struggling with the English words.

"The cow in the far pasture was killed by a man. Meat has been cut from it," he replied abruptly.

"Does he know the killer?"

"Everybody knows. That fellow back in the hills with the herd of muchachos. Too many muchachos. He robs to feed them," and Kossuth pursed up his lips in disgust at the thought of such a family. Little Christine stood looking up at him with round blue eyes, her pretty mouth drooping fearfully.

"And what means my brother to do?"

Kossuth put a finger across his mouth and rolled his eyes toward the house.

"Will he be hung like old Jacobson's son?" she persisted. Kossuth took up the end of a lariat hanging close by and wound it about his neck. Dropping it again, he smiled grimly.

"When?" asked Christine.

"We leave after the morning milking to drive the cows to pasture. It takes

four to do that." Kossuth winked knowingly.

"It will be too wet for the cattle," suggested Christine.

"The storm has not yet broken. This is only wind." Kossuth turned to his work of brushing off the horses. There was a long row of them and Christine saw that he could not leave his work to carry her back to the house, so she went out into the wind once more, and, nearly losing her balance at every leap, she at last gained the protection of the porch.

Dropping her bonnet, she peered into the dining-room, but not seeing her brother, she ran into the front hall and up the stairs to his bedroom. Without knocking, she opened the door. She was doing a very brave thing for a little girl of thirteen, but because she was small for thirteen, she dared to do it.

"Gustaf," she whispered, "I want to be with thee." She spoke in the native tongue.

"The Don" looked sharply at her as he turned on his stool and dropped his pen into its holder.

"Gustaf, thou wilt not be a man-killer?" She put a little hand on his knee and looked up into his face, her chin quivering.

"Who has told thee such nonsense?" he growled.

"No one," she quickly replied, remembering the fears of Kossuth. "But I hear talk from the dining-room." She knew "The Don" was no match for a roomful of men.

"Stop thy silly ears to such talk. It is not for them"; he scowled terribly.

"But, Gustaf," (she was calling him purposely by his own name), "I was climbing up the creek for ferns one day, and I came to that poor English lady's home. It was so miserable, and the children were so ragged. I gave them my lunch. The lady has such beauty and she is so pale. Thou wilt not take away their papa?" She pressed hard on his knee.

"Be gone with thy talk. It is none of thy doing!" He was growing angrier.

"Oh! But Gustaf, I have no papa, and it is very hard." She began to cry. At this her brother took her up in his arms and carried her into the hallway.

He was exasperated, but there was something sotter in his manner after he had called Ursula.

"We do nothing until we are sure. And, Christine, thou must not weep for a thief. Go, white heart," and he shut the door with scorn.

Christine ran to the fat arms of Ursula and buried her face in the plump bosom. Ursula led her to her chamber and talked to her as she unfastened her little garments.

"Thou hast had a busy day, and art tired. I shall tuck thee in and give thee thy supper here. There, little one." Christine put in no protest.

Ursula got the goodies of the kitchen together and took them to her charge. Christine appreciated the treat and ate heartily, while old Ursula busied herself fixing up the cozy little room. She loved this child as her own; she had been her mother all the years of her young life.

"Ursula, dost thou think that my brother will go tomorrow?"

"That is not for us to say," replied Ursula.

"But, Ursula, the little children will have no papa. There are four of them and their papa has been ill. That is why they came here. The lady told me so, and she is so beautiful. My brother is very bad if he is a man-killer." The little face on the pillow was flushed but very positive.

"That is none of thy business," said Ursula sharply. She well understood her place in the family. Christine sat up in bed.

"But I shall hate him!" she screamed. Ursula blew out the candle.

"Sleep will be good for such a temper," declared the old lady, feeling vainly in the dark for the tray of victuals, many of which had not been touched.

"Well, it can stay," she grunted, and left the room, closing the door behind her.

Left alone, little Christine lay awake wondering. She was so worried. She pressed her little hands to her head, for it ached; but she lay very still, and when Ursula looked in on her way to bed Christine was peacefully sleeping. But, if asleep, Christine did not sleep long.

She listened until every noise in the house had died away, though the wind rattled the doors and windows alarmingly. About 10 o'clock she lighted her candle, screening it carefully for fear of detection. Then she dressed herself and ate what she could, at last stealing into the hall, where a long row of coats and hats hung. It was very draughty in the hall. She lifted a bunch of clothing from a hook and slipped back into her own room. She laid her load on the bed and looked it over. There was one short, woolly coat. She put this on. It nearly reached the floor, and a great deal of sleeve had to be turned back. A very wide flap had to be pinned over to make it fit her body. With difficulty she pulled on her rubbers, and, tying her knotted scarf about her head, and stuffing the candle and matches, together with a bit of bread, into her pocket, she again entered the hall, now only lighted by the dim moonshine.

Her little footsteps could not be heard above the clatter of the storm. She opened and closed doors without fear, and at last stood on the porch. Above, now and then, the moon peered through the clouds which nearly covered the heavens, the force of the wind to be guessed only by their flight. She looked toward the barn and was afraid; but she pushed her way toward it, muttering: "My brother shall not be a man-killer."

She opened the stable door with difficulty, lifting the heavy bar. Now inside, she lighted her candle, and with this in hand she stole along back of the row of horses to the far end of the stable. Here, Jason, the swiftest and blackest steed of the dairy, was tied. Snorting a little at the sight of her, he struggled to his feet. In spite of her fears she laughed, for she knew that she looked more like a chubby bear than a harmless little girl.

"You must take me to Pescadero. Jason. It is not far, but the way is so bad." She pulled him up to the manger, and, standing on its edge, she struggled long and hard to put on his bridle. At last she succeeded. As for a saddle, that was out of the question. She found her own surcingle, and, throwing it again and again, finally got it over his back and strapped on the side, though not tight

at all, for he swelled out his sides and nipped at her sleeve as though her feeble little hands were lacing him in two.

This done, she propped the door open, likewise the yard gate; then she returned and managed by climbing the side of the stall to get to the back of the great horse. Not until then did she untie him, and this with the greatest difficulty. He turned so suddenly that she came near falling, but, tightening her grasp on the reins, and forcing her feet in between

his sides and the surcingle, she clung to him as he bounded from the barn.

Twice he circled the yard before she could get him back to the barn door, to shake the prop from it and swing it to. As for fastening it, it might remain unfastened to account for the escape of Jason. With the gate she had the same difficulty, but she knew the wind would keep it shut if once closed, so she galloped away under the cloudy moon.

(To be concluded next month.)

Spring.

The Spring has come and buried lies
The joyless, cheerless Winter's gloom,
Each bird his love-spurred task now plies,
And plumes his wing to please her eyes,
New tender love-notes ever tries.
The present days the past illumine,
Since Spring has come and buried lies
The joyless, cheerless Winter's gloom.

Margaret Stanislawsky.

My Message.

I send to you a message,
O'er mountain, stream and plain;
Like summer bird of passage,
Returning home again.
Though wild March winds are snarling,
Its mate comes with the starling;
But all alone, my darling,
I send the old love word.

Not steam, or wire flashing,
I'll trust my message to;
No dove, or courier dashing,
Shall bear my thought to you;
But, by the might of loving,
Time, distance, doubt removing,
The spirit's God-power proving,
In your heart, I'll be heard.

New hopes, new prospects gladden;
New plans are forming fast;
Since memory comes to sadden,
You've buried deep your past;
Yet, through the joy-bells' ringing,
Through shame or sorrows stinging,
Yes, e'en through angels' singing,
Your soul shall hear me call.

And like that strange star's gleaming,
That o'er Bethlehem shone,
Shall flash your old, fond dreaming,
Of one you called your own.
That dream your whole heart filling,
All newer passions chilling,
This message your soul thrilling:
"I love you best of all."

Adonen.



The Indian's Turkish Bath.

IN AN Indian's estimation of things cleanliness is not very apt to be placed next to godliness. As a matter of fact he thinks little or nothing about his person other than to adorn it with bright colors. The Indian's Turkish bath, therefore, or the substitute for it, the sweathouse, is not intended as a cleansing process. It is his cure for disease, and doubtless is efficacious in curing or relieving rheumatism.

Indian sweathouses are found along the river banks of most of the Northern Indian reservations. The one shown in the illustration is located on the Umatilla river in Eastern Oregon, and was made for Che-lum, the figure in the picture, one of the wise men of the tribe, who stands high in the councils of his

people, and who has made many trips to Washington in their interests.

In the autumn when the Indians leisurely return from the hunt and gathering huckleberries in the mountains, they are wont to establish a temporary residence on the banks of a river. A sweathouse is an indispensable feature of these nomadic establishments. Almost before the camp is pitched, the earth is lightly scooped out in the form of a round hollow, and a skeleton framework of willow boughs is bent over it, making a sort of beaver's house, and not much larger. This is carefully covered with deerskins, fir boughs and earth—anything to exclude the air. With the exception of the hole in front, the place is air-tight, and the "waste-te-mo" is complete.

In a fire near by, some stones from the river's marge have been heated until they are very hot. The Indian to be healed now enters the "waste-te-mo" and the Turkish bath is begun.

The hot stones are rolled into the house, which is quickly and closely closed by blankets by the attending squaw, and water is then thrown upon

the heated stones within. Immediately the "waste-te-mo" is filled with steam, and the rheumatic joints of the old siwash become limber. He endures the stifling atmosphere, sweats until the heat becomes intolerable, and then with a whoop dashes out of the sweathouse and plunges into the cold water of the river, and the bath is finished.

Elise.

A Sequel to "The Voice of the Silence."

Chapter III.

THE girl lifted her graceful length from the lounging chair, crossed the hearth-rug in a single step and threw her arms about her startled hostess.

"I object to being tolerated as an outsider any longer," she said, with a half-sob in her voice. "Either let me into your heart, or shut the door upon me and be done with it."

"Why," stammered Elise, surprised, confused and vaguely troubled, "I have not meant—"

"No; you have not meant to do either the one thing or the other. That is where it hurts. I have been to you neither more nor less than the rest of the world. I want to be more." She released the slender, passive figure and half turned aside. "If I cannot be that, then—"

"But you are," murmured Elise, wishing to be kind. "I assure you—" But the girl broke in, impatiently:

"Let us have done with conventionalities," she cried. "I want to be of some use in the world, of some use to you. I am tired of this senseless round of pleasure that is, after all, nothing but a mockery. You put me to shame with your seriousness. Set me to work—let me help you—let me go down into your precious slums and learn something about life."

She spoke rapidly, but with a note of deadly earnestness in her voice.

"I am sure," began Elise protestingly, "that your time is anything but wasted. You are secretary of the board of Associated Charities and vice-president of the Twice a Month Club, and—and—interested in ever so many things," she concluded lamely, conscious that she was begging the question, and yet scarcely clear as yet as to just what she ought to do and say under the circumstances, finding it difficult to recognize in this suddenly earnest woman, whose flushed cheeks and wet eyelashes betrayed the depth of her emotion, the brilliant, if somewhat cynical Katherine Farmer, whom she had always regarded as a clever but rather heartless society girl.

"There it is again! You are putting me off with empty words and meaningless phrases. You know as well as I that the offices you name are mere vacuous titles, and the organizations that are their excuse for existence are only make-believes when it comes to a question of real work. It's a sort of salve which we of the world and the flesh use to soothe a not quite stifled conscience. Bah! what fools we are to cheat ourselves with self-created shams. I am sick—sick of it all. Show me how to get hold of something true, something honest, and I will bless you for it as long as we both shall live."

"You ask much," said Elise in a low voice.

"Yes, I know, but you will do it. You

have found a better way in which to walk." She spoke with hopefulness and animation now.

"Have I?" cried Elise, and turned back to the mantelpiece, laying her arm along its narrow shelf and hiding her face against her arm. "Oh, have I found anything but a path beset with thorns?" But the last part of her speech was breathed to herself and Katherine did not hear.

"Have you not, dear Mrs. Randolph? Do we not, all, even the giddiest among us, see and admit it?" She came close again and laid her hand in Elise's open palm, and stood facing her upon the hearthrug. "Oh, if you knew what a reproach you have been to me these last few years. At first I did not realize that you were different, and I was skeptical and thought you did it for effect when you began to interest yourself in these things; but I have known better for a long time now, and I have been trying to find out why you cared to do it and—and I want to help you. I want you to show me how to do something useful."

"No one can help me," murmured Elise under her breath; and then aloud, "how can I show you that which I have not yet found out for myself? It is all a mistake to think we can do anything to lessen the woe of the world. The trouble lies deeper than a woman's hands can reach." She spoke wearily, almost hopelessly, and Katherine noticed for the first time how thin and drawn her face looked as she turned toward the light. Her cheeks were pale and there were dark circles under the eyes, and the eyes—there was a desperate sadness in their blue depths that made them almost black.

"I don't think I quite understand, Mrs. Randolph."

"No, of course not. I cannot explain because I am not quite clear about it myself, only this much, it is not by giving them bread that the poor are helped to any permanent good."

"How then?"

"Ah, that is beyond me. I only know that it needs a stronger hand than woman's to right the wrongs imposed by universal selfishness upon the weak and ignorant."

"But must they not be fed meantime?"

"They must be taught to feed themselves, and then—"

"And then?"

"They must be permitted to do so. Equality, universal brotherhood; how men prate and preach about it, but where is the man who dares or cares to practice what he preaches? We call ourselves Christian, and by our actions mock the name of Christ every day and every hour. Or if there is upon the earth one man brave enough and honest enough to form his life upon the New Testament ideal he is called a fanatic, a visionary, a monomaniac. Do you wonder that seeing the wretchedness of the laboring poor, the horrible conditions under which they toil and starve and sin and suffer, and realizing the hopeless selfishness of those in whose hands lies the power to impose these conditions or to improve them, he has grown to believe that the only remedy for human misery lies in the extermination of the race? Oh, there are too many children in the tenements of the poor, too few in the houses of the rich. If God himself is powerless how shall we, who labor blindly, ever hope to work a change?" She spoke with vehemence, almost with passion, yet the weary look did not leave her face, nor did the color come into her cheek. Katherine regarded her wonderingly. She had a curious impression that these earnest sentences were uttered to conceal the woman's real feeling.

"There is something else," she thought; "something which she does not wish me to know or suspect. I wonder what it is, and why?" But she only said softly: "Yet you will not give up your work down there in—Reese Alley, I mean, and the schools and homes and things?"

Elise looked at her steadily for a moment before replying, and the girl had again that curious sensation. "It was as if," she said to herself, recalling the interview later, "as if she looked at something far off and did not see me at all."

"Will I give it up?" she said. "No, no, I shall not give it up. For whether or not anything comes of it to others, it is my salvation." She left the hearthrug and walked slowly down the length

of the room, then came back, and smiling held out her hand. "Forgive me," she said sweetly. "I am afraid I have seemed very brusque and—and unkind. It is lovely of you to offer to help me. You will be disappointed and disgusted and discouraged a thousand times; but if you are as much in earnest as you think you are you will never give up once you enlist in the cause."

"Then you will let me do something?"

"Let us go down to luncheon now. When you are physically refreshed you shall go with me to Reese Alley and make the acquaintance of Mam Betz, whose capacity for beer is something phenomenal, but in whom the maternal instinct predominates to a marvelous degree. If you can overcome your natural repugnance to vile odors and viler sights long enough to get below the surface you will find that human nature is, at bottom, about the same in a rickety tenement in Reese Alley as in a drawing-room on the upper avenue."

As they left the room a childish figure emerged from the farthest corner of the room and slowly followed them. It was the Indian lad, Nanita's son, who never appeared at the family board when Colonel Randolph was at home, and never missed doing so when he was not. Elise waited for him at the foot of the stairs and drew him to her side when he came down. "I thought you had forgotten," she said tenderly. "You know Miss Farmer?"

The boy held out his hand, small, delicately shaped and brown, and Katherine clasped it in her own jeweled white one and made some commonplace remark. She was not particularly fond of children, did not know them, in fact, and this little black-eyed lad always inspired in her a sense of uneasiness.

"I am honestly afraid of him," she said once to the colonel. "He makes me feel my own inferiority when he stares at me with those big solemn eyes. Does he never smile?"

"Really," replied the colonel, "I do not

know that I have ever thought to observe. He keeps out of my way, you see. Mrs. Randolph prefers him to a dog—a woman must have some sort of a pet, I suppose. I never liked dogs, so, on the whole, I commend her good taste. However, if he annoys you he shall be suppressed."

Katherine laughed. "On the contrary, he interests me; though for companionship give me the dog."

Since his marriage Colonel Randolph had seen much of Miss Farmer. He had always regarded her as a girl of exceptional natural ability, but she had never appealed to him as being particularly womanly. In fact, he had been rather repelled by her apparent cynicism, and accepted that as one of the reasons why she had not married. A man admires a clever woman and a ready wit, but a tongue too quick at repartee is not coveted in a wife. He was beginning to ask himself of late if he had not been too hasty in his judgment of her. Perhaps his present opinions were somewhat colored by her evident devotion to Elise. For Colonel Randolph was still deeply in love with his wife and was inclined to think that the whole world ought to look at her through his eyes. It is one of the severest tests of a woman's character, this close intimacy of marriage, and she who can live through it without losing some measure of her husband's respect is to be envied. When a woman loses her hold on her husband's heart it is herself and not he or some counter charm that is to blame. This man would go down to the grave loving, adoring this woman, but understanding her—never. She was to him, after all these years, as sweetly incomprehensible as when on that not-to-be forgotten night she had quickened his pulse and stirred his heart to love by the touch of her lips against his throat. She had puzzled him then—she was a mystery still. The little Indian lad knew her better, was closer to her thoughts than he. For he was not of the initiated.

(To be continued.)

Recently Discovered Unpublished Poems of Sam L. Simpson.

OREGON'S GREATEST POET.



Sam L. Simpson.

Courtesy of "OREGON NATIVE SONGS."

To Editor Pacific Monthly—

Since the death of Oregon's gifted poet, S. L. Simpson, I notice a revival of interest in his charming poesy. To help it along, I enclose some specimens that I believe have never been in print. During the winter of 1879 I had the honor and pleasure of entertaining our "poet laureate" at my bachelor quarters on Williams creek, Josephine county, and he then and there, through my urging and advice, undertook and carried through the work of collecting and preparing a volume of his poems for publication. He did not have in his possession a single scrap of the many gems he had scattered broadcast to our Western breezes. I had many of his choicer poems, however, carefully pasted away in a scrapbook, which, with others procured from different sources, formed the nucleus for an interesting volume.

It was a part of the programme that he was to indite some new pieces to go with it; but so dilatory was he in getting his muse in right temper for the fray, that I began to think the additions from this source would not be large. When he did get down to work, however, his industry was what amazed me. I thought he would never stop. Many

of his best poems were written on that occasion, with anything but poetical surroundings to inspire his verse, so that when he left Josephine county he carried with him a completed volume of resplendent song. My own valued usufruct of the performance consisted in several first-draft copies of the new pieces. This will explain how I came to be custodian of so much of his manuscript. The finished product which he intended for publication, of course, was often different from the first-draft copy, but in the absence of the ripened fruit some idea of its quality may be formed from the specimens we have at our command. But his book, so far as I am advised, never saw the light of publication day. The printing-house that undertook its publication, I believe, failed, after it had the entire volume in type.

"Dashings of the Oregon" was to have been the title of the book, suggested by Bryant's beautiful lines:

"Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings."

His preface you will find enclosed with this communication.

Very truly yours,

Wm. W. Fidler.

Grant's Pass, Feb. 20, 1900.

* * *

Preface to Book of Poems by Sam L. Simpson.

Where the kings of the mountains are lifted
In an armor of silver and pearl,
And the shadows of ages are drifted
In the banners the forests unfurl,
Where the Oregon's gathering waters
Go down to the strife of the sea,
And Willamette meanders and loiters
By many a rose-clustered lea,
In the regions of Hesper—the starlands
Abloom in the gold-gated West,
I have crowned a wild muse with these garlands—
The rue-leaves along with the rest.
In the chaplets of verse that I bring her
Some strain you may haply prolong;
Then to me is the joy of the singer,
And to you—the delight of the song.

Love Will Surely Come To-morrow.

In a chamber rich with wedded color
 A maiden loosed her lustrous hair,
 Like a young moon meshed in threaded sun-
 light
 Her beauty throbbed in the tressy snare.
 Oh, she was fair as a rose-lipped lily—
 A rosy marble of molded song,
 And around her lips fond thoughts were hum-
 ming
 Like sweet-faint bees that feast too long.
 Love will surely come tomorrow,
 Even now his glowing feet
 Dash the dappled shore of darkness
 Into blushes warm and sweet,
 And his wavering, ruby arrow
 Pledges heaven to me tomorrow.

Awhile she stood in the rippled splendor
 Of amber tresses all unbound,
 And the irised clouds of castled dreamland
 Ever her sea-deep soul surround.
 And the dear eyes drooped with a sudden
 languor,
 And over her curving lips a shade
 Of far, faint trouble fell and flitted,
 As she gathered her hair in a careless braid.
 Love will surely come tomorrow;
 But if love inconstant be
 Death had better wear my favor
 As a faithful knight to me;
 Better, if love assail with sorrow,
 Death should be my guest tomorrow.

And the twin-sphered bosom, like camelias,
 White-clustered round twin buds of rose,
 Now loose a gilded swarm of star-beams
 To feed upon her sweet repose;
 As the lashes, brown as twilight shadows,
 Droop softly o'er the sapphire eyes,
 And around her lips the bashful dimple
 Of love's young hope entranced lies.
 Love will surely come tomorrow;
 All the roses at the gate
 Lean their dewy heads together
 As they whisper, "Dream and wait!"
 Many maids a wreath will borrow
 When they greet their loves tomorrow."

And the moon uprose; her slender sickle
 From steep to steep was handed on,
 And all the harvest gold of midnight
 In sheeny splendor showered down;
 An angel, from the fretted casement
 Of one far star, on wings of pearl,
 Kept tryst with her, upon her bosom
 One moment lay his fragrant curl.
 Love will surely come tomorrow;
 Whom the angels kiss at night,
 'Neath the vermeil arch of morning
 Ever find their soul's delight—
 Never more a doubt will harrow,
 Love will surely come tomorrow.

And the morning broke, its beryl billow
 Fringed with scarlet foam outspread,
 And the day had burst its dewy calyx,
 And flamed in blossom overhead;
 But the maiden, pale as some wan flower,
 In whose pure chalice love had burned
 Its magic perfumes, lay unlitten
 Heart and hope to ashes turned.
 Death will often claim the morrow
 We have wreathen with desire,
 Often hope but decks the altar
 Where her flames at last expire.
 Yet, if love assail with sorrow,
 Death were truer king tomorrow.

Forever.

The temples of youth are decaying
 In Beulah, the beautiful vale,
 And my life has been wearily straying
 Away from its beautiful pale,
 Where the waters of Marah are sobbing
 The sorrow of desolate years—
 The sorrow and tremulous throbbing
 Of hopes that have darkened to fears.
 Forever, forever, forever,
 The dolorous song of the river,
 The wail of the river of tears.

In Beulah, a ring-belted river,
 That danced in a garland of pearl,
 First sang the refrain of forever
 With many a wimple and swirl,
 And the flag-flowers bent in the rushes
 For a touch of the fanciful stream,
 And the roses in redolent blushes
 Were aflame with the magical dream.
 Forever, forever, forever,
 Was the song of the ring-belted river,
 The refrain of a beautiful theme.

And love, with red lips, in the pauses
 Of passion took up the refrain,
 And the birds, in their rapturous clauses
 Of silence to listen were fain;
 But the leaves in a silvery quiver
 Of mystery whispered the breeze
 That a rainbow of crimson would ever
 Rekindle the blossom of ease.
 Forever, forever, forever,
 Was the song of the jubilant river,
 In the odorous haunts of the bees.

Where the mountains, in desolate places,
 Are kneeling, bare-kneed, in the sand,
 And my Sphinxes, with mystical faces,
 Are gazing in reverent grand—
 The garlands I twined by the river
 Are fillets of flame on my brow,
 And the crystalline chime of forever
 Is the dirge of Elysium now.
 Forever, forever, forever,
 Alas, for the musical river
 That sang me the treacherous vow.

The stars, on their cold eminences,
 May weave immortelles of the light,
 But my soul, in its vapor of senses,
 Is crowned with the sorrow of night;
 And the oceans may chant, as they follow
 The glittering shield of the moon,
 But their music is weary and hollow—
 A gloomy, unsyllabled rune.
 Forever, forever, forever,
 Is a lonesome refrain, if it sever
 A soul from the loves of its June.

There's an odor of death in the flowers
 That droop in this chaplet of mine;
 Believe me, in sunnier hours
 They breathed an aroma divine—
 And so I shall wear them forever,
 Thus drying in garlands of death,
 As I turn with sick lips and a shiver
 From the kiss of a following wraith.
 Forever, forever, forever,
 Is the song of a shadowless river
 That shall heal the old sorrows of faith.

The Indian "Arabian Nights."

Began in September, 1899.—(Conclusion.)

By H. S. LYMAN.

IN THE legendary lore of the Tlah-tsops all objects, the air, the water, the earth and rocks and trees are endowed with life and intelligence.

For instance, the roar of the sea was not to them the sound of the waves breaking upon the shore, but the voice of a spirit chained in depths of the ocean who clamored to be free. When the wind was from the south the captive spirit roared for storm. When it veered to the north he roared for fair weather. The story of his captivity was this:

In the beginning the earth was inhabited by mighty giants—cheatcos—who were man monsters. This spirit was a cheatco, but in the days when he lived in that form his race had all but vanished, and the sight of him filled the minds of men with terror. When they heard him passing through the distant forest on a still day, striking down trees with his staff made of dead men's bones, they were like to die of fear. At last a young warrior, braver than his fellows, plotted to free the land from the presence of this terrible monster. The warrior was aided in this undertaking by the friendly elements, and the cheatco was cleverly lured into a tide stream and carried out to sea, where he was securely fettered, but with the privilege of roaming from north to south and back again along the coast. And you can hear him to this day, on a still afternoon, or a breathless

morning, drag his clanking chains through the heavy surf. It is a sound that always portends a change in the weather.

Of the winds themselves, who were spirits, the Tlah-tsops had many traditions. The contention of the northwest wind, the southwest and the east wind, with their sons and daughters, was a story told in many chapters, and drawn out by good story-tellers to a great length. Of the storms, too, and the clouds, and the thunder bird whose eye flashed lightning, and whose outspread wings darkened the sky, they told countless tales. They gave minute descriptions of the nest of the thunder bird on the summit of Swalla-la-chast and told of its excursions to the sea where it fished for whales.

But the stories of the rocks, those lonely sentinels along the seashore or river stretches, now shrouded in mist or curtained in cloud, or again gilded and resplendent in the sunlight, were perhaps the favorite subjects of all. Each had its legend. They were said to be human souls fixed in these rude rock forms in punishment for some transgression.

A group of rocks off Tillamook Head were a man and his family, who had committed some unpardonable folly and were turned to stone by the exasperated power. A rock off Chinook was a girl who shamelessly bathed in the river. There was a higher power, not highest, but

greater than the wind or the water or the sun, who wrought these transformations. This power, whose work was hidden and who left no trace, they called the Fox, Tallapus. He was simply a necessity of thought, but once conceived he became the main hero of native mythology; shrewd, cunning, humorous, often getting himself into difficulty and working wonders to get himself out again, but on the whole, just and benevolent. Tallapus could not be the highest power since, according to Indian logic, he who found it necessary or expedient to transform things could not have made them. The Supreme Being was to them the god of fire, the builder of mountains, whose voice shook the earth to its foundations and whose anger blazed to heaven.

There is the graceful legend of the waterfall and the two rocks. The waterfall was a maiden with flowing hair and the rocks her two lovers. She would accept neither, but dallied with

both till as a punishment for her coquetry she was fixed to the mountain side, ever fleeing but never getting away, and the two lovers, one on either side of the river, were immured in stone; the one who hoped to win by wiles laid low in the waves, the one who hoped to win by bravery raised on high.

In the native Indian mind was ever the double conception—the thing and the spirit of the thing. And the thing is conceived as but the show of the spirit within. There is much that must be left untold concerning these people. These Tlah-tsops of the lower river, but there is nothing concerning them that is not of interest. For the children of Celiast, the daughter of Kobaiway, are honored citizens and useful members of society today.

(The end.)

Note.—In the story of Kobaiway's Revenge, it should have been the Cascade Indians instead of the Cayuses, that were nearly annihilated.

Youth.

I.

Youth is like a moonlit gleam
On a stream,
In the darkness it is bright,
And the glitter of its light
Seems a dream;
Seems a dream of happy times,
When the shadows are the mimes,
And the ripples are the rhymes
Of its theme.

II.

Youth is like a summer breeze
In the trees,
For it strays among the bowers
And it sips the sweets of flowers
At its ease;
Sips the sweets of summer fair,
And the shapes of light and air
Are companions sweet and rare,
Formed to please.

III.

Youth is like a star at night,
Ever bright,
And the clouds which may arise,
Never linger in the skies
Of delight;
Never linger with the mimes,
Till the rippling of the rhymes
Beat on shores of after-times,
In their flight.

IV.

Youth is like the rhythm low,
When will flow
Waters from a mountain spring—
Youth is like the birds which sing
All they know;
Birds which warble all the day,
Bidding careless youth to stray
Where the flowers on the way
Ever grow.

Valentine Brown.

A Glance at California's Educational Policy.

By *GEORGE MELVIN.*

IN THE year 1769, in the month of July, on the bank of the little stream that is dignified by the title of river, was founded the mission of San Diego de Alcalá. And this was the beginning of education in California. For the old missions where the Indians were taught by the gentle Franciscan fathers were the first schools in the Golden state, whose institutions of learning now rival in excellence those of any commonwealth in the land.

It is a far cry from the simple walls that sheltered the brown-hued savage to the magnificence of Stanford, and the beauty of Berkeley, but it may be accepted as a proof and a recognition of the eternal fitness of things that Stanford's splendid quadrangle retains the motif of the early mission, and has preserved in enduring stone an architectural type which is, above all others, in harmony with the blue, unclouded skies and sunshine-flooded hills of California.

They were mainly industrial, those first schools. The Indians were given religious instruction, it is true, but they were also taught to plant and sow, to spin and weave, and, all things considered, they were apt pupils. That chapter of the history of the West reads like a romance, and can be viewed only through the golden mists that hallow half-forgotten ideals.

To speak of education in California is to bring before the mind's eye a vision of the two great universities that have given the state a name and a fame dimming the glory of her age of gold. And yet these are but the natural results of an educational system that is unrivaled in its soundness, its thoroughness, and its spirit of progression.

The first American school was opened in San Francisco in 1849, following immediately the gold discovery, and was supported by subscription. In this year, also, plans were begun for the establishment of the College of California, which

was primarily a school for boys in Oakland, but which grew into a recognized college in 1860, and opened its doors with but four students enrolled. But from this modest beginning sprang the University of California, with its magnificent site, its annual income of six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, its fifteen hundred students, and faculty consisting of a hundred and thirty professors. It is a notable fact that Dr. Martin Kellogg, the former president, was one of the first professors in the College of California.

The best evidence of the vital interest which the people of the state take in educational progress is to be found in the laws which they have made and the obligations which they have imposed upon themselves to the end that means shall never be lacking wherewith to secure the best in regard to instruction and appliances.

"The state has a permanent school fund of \$4,000,000, invested in United States, state, county and city bonds, the interest of which goes into its annual school fund. Every male citizen between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years is required to pay a poll tax of two dollars for the support of the schools. Five per cent. of all collateral inheritances is also added to the state school fund, and an ad valorem state school tax, amounting to seven dollars for each child in the state over five and under seventeen years of age is annually levied. . . . This is supplemented by a county tax of at least six dollars for each child of the school age. City charters provide for the levying of school taxes in their respective limits, in addition to the state and county taxes. School districts are authorized by a vote of the people to levy additional taxes for school purposes" within a certain limit. All of which goes to explain why California is in the van of educational progress, with her hundred and twelve high schools,

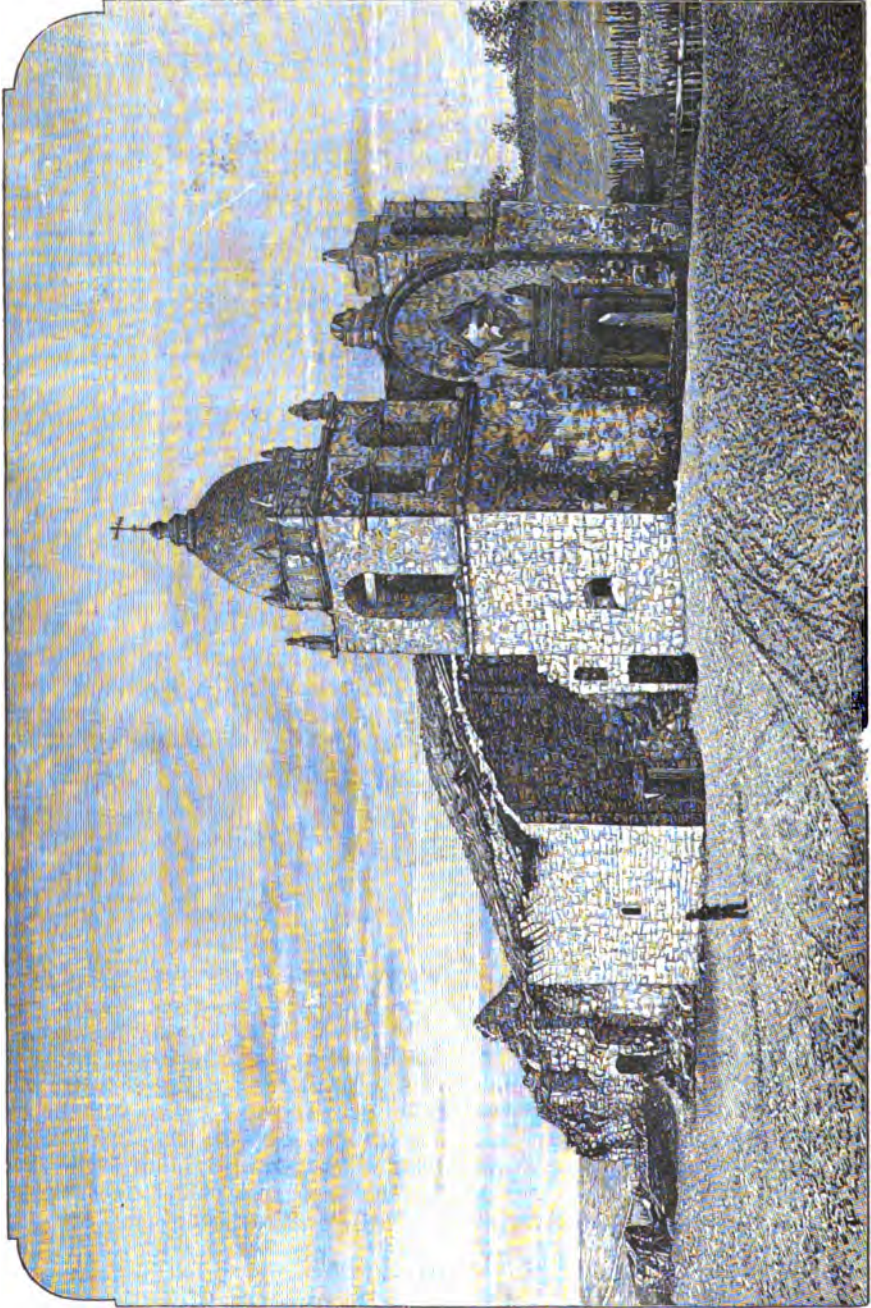


A Glimpse in the Quadrangle, Leland Stanford Jr. University.

her thoroughly equipped normal schools and her state university.

The broad policy outlined and pursued by the commonwealth has been generously supplemented by individual effort and munificence. As witness the splendid legacy of James Lick in the California School of Mechanic Arts at San Francisco, and in the observatory that crowns the summit of Mount Hamilton; the Throop Institute, of Pasadena; the Cogswell Polytechnic School, at San Francisco, and many others there and throughout the state, to say nothing of the vast number of private schools and colleges that find a liberal patronage.

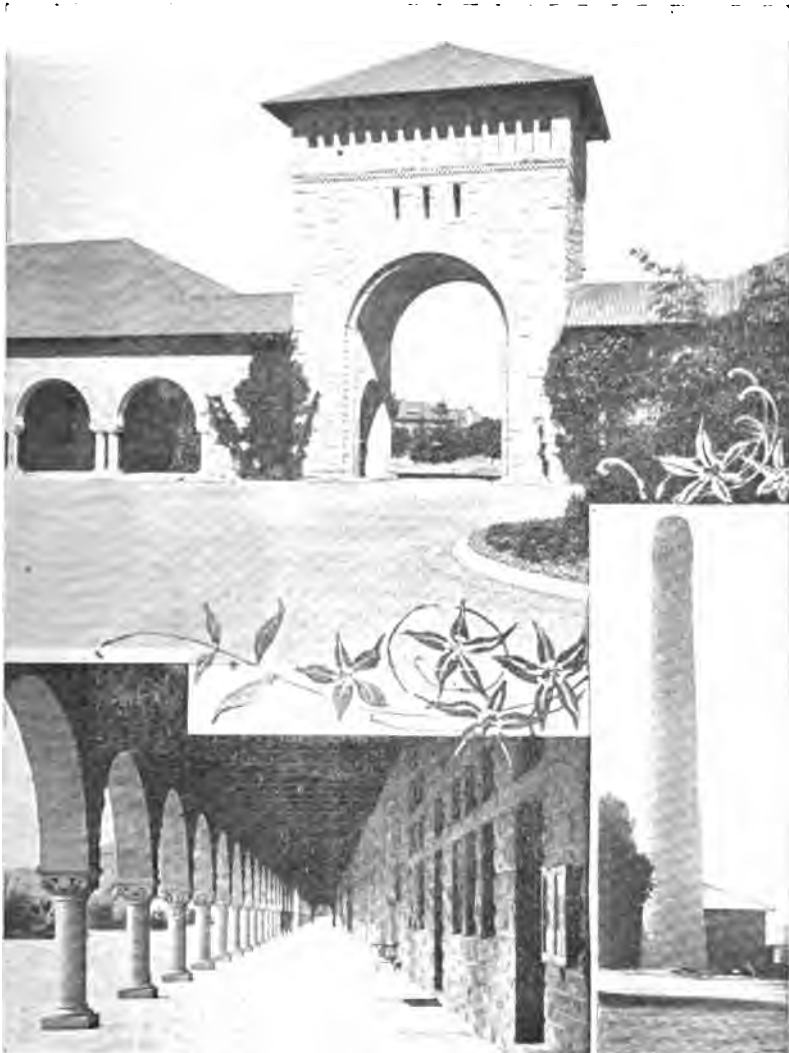
Whether it be along industrial, professional or scientific lines, the schools of California rank well with those of any other state in the Union. And the whole system may be said to culminate in the magnificent memorial that is the crowning glory of education on the Pacific slope—the Leland Stanford, Junior, University. Opened in 1891 under the administration of Dr. David Starr Jordan, it has been a powerful stimulus to the cause of education in California, or, as Mr. Hoitt has it, “a lifting force to the educational strength of the state.” Stanford University, founded through the munificence of Leland Stanford, recalls



Carmel Mission.

the significant part which the Southern Pacific Company has taken in the development of the state, especially along educational lines. The great Leland Stanford University owes its existence today to the Southern Pacific, and what the establishment of this university has meant and will mean to California can hardly be appreciated by any but those who have been in touch with the great

strides in educational lines that the state is making as a direct result of this foundation. We cannot recall any other railroad corporation that directly or indirectly has been such a prime factor in so worthy a cause as the Southern, a fact which is not appreciated as it should be in California. Verily, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."



Leland Stanford Jr. University Views.

Our Point of View

What Portland Lacks.

Perhaps we can say without fear of contradiction and without seeming to disparage any of the other cities on this Coast, that Portland is situated on one of the most beautiful and favorable spots for the location of a great city that could well be conceived. It is at the head of navigation on the Willamette river, with a channel to the sea sufficient in depth for the great graincarriers and battleships which frequent the harbor. It is at the head of the Willamette valley, one of the most fertile and prosperous in the world, where crops never have been known to fail. It is the distributing center for hundreds of miles in every direction. It is the real terminus of five great transcontinental railways. It is the natural outlet for the great mining region of Eastern Oregon, and for the lumber, wool and grain which are making the Pacific Northwest famous the world over. It has every advantage that a mild and equitable climate can give. As a place of residence it offers every inducement to the homebuilder. Five towering and majestic mountains clad with eternal snow are visible from its homes the year round. The city's streets are characterized by their beautiful shade trees, and the Presbyterian general assembly called Portland "the city of roses." Commercially or aesthetically there seems to be nothing that could be desired. Yet the fact remains that Portland is fast slipping behind in the race for supremacy which is now on between the cities of the Coast. There is no use in closing our eyes to this fact. It is patent to every observer. What is the reason and where is the remedy? We do not have to go very far to find the reason. Let each one, individually, look to himself and he will find it there. As a city we lack civic pride, however much we may talk it. There is no unanimity of action—there is plenty of it in feeling. We have the best of intentions in the world, but very unfortunately that is

as far as we go, so we accomplish nothing. We wait for the other man to do what we think he should, and we will die waiting. We preach home industry and enterprise and all that sort of thing, and we practice—selfishness. This is a plain truth which Portland must realize sooner or later. We say "buy Oregon-made goods," and straightway purchase those "made in Germany" or France, or anywhere else, if only a foreign mark is upon them. But our wool and our fruit and our cloths, etc., are shipped East and South and West and North, and are pronounced the best in the world. We say we believe in ourselves, but do we? We do not show it by our practices. The great trouble is, to use an excusable slang phrase, we do not "pull together." We say the best things in the world about encouraging enterprise, but our attitude, and that is what counts, when some material assistance is required, is that of one who is concerned only with his own affairs. There can be no civic advancement under such conditions. Our sister cities north have none of these faults. They are far too wise. The remedy? It suggests itself. Let us not change our mental attitude—that has always been satisfactory—but let us make out attitude a reality. It is a case for individual effort, not for the Board of Trade or the Chamber of Commerce or any other body. Those who have diagnosed the case heretofore and have sought relief through organized bodies, have made a common mistake. Portland will never awake from her lethargy until individuals as individuals realize this fact and act upon it.

* * *

Make-Believe Art.

If a city is to have water works or an electric plant installed, or any engineering or mechanical work of a public nature performed, it is taken for granted at once by the whole community that a competent committee will pass upon and

approve the plans for the work before it is begun. This is simply a common-sense, business proposition. A very different condition exists, however, in regard to the additions to a city of an artistic nature. There is no supervision or restriction in American cities of any kind as to what is good or bad from an artistic point of view. It is true that one or two of our larger cities have limited the height of buildings, but it was a practical, not an artistic, reason which dictated this course, although the restriction is on the side of art. We are permitted to erect any sort of building we may choose. It may violate every rule of good taste, every canon of art; it may be an eye sore for coming generations, and yet there are none that can say nay should we choose to do this. Or if we have a little money and wish to perpetuate our name we can leave a measly sum for a statue or a drinking fountain, fashioned by an amateur sculptor, or worse, to disfigure our streets, make us ashamed of our city from the true artistic standpoint and corrupt the artistic conceptions of our growing children—and if we wish to do so is there any municipal art commission that can step in and say, "This must pass our inspection and approval?" But unless there should come into existence in the near future some such committee, how can we prevent such a travesty upon our artistic decency as that which is proposed in memory of the heroes of the Second Oregon? Such a monstrosity ought not to be allowed to appear even in outline, much less to disfigure our beautiful streets. People with inartistic conceptions have no moral right at least to inflict those conceptions upon the public. The money spent had far better be thrown into the river where it can do no harm. Portland already has an artistic creation—the Skidmore fountain—of which any city might justly be proud. This should be our standard. At least, let us not discredit ourselves from an artistic standpoint before the world and posterity.

* * *

War and Murder.

If one man shoots another down upon the street and he dies, that is murder. If

a man behind a "Long Tom" or a "Joe Chamberlain" pulls a trigger that sends a hundred men in an instant to eternity, shattering their bodies in the most frightful and horrible manner, that is war. If a man stabs another in the heart and is actuated by hatred, that is murder. If a man stabs another in the back with a bayonet and is actuated by hatred, that is war. If a man steals upon another in the dark of night and clubs him to death, that is murder. If a hundred or a thousand men steal upon others in the dark of night and club them to death, that is war. What is the difference? In one case we raise our hands in horror. A trial ensues and often the guilty party expiates his life at the command of the great state. It was a crime. In the other, if we are the aggressors, we shout for joy. Who can say that we are not barbarians? Who cannot cry "O Liberty, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

* * *

The Indian.

The Indian's is a character that is a never-ending source of interest and wonder. The very sight of him is a mute and pathetic appeal recalling his heroic and fruitless struggle against the onrushing tide of civilization. His is a sad and picturesque past, a doomed future. The struggle which he has so manfully maintained for 400 years or more is nearing the close, and, like his contemporary, the buffalo, he is gradually passing away. Here in the Pacific Northwest, where it is not long since the Indian ruled supreme, and where he is still a factor for government supervision and misrule, we are not so apt to think of the noble red man as "a passing shadow" as those are who are further removed from him. We are too closely in touch with his life and customs; his legends and history are too nearly ours for us to see him in perspective, or to feel that, as a race, he is rapidly disappearing as a result of the relentless movement of the "survival of the fittest." A feeling that we are at a turning point where we must either gather together or lose forever valued personal reminiscences, first-hand accounts of historic or semi-historic characters, legends and stories, may, in some degree, account

for the very active interest in the Indian which is now being manifested in so many parts of this section, and which this magazine has, from its inception, carefully fostered. A series of articles on this subject, which the Pacific Monthly began in September, is brought to a close in this number. In "The Indian 'Arabian Nights'" Professor Lyman has given us an unique and valuable contribution to the literature of the Pacific Northwest, and one that will become more valuable as time goes on. The inception has been original and striking, and we feel no hesitancy in saying that those of our readers who have failed to follow the series have missed the best contribution to this class of literature that has, as yet, been made.

* * *

The Modern Miser.

The modern miser, unlike his predecessor, who still exists in the popular imagination, is a very respectable and dignified individual. He wears the best clothes, has a high business standing, and usually affects society. He is well pleased with himself and the world, and his friends, as well as himself, would indignantly resent any imputation that might connect his name with that of a miser. Very often, indeed, they would be the last ones to recognize the true inwardness of his nature. But he is a miser, nevertheless. That he does not live in a hovel and fondle his gold signifies nothing. This difference is not essential. That which is essential lies in the fact that the modern miser is more cunning, more respectable, more secure in his miserly ways because he is better able to prosecute them undiscovered; he may for a time even deceive himself and his family, but sooner or later he must recognize himself as he is—a wolf in sheep's clothing. He gives sometimes to charity, sometimes to perpetuate his name—but the very fact of his giving, the manner and spirit in which it is done, proclaims him a modern miser. He gives because he is afraid not to do so, and whatever he does, whether for himself or others, is characterized by that little degree of penuriousness which the broad-minded, healthy man would de-

spise. He would say—swear that it is not so—but money is his god and he is its slave.

* * *

Pessimism.

Every first move is the foundation of some habit. Man is a machine that is naturally systematic. It is easier to do a thing a second time, as a rule, than a first. Repetitions are human nature, and whether we will or no from the cradle to the grave we are constantly making and breaking habits. Our business and social life, our pleasures, our modes of thought are but a string of habits that characterize us among our fellowmen. We are optimistic or pessimistic, as a rule, because we have allowed ourselves to think along certain lines to the exclusion of others. Pessimism is the result of introspection systematically applied, and unhappiness generally has the same origin. Confinement is a seed of pessimism, and the environment of city life nurtures it. Habit tends it, and a race of pessimists is born. If we are to make the most of ourselves and our work we must get out of ourselves. We must have an occasional change of environment. The tendencies of the hum-drum business world must be buried in the expanse of the country and in the fresh air that fills our lungs there. Who can be pessimistic if the unobstructed sky is above him, and the woods and fields, even though bleak and bare, are spread out before him? The country is God's, the city is man's. We can all say with the duke in "As You Like It"—

"Hath not old custom made this life more
sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam.
The season's difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites, and blows upon my
body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
This is no flattery; these are the counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Men and Women

THE GREATEST QUESTION THAT MAN CAN FACE.

(Fifth, and concluding article, in this Series.)

It will be conceded at once by every thoughtful person that there is no question of greater import to the human race than that which has to do with man,—his origin and destiny. Other subjects may occupy our attention for the moment. We may even live, fight or die for them; but to the observing and investigating mind they are, they must be, of secondary importance to those which we have suggested. These are not restricted to the narrow confines of what man may do or say. Political affairs, wars, educational or scientific thought are, in comparison, but the playthings of a day. Once settled, they are, in a large degree, forgotten. It is the present that calls forth the energies of men. But what will posterity a hundred years hence care for the struggles of today? It will have its own problems to meet, and its present will cast into a shadow the past and the future. But the great questions involved in man's origin and destiny go on forever. A hundred, a thousand years hence they will be as fresh, as full of significance, as inspiring, as great, as they are today, or as great as they were when, in the mysterious past, the intellect of man was first staggered by a dawning consciousness of his responsibility to himself and the world of mankind, and he was oppressed by what was to him an unanswerable, an unknowable problem—the sphinx of human existence. What a marvelous thing it must have been for him! What a marvelous thing it is for us, when thousands of years have added to the store of knowledge, and yet the question is still as great, as inspiring!

* * *

To say that man sprang from a monkey and that all is over with him at death is as foolish as it is unsatisfactory. It is no answer—worse than none. And yet this is the way some men would answer

it. Conceive such an answer being given to the man whose brain was first puzzled and perplexed over the tremendous import of his own existence. Conceive him standing, in those bleak old times, with his face to the heavens in question and his arms extended—the picture of perplexity and almost despair. Conceive a nineteenth century Darwinism-theorized agnostic saying to him: "Man, you sprang from a monkey. You are alive to struggle and faint. You are doomed to trials, disappointments, failure. Then death, and you are done with." What then? Would he have cowered like a whipped cur and fallen in agony of thought at his miserable punishment in being brought into existence and the far more miserable prospect? It is not conceivable. The divine in man would have asserted itself, and, as though inspired, he would have risen to his height and shouted: "Thou liest! Man is an immortal being. There is that within me far beyond the power of mere words to name or explain that tells me, and I know thou liest!"

* * *

The great and tremendous fact of immortality, however, is not denied today by the healthy, enlightened mind. There are, it is true, some few diseased pessimists who would rise as rejecting it, but we do not believe that it is possible—conceivable—for an intelligent man on his deathbed to assert, and truly believe in his inner consciousness, that there is no life for him after the grave. When that great test comes, the mind reverts to nature and God, and both proclaim in the most unmistakable terms that man is immortal. No man who believes in his own existence and the existence of the world around him, whose observation has extended to the laws of nature and who is in touch with the testimony of the world

from the beginning can consistently doubt this. The belief in immortality is inherent in the human race. No nation, no tribe, however uncivilized, savage or ignorant, has been without some form or shade of it—none but has put its hope in it. Without immortality man, the animals, this world, nay, the very universe itself, would be in vain, and man's struggles and hope a delusion and mockery, his existence a crime against reason and every law of justice. Without immortality—what a terrible, what an awful thing to contemplate!—the problem of life would be solved—in suicide. But we are as certain as it is possible for us to be certain of anything that immortality is a fact, and it is the greatest fact with which man can deal.

* * *

The question of the origin of man, then, is not of paramount importance. We are on this earth, a living fact. Where are we to go? What is our destiny? What are we here for?—these are the great and paramount questions which each man in the life that is given him must decide for himself. But men live as if they did not realize this fact, as if the present were of more consequence than an indefinite but eternal future, and it was this phase of the subject that we formerly attempted to emphasize. Men are the creatures of a day—of an hour. They fail to realize the importance of this great and inclusive question, "What are we here for?" until the years have passed over their heads

and their hairs are gray, or some sorrow or disappointment brings them to a halt, and the purpose of our existence on this earth is made clear. Then it is not a question of eating, drinking and being merry. Then life is dear possession—something in which each one of us has a part to do for himself and the world. Then the connection between our living and the eternal future is life itself, and we no longer see as through a glass darkly. We may fight shy of the question now; we may live a life of recklessness and unconcern; we may lie to ourselves and deny God and immortality, or we may, as thousands, millions, do, wait for a more convenient season, but we are sure to meet the question face to face some day. It is only a matter of time. There is, there must be, one correct answer, and only one, to this all-important and inclusive question. Either we are here for a distinct purpose, or we are not. Either we are the creatures of an all-wise Creator, or we are not. Either there has been a distinct plan for the existence, present and future, of man, or there has not. There is no middle ground. That we are here for a distinct purpose which has a direct bearing on our future life; that we are the creatures of an all-wise Creator who has a great and tremendous plan which men and nations are working out is the only reasonable and sober conclusion based upon history, geology, philosophy and divine revelation that the broad and healthy-minded man can reach.

The Minister.

Vision.

Winged with desire for worlds unknown, my
soul
Absorbed itself beyond itself, and free,
Floating in pure white flame, I thought to
see
The immaterial vision of life's whole;
To find the sealed invisible unroll
And grasp the flying form of Mystery.
But lo, near earth-born voices came to me,
Fraught with our common happiness and
dole.
I felt a little child's glad love of life;
I wept with women in the house of death,
Worshipped with sinners at the Virgin's
shrine.
Within all joy, within all pangs of strife,
I touched the silent spirit's quivering breath,
And in the human found the light divine.

Katherine Coolidge in the Atlantic Monthly.

The Home

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

There is no sufficient reason why it might not be made a successful experiment, at least. Thus far the main trouble has lain in the fact that the right people have not gotten together for the purpose, or they have been lacking in the earnestness of their desire to make a thoroughly practical test of the matter of co-operative housekeeping.

If it is possible in part, it is certainly practicable as a whole, even down to the minutest detail. Every one who has tried it knows how much lighter the burden of housekeeping is in a well-appointed flat than in a house, no matter how many conveniences the latter may contain. And life in a flat is in a sense co-operative housekeeping, for you are supplied with heat, light, water and janitor's services at a merely nominal charge included in the rent—about one-tenth the amount it would cost you if you were compelled to supply yourself—and you escape the worry, the responsibility and loss of time that are necessary consequences of the effort.

The next step in the movement would be to abolish the kitchen from the flat and establish a co-operative culinary department in the basement, or, better still, on the top floor, from which all tenants could be served as desired, at less expense and far more satisfactorily than they could serve themselves.

But this is not the sort of co-operation that I have in mind. My idea is much simpler, and yet perhaps more difficult, because it is not always as easy as it seems to bring together families of similar tastes and inclinations and prevail upon them to try an experiment which people of the right sort naturally shrink from. To lessen

the friction of life, the cost of living, the wear and tear upon the nervous system and to increase the comfort, the pleasure and the leisure for intellectual enjoyment. This I hold to be the end and aim of co-operative housekeeping. It is not necessary to go into detail concerning the expense of maintaining even the most modest establishment, and the expense in dollars and cents to busy people is the least of the cost. The thing which I wish to impress upon you is this: If two or three or a dozen families could sufficiently harmonize their different modes of life to provide themselves with a common roof-tree, kitchen, laundry, domestic service, gardener, stables, etc., they could materially diminish the cares and increase the joys of human existence. That the tendency of the age is toward co-operation in all things is too apparent to call for remark. And it is particularly manifested along this line of domestic economy in the multiplication of clubs—for women as well as for men, where one may secure the comforts and privacy of home-life at a merely nominal cost. Meantime Helen Campbell is right when she says that the only reason that co-operative housekeeping has not succeeded as a domestic experiment on a small scale is because people are not as yet really convinced of its advantages and are afraid to really make an earnest trial of it. In short, man is still too suspicious of his neighbor to love him in the Scriptural fashion. But human nature is improving every day. The light of that star that illumined the world two thousand years since glows with an ever-strengthening radiance, and the evolution of the perfect man is going forward in spite of war and famine and greed for gold.

G. M.

Books

PRIMITIVE LOVE AND LOVE STORIES.

By Henry T. Finck.
Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

When Professor Finck writes on any topic we are always sure of his being interesting. Music, travel, nature, art or peoples are fascinating subjects in his hands, and this latest, which might be termed "the evolution of true love," is even more than usually entertaining, for it is a history and an analysis of the foundation of religion and human conduct. The author has spent 12 years on this work, which comprises a volume of 850 pages, 15 of which are taken up by a copious bibliography. The interest never lags, however, as the writer leads the reader on through the development of love in the barbarous ages to its highest development into altruistic affection. Necessarily the subject at times compels frank speech, but it is always treated respectfully and delicately, and his manner could be imitated to advantage by some of the problem-story writers.

The author describes the ingredients of love as Individual Preference, Monopolism, Coyness, Jealousy, Mixed Moods of Hope and Despair, Hyperbole, Adoration, Purity, Pride, Admiration of Personal Beauty, Gallantry, Self-Sacrifice, Sympathy and Affection. Of these, seven are egoistic and seven are altruistic. The egoistic include Individual Preference, Monopolism, Jealousy, Coyness, Hyperbole, Mixed Moods and Pride, while the essential characteristics of the altruistic side of romantic love are Sympathy, Affection, Gallantry, Self-Sacrifice, Adoration, Purity and Admiration of Personal Beauty. Lack of space prevents my making extended quotations, but his definition of "Romantic Love" is admirably expressed in his description of the feelings of the lover toward the object of his affections:

"Toward such a superior being the only proper attitude is adoration. She is spotless as an angel, and his feelings

toward her are as pure, as free from coarseness as if she were a goddess. How royally proud a man must feel at the thought of being preferred above all mortals by this divine being! In personal beauty had she ever a peer? Since Venus left this planet has such grace been seen? In face of her, the strongest of impulses—selfishness—is annihilated. The lover is no longer "number one" to himself; his own pleasure and comforts are ignored in the eager desire to please her, to show her gallant attentions. To save her from disaster or grief he is ready to sacrifice his life. His cordial sympathy makes him share all her joys and sorrows, and his affection for her, though he may have known her only a few days—nay, a few minutes—is as strong and devoted as that of a mother for the child that is her own flesh and blood."

The universal regard for personal beauty Professor Finck considers a natural safeguard, as beauty is the expression of health, and the welfare of posterity should be considered above all things, and that a strong sentiment should be fostered against marriages for convenience where there is a liability of other than healthy offspring. The tone of the book is hopeful, and we are nearing the period, in the author's estimation, when public opinion will demand that marriage be based upon love. The reactionary wave, with its mannish women and effeminate men, will have spent its force, and the coming tide of enlightened and altruistic love will carry the bark of matrimony into the peaceful haven of perfect happiness.

* * *

THE CARPETBAGGER.

By Opie Read and Frank Pixley.
Laird & Lee, Chicago.

One of our most competent critics has said of Opie Read, "he just missed being great." In "The Carpetbagger" he is at his best, and there is a refinement and

delicacy not found in his other works.

How much this is due to collaboration one cannot say, but his admirers will earnestly hope that it is growth and development. The story is of the reconstruction days just following the Civil War, and is full of action and exciting events. The hero, Melville Crance, is appointed Governor of Mississippi, and is ostracised socially and hated cordially, not so much for his politics as for the fact that he is an "alien," and cannot, of course, have any abiding interest in the affairs of the state. How much they are in error in their premises is brought out strongly as the story develops. The Governor is, of course, the central figure all through, but all the characters are very much alive and a part of the romance. Mrs. Fairburn, the Southern widow, is a noble woman, and is directly responsible for the regeneration of the "carpetbagger." Lucy Linford, the attractive schoolbook lobbyist, is a type met with everywhere, and Willetts, the political "worker," might find his prototype not a thousand miles from Portland. It would be unfair to the reader to tell how the reformation of the Governor was brought about, but his own words will give an inkling: "The rose will blossom in the heart of Sahara desert, but it has got to be watered."

The book is bright with epigrams and bits of laconic wisdom, of which these are fair samples: "Some men, getting along in life, are never so happy as when a woman is making a fool of them"; "There is no hope in a community where work is not respected"; "If the majority always ruled, the mosquitoes would govern New Jersey."

The book is adapted from the successful play called "The Carpetbagger" and is embellished with photogravures of well-known people in the dramatic world.

after the manner of illustrating introduced by the French publishers.

* * *

BY THE MARSHES OF MINAS.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.
Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

The scene of the twelve stories of this volume is laid in Acadia, that land of romantic associations and poetic remembrances. The very name brings to mind the long sweeps of fertile valley dotted with orchards fragrant with bloom, the pastoral simplicity of the people, and its blue-eyed, red-cheeked maidens.

Professor Roberts has here written of the stirring times when the French and English were engaged in their fierce struggle for supremacy in the peninsula now called Nova Scotia. In several of the tales Father La Garro, the Black Abbe, that cruel, relentless and implacable enemy of the English, is one of the chief characters, and is drawn with great skill.

The author is an admirable story-teller, and never spoils the effect by overdoing it. His heroines are fascinating creations and it excites no surprise to read of the heroic devotion of their admirers. There is a wholesome freshness in these sketches that will be appreciated by a long-suffering public, which has been nauseated by the unhealthful pessimism of the last decade. It strikes one like an ozone-laden sea breeze, bearing life and vigor on its wings.

Of these stories, "The Rampart of Port Royal," "The Bewitchment of Lieutenant Hanworth" and "The Blue Dwarf of Belle Mare" are perhaps the most interesting, but there is the same master hand shown in them all, and one regrets leaving the book when the last page is turned.

The Mandolin She Played.

The cherry blooms were filling
With fragrance sweet the air;
The meadow lark was trilling
His challenge to life's care;
When at her dear feet lying
Beneath the maples' shade,
I heard her young heart sighing
From the mandolin she played.

Tonight the winds are calling,
Like fiends they shriek and rave,
Drifting the snow that's falling
Upon her little grave.
My life is cold and lonely,
For, ah! I saw her fade,
'Till there was left me only
The mandolin she played.

Adonon.

Questions of the Day

THE REPUBLICAN OUTLOOK.

By HON. T. T. GEER, Governor of Oregon.

There is not necessarily any partisanship in the statement that the Republican party never entered a campaign with brighter prospects for success than those surrounding it at present. This statement is devoid of party prejudice for the reason that conservative leaders of the Democratic party tacitly admit the fact themselves. It has been scarcely more than a month since Mr. Bourke Cockran and Senator Jones each made a public statement to the effect that he was not sure what particular objections their party would urge in opposition to the Republicans this year, but that the people might rest assured when the proper time comes, objections would be invented or discovered, or both!

The fact is, as seen by everybody whose vision is not warped by party blindness or studied perverseness, that every prophecy made by the opposition to the Republican party in 1896 has fallen absolutely and conspicuously unfulfilled. There were two great questions involved in that campaign, the menace that threatened the very liberties of the people, in a further continuation of the accursed gold standard, and the "downfall of the Republic," which was soon to be realized through "government by injunction." Certainly no commentator on the present outlook for the prospects of the Republican party can be justly charged with unfairness, if he refers to these two bugbears of two years ago. It would be impossible to forget the prophecies of dire calamity which would overtake the country in the event of Republican success, even if one were so disposed. It requires no gifted memory to recall the famous speeches of Mr. Bryan as he swept across the prairies of the Mississippi Valley, warning an unsuspecting people from the rear platform of a railway train that a

doom more awful than anything known since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah was awaiting them unless they threw off their apathy, and, with a final, struggling effort to free themselves from the insidious encroachments of the deadly Octopus, demanded the free and unlimited coinage of silver, without waiting for the consent of any other nation on earth!

Of course, no Democratic or Populist brother can have any objection whatever to recalling these dire forebodings, for he not only shared them, but gave voluminous and forceful expression to them on every occasion that furnished the slightest opportunity. Four years ago, at this time, if three men were gathered together on a street corner, one might safely assume that two of them were silver men, explaining with loud tones and fierce, vehement gestures to some timid, uncertain Republican that the low prices then prevailing for everything, the excessively large number of workingmen who were out of employment and the distressingly low wages allowed those who were employed, was all due to a contracting currency, resulting directly from the "crime of '73," which "struck down one-half the money of the country," etc. How familiar these expressions seem after being tenderly entombed for a season of rest! In this connection, one is prone to pause, and with listening attitude, harken for the admonishing voice of the silver orator as he threatens to prove to a suffering people that "wheat and silver go together" by the exhibition of a chart, that, no matter where the speaker might land, could never be mistaken.

But he is not to be heard. Surely the student of the times is not to be criticised if he ventures to observe that the silver orator is not to be heard with his wheat

chart. Nor that he is resting from his labors in a field of contracted currency. Nor that Colonel Bryan, in his incessant round of perambulating oratory, has made no mention of a discredited and disabled wheat chart, nor that he has not, for more than a year, singled out for special castigation that bedeviled emissary of the English goldbugs, who came over here in 1872, and, with \$100,000, corrupted Congress into "striking down one-half the money of the country." And yet, wheat is as low now as it was then. Why this abandonment of the cause of the people? The Colonel's silver voice was never more eloquent than now, nor, seemingly, more unreluctantly disposed to notify, with volatile phrase, an indifferent people of an approaching destruction of their governmental fabric.

The fact is resurrected echoes from the campaign of '96 stretch across a field of experience that has exposed to the public gaze a state of flagrant dissension in the domestic coalition which wheat and silver are said to have entered into in 1873, and which has become dissevered and discordant, if not belligerent. It is not going too far to say that his infidelity has several times reached that degree of abandoned recklessness where silver actually went up, leaving wheat to continue its downward course, unwept and unhelped. Of course, this easily accounts for the desertion of the "cause" by the erstwhile Democratic and Populist brother, but it does not account for the faith—if such faith exists—which any one may have in the dark disasters these discredited prophets again profess to see in the clouded horizon, by means of a distorted fancy.

It is, indeed, a mark of patriotism to see an active solicitude for the welfare of the country and to be ready to ward off the approach of impending danger, but when a party professes to see disaster of the worst form in a certain line of policy, and a trial of that policy proves its fears to have been utterly without foundation, and especially when this experience has been repeated over and over again with the same result, the people begin to accept the new quadriennial batch of alarms with a degree of skepticism not to be wondered at. There could be no greater

dangers threatening our institutions and the welfare of our people than those so repeatedly and even eloquently depicted by Colonel Bryan four years ago, and they were evidently believed by hundreds of thousands of people. The writer heard him declare, at Salt Lake, in July, 1897, to a large assembly, that the "gold standard was laying waste more acres of land in the United States every year than was the Spanish army in Cuba." And he declared that the "gold standard is causing the death of more people in the United States every year than is the Spanish army in Cuba." When he made the first statement he was unable to say another word for several minutes by reason of the wild and tumultuous applause and throwing of hats in the air by which it was greeted. And the same hysterical reception was given the other statement by the excited multitude, who really seemed to believe it and to get actual comfort from the satisfaction it appeared to afford.

The utter recklessness of these statements should have been apparent at the time to every thoughtful person, and it is tacitly admitted now by Mr. Bryan himself, as he goes up and down the country in the pursuit of his profession and says practically nothing about the destructive agency of the gold standard. He sees dangers in other directions now, and although wheat is as low as in '96, and needs the same legislative nurture, it gets no word of encouragement from the Colonel, and his wheat chart and the crime of '73 form no part of his campaign vocabulary.

Mr. Bryan sees no greater dangers now than he did four years ago—indeed, there could be no greater ones than those which disturbed his slumbers then, and, since they failed to materialize at all, the results of his prophetic vision will be accepted with even less seriousness than then. At that time factories were not in operation and appeals were made to workingmen to vote for free coinage as the only means of restoring a condition where employment could be reasonably expected. Prices were too low. They were low everywhere because one-half of the money of the country had been struck down and there was not money enough

to do the business of the country. It required a thousand dollars in money to do a thousand dollars' worth of business. The "quantitative theory of money" was all right. We wanted high prices.

Now we have high prices for practically everything in the United States, excepting only wheat and hops, and our brothers of the opposition are not asking any legislative help for them, as they were four years ago. Nothing is being said about the "quantitative theory" of money, and since the business of the country is now larger by far than ever before, and is so admitted by them, and since the business is actually being done, there is no cry anywhere any more that "there is not money enough to do the business of the country."

Now that low prices have disappeared and workmen are everywhere employed at increasing wages, high prices are steadily denounced as an industrial outrage, the product of the trusts that have been created by a high tariff and threatening to enslave the masses, etc. Four years ago the country was on the borderland of ruin because of the prevalence of low prices. Salvation would only come through high prices, which never could be realized except through the free coinage of silver. Now that high prices have come through other means, they are a curse of untold magnitude.

The sincerity of our brothers would be more nearly proven if they would, this year, continue their gallant fight for wheat in the present despondent condition of the market. The price of everything else is beyond the need of any special assistance, which affords an additional reason why its heartless desertion by its spectacular champions of four years ago is actually cruel.

There are so few exceptions to the reasonably prosperous condition of the country, either as to products or localities, that the continued supremacy of the Republican party cannot be well doubted. There is another reason for this belief that surpasses the fact mentioned. It is positively right on most of the great questions that concern the people and their interests. This is not to say that it does not make mistakes. Blind devotion

to party is not an evidence of either patriotism or good judgment. The writer is decidedly of the opinion that it is now making a mistake on the Puerto Rico question, from which it will be compelled to recede, but there is a line of policy on the great national questions that the people have uniformly indorsed since the Government was organized. The Republican party today occupies practically the same ground on the two leading questions before the country that the Democratic party always held prior to the advent of Bryanism and Populism. Reference is had to expansion and sound money.

The fact is, until the question of slavery became the paramount one before the country, the position of the Democratic party was generally in harmony with the best interests of the country. It went wrong on that question, and hundreds of thousands of men who are Republicans today became so only because of its mistake on that issue. The emancipation proclamation eliminated the slavery question from national politics, yet the Democratic party has never been able to get back to its former sound position on other issues, but, instead, has been courting with unsound finance, at intervals, until four years ago it had so far departed from the faith of its founders that its Presidential candidate was perfectly satisfactory to the most ultra fiatists the country afforded.

In February, 1842, Thomas H. Benton, who was one of the most eminent and conspicuous Democrats the country ever had, made an elaborate speech in the United States Senate, in which occurred this paragraph:

"If there were a thousand constitutional provisions in favor of paper money, I should still be against it—against the thing itself *per se*, and proper *se*—on account of its intense baseness and vice. But the constitution is against it—clearly so upon its face, upon its history, upon its early practice and upon its uniform interpretation. The universal expression at the time of its adoption was that the new government was a hard money government, made by hard money men, and that it was to save the country from the curse of the paper money. All the early actions of the government conformed to this idea—all its early legislation was as true to hard money as the needle to the pole."

And while the country had at all times had paper substitutes for money—promises to pay money when due—the idea of absolute fiat money, the material of which it is made being wholly immaterial, depending for its sole value upon the stamp of the Government, never found expression in the mind of any Democrat whose utterances were recorded in the history of the country before the war. And yet Mr. Bryan, who holds the Democratic party of today in the hollow of his hand, is the idol of the Populist, as well, and is accepted by the members of that party as a satisfactory exponent of its fiat notions of money. A comparison of the "Omaha platform," whose indorsers enthusiastically supported the last Democratic candidate for President, with the above quotation from Colonel Benton's ideas on the money question, will show where the Democratic party has drifted, and furnishes one reason why the Republican outlook at this time is conspicuously bright.

The Republican party of today not only occupies the same position on the money question the Democratic party did for forty years before the war, but its expansion policy is identical with that of the same party during its entire history. The fact is, the expansion of our national domain has always been extremely popular and has always been favored by the party that happened to be in power when the opportunity for acquiring additional territory has offered itself. Expansion has always served as a bugbear to be used by those out of power, at the time, to predict the most awful consequences to the Government and to our "liberties."

For instance, when the treaty for the purchase of the Louisiana country was before Congress, in October, 1803, Mr. Griswold, of Connecticut, said:

"In my judgment it would be a happy thing for this country if our boundaries were confined to New Orleans and the Floridas. The vast and unmanageable extent to which the accession of Louisiana will give the United States, the consequent dispersion of our population and the destruction to that balance which it is so important to maintain between the Eastern and Western states, threatens, at no distant day, the subversion of the Union."

That was nearly a full hundred years ago, and the Union has not been "sub-

verted" yet, although no doubt Mr. Griswold had the same painful solicitude for the welfare of the country that disturbs Mr. Bryan today. There has always been a prolific and noisy crop of alarmists who have seen destructive agencies at work at the root of our liberties, but in despite of their prophecies, our Government is now the strongest in the world—the strongest the world has ever known—and our people are the freest and most prosperous. The time is rapidly approaching when, as the result of a protective tariff, we shall furnish all the countries of the world with foodstuffs, clothing and every species of manufactured goods. Indeed, that time is now here, and its coming is accompanied with the probable ability to contribute to the peace of mind of our Democratic brothers, by materially reducing, in the near future, our tariff duties in many directions—but just what injury can be worked by a tariff, no matter how high, on the importation of an article which we are all the time importing, is not easily to be understood.

The condition of the country may not be, indeed, is not, in all particulars, what we would have it, if details were left to us, but we have, within the last decade, seen it so much worse, that thoughtful men will be slow to seriously criticise. Our bonds have always been paid in gold, but the average Republican Congressman has heretofore been so timid about publicly pronouncing the word "gold" that he would not support a law distinctly saying they would be so paid. He was afraid to vote for a law providing for doing the thing that he was in favor of, and was really doing. He was timid. That is all passed now. We have the gold standard established, and the opposition, in looking around for their quadrennial specter, have selected the trusts as a probable nightmare that will answer their purpose. The formation of trusts may yet be a question of sufficient importance to justify serious legislative interference, but up to this time their probable injury to the public interests has been largely exaggerated for political purposes. The average citizen, who is the representative of the "plain people," easily remembers that five years ago we had no trusts, and

very little else, and that while we now have a great array of them, we also have the greatest business activity in all lines ever before known, with workmen employed everywhere, very few failures in any kind of business and prices for most every product of the country more

satisfactory than for some previous years—although people have learned that prices are not always affected by legislation.

Under these circumstances, it is not at all probable that the Republican party will be displaced at the coming election.

The Idler.

"The poor little Japs," writes Geneva Ingersoll of the Mikado's royal dramatic company, "are having a sorry time of it in our harsh climate. Kawakami has had an operation for appendicitis. Just imagine the gentle innocent cruelly carved by scientific vandals! I warrant it is a new experience for his race, and it appeals to me as being a barbarous outrage perpetrated upon the unsuspecting heathen. But Kawakami is not alone in his misfortune. At least half of this very excellent troupe are in the hospital. I think the principal cause of the trouble lies in our food, which they order and eat without knowledge or discretion."

M. Ysaye, not unknown to Portland music-lovers, is at present in London, where he is winning both fame and fortune and where he is looked upon as the probable successor of Joachim should

that master see fit to retire, as he hints, from active public life.

After all is said and done, the happiest of us are bound to feel the lack of appreciation for the best there is in us. And the warmest praise of our dearest friends and closest relatives frequently leaves us disappointed and discouraged, not because it lacks warmth or sincerity, but because it is bestowed upon that in our lives which lies too near the surface, and so forces us to feel that our best efforts and our best motives are to them, and to the world, a sealed book. And then, if we are weak (which, being interpreted, means if we are human), we will pause for a discouraged moment and ask whether, after all, it is worth while to stand for the best and highest that has been given us to see.

St. Martin.

Note.—In 1884 I made a tour of Europe. At Avignon I was much impressed by a painting which I saw in a private gallery at that place. It was of singular excellence, by some old but unknown artist. It was termed "The Temptation of St. Martin." The painter represented the saint in his cell, clothed in the garb of a monk, with his cowl thrown back, kneeling on one knee, his countenance expressing doubt and fear. In front of him, with upraised hand, stands a majestic figure of commanding but evil aspect, clothed in a scarlet robe and bare-footed. A reddish light seems to emanate from the standing figure and lights up with its glow the face of the kneeling saint. A life of St. Martin of Tours placed me in possession of the incident depicted by the painter. This incident I have attempted to tell in the enclosed sonnet.

Respectfully,

J. W. Whalley.

Whilst good St. Martin prayed within his cell,
A form appeared as though 'twere heaven-born,

Of presence noble—brighter than the morn,
And claimed his worship with alluring spell;
St. Martin, doubting, scanned the presence well,

And said: "Thy brow doth wear no crown of thorn,

No nail Thy hands or feet hath pierced or torn,

No trace of suffering on Thy face doth dwell."
Then, bending down his eyes, from next his heart

He drew a crucifix, and rev'rent said:

"In suffering Thou through suffering dost impart

The knowledge of Thyself to him whose tread

Is in Thy footsteps"—then he raised his head,
And lo! the evil vision far had fled.

The Month

In Politics—

The world is having a great deal to think about just now, and history is being made at a rapid rate. In America we have our approaching national campaign, the war in the Philippines, the Nicaragua canal bill, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, the Puerto Rican tariff question, the Kentucky imbroglio, the Alaska boundary, the treaty with France and numerous commercial and economical questions which are now under consideration and which must be settled this year.

* * *

England has her war in South Africa, which has made every other subject for the time being of secondary importance. The fear of complications, however, has brought about the mobilization of a large fleet, and the futility of striking a successful blow against England is apparent to all Europe. France is, nevertheless, unusually outspoken in her hatred of England, and there are many who consider a war between the two nations as among the possibilities of the near future. The sentiment in France towards England is shared by unofficial Germany to such an extent that there is now a common bond between the nations that have been sworn enemies for the last thirty years. It has been rumored that England had arranged for a new triple alliance—between the United States, England and Germany. Lord Rosebery, however, threw considerable light on the subject in his statement in the House of Lords on February 15, viz.: That the British Government "made vigorous overtures to two great powers—Germany and the United States—for an alliance, but these overtures were not received with such cordiality as to encourage the government to pursue them."

* * *

A conflict between Russia and Japan, judging by present conditions, is only a question of time. Russia is anxious, however, to defer this until the completion

of the Siberian Railroad, a fact which the astute politicians of Japan are not slow to recognize. It is rumored that, as a result, Japanese soldiers are reorganizing the Chinese army, and that a close alliance exists between the two nations.

* * *

The Puerto Rican tariff bill has been the source of considerable uneasiness among politicians. The dispatches say:

"There never was such a muddle in congress in many years as has occurred from this Puerto Rican bill, nor has any action ever been taken by the party which has raised such a storm of opposition through the country, and threatened the success of the party in the presidential and congressional elections."

* * *

In Science—

The Automobile Street Sweeping Company, recently incorporated in Boston with a capital of \$3,000,000, marks the beginning of a new order of things in that particular department of municipal affairs.

* * *

That electric railway motors will, in the near future, take the place of steam becomes more patent every day. There is now scarcely a city of any consequence in the Union that has not made practical demonstration of the utility of electricity versus steam as a means of transportation.

* * *

Athens now has a corporation known as the Greek Electrical Company, which exists for the purpose of lighting its own and the classic shades of Piraeus, Patras, Syra and Kalamata. The capital stock is \$600,000, and shares selling at par.

* * *

Dr. Julius Athans has, he claims, discovered "a practical, scientific method of postponing old age." It is by the simple application of electricity to the base of the brain.

* * *

In Literature—

John Huneker has written a book on Chopin, the title of which is "The Man

and His Music." Charles Scribner's Sons are to be the publishers. One feature of the work is an appreciative study of the man as a "psychologist."

It is announced that Bret Harte will publish a second series of "Condensed Novels," and naturally everybody wants to know what authors are to suffer this time.

McClurg is soon to publish the "Private Memoirs of Madame Roland."

"In the Palace of the King" is the title of a new novel by Marion Crawford which will be brought out by Macmillan later in the year. It is a "Love Story of Old Madrid," and will probably be dramatized at about the same time that the book appears.

Longmans, Green & Company have in preparation a valuable work by Dr. James MacKinnon. It is to be called the "History of Edward III," and deals with the Hundred Years' War, showing the part that England played therein.

The first serious book on the war in South Africa makes its appearance this month, and is written by a man who has been there since before the trouble began. He is Mr. J. A. Hobson, South African correspondent of the Manchester Guardian.

The reorganization of the house of Harper under the old name, but with no Harper therewith connected, seems almost tragic. Colonel Harvey, who is receiver for the bankrupt corporation, is to have entire management of the new organization.

Of the six books crowned by the London Academy this year, Mr. William L. Alden seems not to have the highest opinion. He thinks that the books unhonored are the greatest, and one is led to wonder how the Academy could have so blundered. For, of course, Mr. Alden must know which is best. It seems too bad he was not consulted in the matter.

Ernest Seton-Thompson's story of the "Kangaroo Rat" is to come out in the

April Scribner's, and will be illustrated, as all his stories are, by his own hand.

There is an interesting divergence of opinion regarding the respective merits of "Janice Meredith," "Hugh Wynne" and "Richard Carvel," the three great novels of the Revolutionary period.

Paul Du Chaillu, who is now in New York, is about to publish a book on the "Animals of the African Forest."

In Art—

Ernest Seton-Thompson's drawings have been on exhibition in the Youth's Companion art department, on Columbus avenue, Boston, during the month.

The sculptor, Herr Johannes Hartmann, has had his design for the monument to Robert Schumann accepted by the jury.

The Burlington Club is forming a collection of Ruskin's drawings.

The Van Dyck portrait of Charles I of England, owned by William C. Whitney, is counted a "finer example of that master than the famous equestrian portrait in the English National Gallery."

Mr. Eugene Fischhof has been appointed by Emperor Francis Joseph Chief Commissioner for the Fine Arts for Austria at the Paris Exposition. He served in the same capacity at the World's Fair, in Chicago.

Miss C. good's lectures upon the art of Northern Europe given at the Portland Library constitute the principal feature of the month in local art. The fact that the lecture-room is so closely packed each afternoon that there is not room for another chair goes to prove that the people of this city are not unappreciative. Durer, the German artist, is the subject of these lectures, though supplemented by other artists of that day and age, and embracing, in a general way, art in its many phases. Miss Osgood's attitude toward her subject is one of the noblest. It is not "art for art's sake" with her, but art that helps and elevates and enlarges.

The picture is but the symbol of a beauty too perfect to be expressed save by suggestion. But of this more will be said at some future date.

It is not likely that any one after listening to Miss Osgood will be forgetful of the fact that the Portland Art Association has the finest and most valuable collections of photographic reproductions of the best in art that is to be found this side of the Rockies. The Western public is deeply indebted to the class of art students who were instrumental in bringing this most excellent of teachers to the Coast.

* * *

In Education—

There is a theory extant among teachers in the common schools that the behavior of the pupil is affected by the state of the weather, but, oddly enough, no satisfactory consensus of opinion can be obtained as to whether it is the sunshine or the rain that exercises a moral influence and stimulates youthful mentality.

* * *

The Chicago school board seems to be always tossing on turbulent waters. Dr. Andrews failed to prove himself the tractable "servant of the board." Strange that they should have expected such a thing of Dr. Andrews.

* * *

An attendance of 100,000 children is reported in the public schools opened in Cuba by the United States Government.

* * *

Rear Admiral Sampson has been offered and declined the Presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Sir William Magnay, author of "The Pride of Life," has written another book which reaches American readers through Appletons. It is called "The Mistress of the Season" and is "an incisive study of social and political life in London at the present day."

Sooner or Later

You must read what we have to say here, and sooner or later you must think about it, but

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WHEN WRITING OR PURCHASING, MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

In Religious Thought—

"The Christian Spirit," writes the editor of the Christian Science Journal, "is not exemplified alone through human sentiment, human sympathy and human love. . . . There must be a Savior above the human."

* * *

This question is one that is to be found in some form in nearly every book and periodical one picks up today. How many can answer it in the affirmative? "Is your trust in God honest and real, or merely theoretical? If the former, why are you not willing to make some practical demonstration of your faith?"

* * *

Bishop Penick, formerly of the Protestant Episcopal Mission of Liberia, says in this month's Missionary Review: "The outlook of Africa is a church of God, for God and according to the wisdom of God, applied to the whole needs of man; nations and civilizations being His instruments, as well and surely as individuals, schools, boards, denominations or creeds."

* * *

Rev. George Lester, of Truro, England, who has had practical experience in the Bahamas, says that "whatever missionary work is done in Cuba should be done on a large and generous scale." He also advises that, so far as is possible, native Cubans be employed as missionaries and teachers.

* * *

Maud Ballington Booth's present work in the slums of New York for the children is one that appeals or should appeal to every woman in the land.

* * *

In reading of the missionary zeal of the Protestant churches exercised in Cuba and the Philippines one somehow is reminded of Grant Allen's story in the December number of the Pall Mall Magazine.

* * *

Leading Events—

Feb. 8.—Ways and means committee of the house reports on Puerto Rican tariff bill.—Annual meeting of woman suffragists in Washington.—Reciprocity treaty between United States and Italy is signed.

Feb., 9.—Buller's third attempt to relieve Ladysmith ends in failure.

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Feb. 10.—Governor Taylor, in Kentucky, orders troops home and recalls legislature.—Molineux, in New York, is convicted of murder in the first degree.

Feb. 11.—The house recommends territorial form of government for Hawaii.

Feb. 12.—Lord Roberts begins invasion of Orange Free State.—Anti-trust conference is held in Chicago.—3,784,000 people in India are receiving famine relief.

Feb. 13.—France concludes hearings on reciprocity treaty with America.—General French makes a successful advance at Modder River.

Feb. 14.—Bimetallist amendment to currency bill offered by Chandler (Rep. N. H.) is defeated in senate.—Ex-Consul Macrum makes serious charges against England.—General Buller begins fourth attempt to relieve Ladysmith.

Feb. 15.—Senate, by vote of 46 to 29, passes substitute for house currency bill, in favor of international bimetalism, and providing for national banks with \$25,000 capital in towns of not more than 4,000 inhabitants.—Kimberley is relieved, and Cronje retreats.

Feb. 16.—British house of commons passes supplementary army estimates of £13,000,000.—New Samoan treaty is ratified.

Feb. 17.—Hepburn reports in house on Nicaragua canal.—Roberts' forces in sharp pursuit of Cronje.—8,000 Finlanders have emigrated to Canada in past six months.

Feb. 18.—Buller meets with success, taking several Boer camps.—The house committee reports favorably on Nicaragua canal bill.

Feb. 19.—Reported that Cronje has eluded Roberts.—The Kentucky contest becomes more complicated.

Feb. 20.—Cronje is surrounded.—Nebraska Populists split over fusion.

Feb. 21.—Boers retreat and will give up Ladysmith.—House debates Puerto Rican tariff bill.

Feb. 22.—War in Philippines is drawing to a close.—Strenuous efforts are made to pass Puerto Rican bill in the house.—Hay answers Macrum's charges.

Feb. 23.—General Cronje will probably surrender.—Democrats will make silver a secondary issue, and will meet in Kansas City, July 4.

Feb. 24.—President McKinley announces the appointment of Judge Taft, of Ohio; L. T. Wright, of Tennessee; H. C. Ide, of Vermont, and Dean Worcester, of Michigan, as four of the five members of the new Philippine commission.

Feb. 25.—Cronje holds out.—President McKinley and the house disturbed over opposition to Puerto Rican bill.

Feb. 26.—Cronje surrenders.—Agreement reached by the house Republicans on Puerto Rican bill.

Feb. 27.—England goes wild with joy over surrender of Cronje.

Feb. 28.—The house passes the Puerto Rican tariff bill by vote of 172 to 161. Bill as amended provided for 15 per cent. of the American tariff, and its life is limited to two years.

Amongst the minor ills of life

One of the very worst is laundry work that is badly done. It not only uses up the cloth rapidly, but it destroys the temper and gives one an unsatisfactory appearance where finish is most needed. Starched linen collars, shirts and cuffs must be unquestionably immaculate, done with no risk, a certainty as to result.

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The Financial World

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The guessing as to James R. Keen's losses or gains in Third Avenue continue, the general belief being that he has come out of the transaction a loser, but not by any disastrously large amount; but it is a generally believed fact that a number of leading spirits in Wall Street have been badly hurt financially by the enormous shrinkage in Third Avenue securities, and not a few of them have been forced to part with their holdings of other stocks as a consequence.

Until the dividend on Sugar was declared the bears found that industrial a much easier victim than they expected. In fact, the weakness of the stock was a surprise to everybody. The operations of the professional traders were interrupted, however, by the unexpected action of the directors in declaring a quarterly dividend of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the common stock. This sudden tearing aside of the veil of mystery rather nonplussed the professional traders, who had counted upon a period of uncertainty for a few days more in which to circulate vague tips and to keep up an excited fluctuation in the stock, with opportunities for profit both up and down. The cutting in half of the dividend was about what Wall-street sentiment had settled upon. But coming suddenly upon the half-executed plans of the speculative contingent, it left them all at sea.

In the railroad list, St. Paul, Burlington, Baltimore & Ohio and a few others show a nominal decline, but the net changes in the railroads for the past few days are small throughout. It is evident that the final disposition of the financial bill by congress is awaited by the bull contingent, who are generally confident that the provisions for additional bank circulation will be enacted into law and will result in a notable expansion of the currency. The large buying of government bonds by national banks all over the country, and the expert estimates which are current of the profit offered on circulation by the new provisions are the grounds of this confidence. Meantime, the money market is working constantly closer, and the favorable factors in the outlook are ignored in the fear that the available supply of money will not bridge the interval until the expected relief.

The wheat situation continues to be somewhat of a puzzle. On the 2d of March May wheat at Chicago sold at 64 $\frac{3}{4}$ c, the lowest since the fall of 1898. The buying around 65c was supplied mainly by a certain class of operators that continue to accumulate wheat at this season of the year and by the filling of some open orders, and there was a fair rally.

At the moment reports from the winter-

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wheat belt are favorably construed, owing to the snow covering. The unwillingness on the part of foreign consumers to purchase was largely attributed to the heavy Argentine shipments. The prominence of Argentine competition has turned attention from the diminished Russian exports, and sentiment abroad is reported bearish generally. Advances from Europe state that consumers are not disposed to purchase freely, owing to the belief in lower prices during the summer months. In view of the famine in India, doubtful crop prospects in France, Russia and Germany, and the existence of war, uncertain elements are the factor, however, and prices recede with difficulty. Stocks of wheat continue liberal here and abroad, and the trade is awaiting the government estimate of farmers' supplies that will appear on the 10th of the month.

Last March reserves were estimated at 198,000,000 bushels, or 29.3 per cent. of the total crop. A reduction of 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels in this figure is generally looked for, but even then the supply would exceed the average of the past eleven years—128,000,000 bushels. Receipts since July 1 have been 169,000,000 bushels, against 215,530,000 bushels last year, and 183,000,000 bushels in 1908. Consumption for the eight months is placed at 220,000,000 bushels, and exports aggregate 130,500,000 bushels.

The Price it Cost.

The men are splendid. * * * The people exulted in the feat of arms which had transformed the situation. * * * The relief of the tension on the Stock Exchange was very marked. Business began more cheerfully all around. * * * The casualty list will be a long one, but the position gained was worth what it cost.—Extracts from London dispatches.

O they took the height and they put to flight
The foemen who guarded there,
And the rocks are red and the turf is spread
O'er some who have ceased to care.
And they glance at the list, the sad, long list
Of the men who dared and lost,
And they turn away and they cheerfully say
"It was worth the price it cost."

There was gold to win, there was land to gain
When the bristling height was won;
There was glorious prestige to maintain.
And duty that must be done!
And he read the list who had neither son
Nor brother among the lost,
And he raised his head and cheerfully said:
"It was worth the price it cost!"

They took the height that stood in the way
To the vantage that must be won,
And the brokers turned to each other to say
That the work was "splendidly done!"
But others are reading the sad, long list,
Their loved ones lie with the lost—
Ask the mother who grieves if she believes
It was worth the price it cost.

E. S. Kiser.

John H. Mitchell

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Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.

Another Game to Study.

The following remarkable game was played blindfolded by Mr. Morphy, simultaneously with five other games, and is an excellent example of the wonderful strategy which placed Mr. Morphy upon the chess throne. It will pay any chess student to play this game several times carefully:

MR. MORPHY.

White.

1. P to K4.
2. K Kt to B3
3. B to B4
4. P to Q Kt4
5. P to B3.
6. P to Q4
7. Castles.
8. Q B to R3
9. Q to Q Kt3
10. Q Kt takes P
11. Q takes B
12. Q R to Q
13. P to K4 3
14. Kt takes Kt
15. B to K2
16. P to K B4
17. K B to B4, ch
18. Q B to Kt2
19. Q R to K
20. P takes P
21. R to K8!!!
22. Q takes R
23. Q takes Kt P, ch
24. P to K B6
25. K takes Q
26. K takes B
27. R to Kt sq

and wins.

MR. C.

Black.

1. P to K4
2. Q Kt to B3
3. B to B4
4. B takes Kt P
5. B to Q R4
6. P takes P.
7. P takes P
8. P to Q3
9. K Kt to R3
10. K B takes Kt
11. Castles
12. Kt to K Kt5
13. P to K R3
14. Kt takes Kt
15. P to K B4
16. Kt to Q B3
17. K to R
18. Q to K2
19. R to B3
20. Q to K B Sq
21. Q takes R
22. Q to K2
23. Q takes Q
24. Q takes Kt P, ch
25. B takes P, ch
26. P to K R4

Chess Openings.—(Concluded.)

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White.

1. P to K4
2. K Kt to B3
3. P to Q4
4. B to Q B4
5. P to B3
6. P takes P
7. B to Q2
8. Q Kt takes B
9. P takes P
10. Q to Kt3
11. Castles (K's side)

Black.

1. P to K4
2. Q Kt to B3
3. P takes P
4. B to B4
5. Kt to B3
6. B to Kt5, ch
7. B takes B, ch
8. P to Q4
9. K Kt takes B
10. Q Kt to K2
11. Castles

Even game.

SALVIO GAMBIT.

White.

1. P to K4
2. P to K B4

Black.

1. P to K4
2. P takes P

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- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 3. K Kt to B3 | 3. P to K Kt4 |
| 4. B to B4 | 4. P to Kt5 |
| 5. Kt to K5 | 5. Q to R5, ch |
| 6. K to B Sq | 6. Kt to K R3 |
| 7. P to Q4 | 7. P to B6 |
| 8. Kt to Q B3 | 8. P to Q3 |
| 9. Kt to Q3 | 9. P takes P, ch |
| 10. K takes P | 10. B to Kt2 |
| 11. Kt to K B4 | 11. Kt to B3 |
| 12. B to K3 | 12. Castles |
| 13. Q Kt to Q5 | 13. Q to Q Sq |
| 14. P to B3 | |

White has a slight advantage.

MUZIO GAMBIT.

White.

1. P to K4
2. P to K B4
3. K Kt to B3
4. B to B4
5. Castles
6. Q takes P
7. P to K5
8. P to Q3
9. B to Q2
10. Kt to B3
11. Q R to K Sq
12. R to K4
13. Q B takes P
14. Q to K2
15. B takes B P
16. P to K R4
17. Kt takes P
18. B takes Kt
19. Q R to K B4
20. B takes B
21. R to K4
22. K takes R
23. K to Kt Sq

Black.

1. P to K4
2. P takes P
3. P to K Kt4
4. P to Kt5
5. P takes Kt
6. Q to B3
7. Q takes P
8. B to R3
9. Kt to K2
10. Q Kt to B3
11. Q to K B4
12. Castles.
13. B to Kt2
14. P to Q4
15. Q to Kt4
16. Q to Kt3
17. Kt takes Kt
18. B to B4
19. B to K3
20. P takes B
21. R takes R, ch
22. R to B Sq, ch
23. Kt to Q5

Black has the better game.

A BRILLIANT GAME.

A competent critic says that "the manner in which white in this game forces the victory, though losing piece after piece, scarcely finds a parallel in the records of chess strategy."

Herr Anderssen.

White.

1. P to K4
2. P to K B4
3. B to B4
4. K to B Sq
5. B takes Kt P
6. Kt to K B3
7. P to Q3
8. Kt to R4
9. Kt to B5
10. P to K Kt 4
11. R to Kt Sq
12. P to K R4
13. P to R5
14. Q to B3
15. B takes P
16. Kt to B3
17. Kt to Q5
18. B to Q6
19. K to K2
20. P to K5

Herr Kieseritzki.

Black.

1. P to K4
2. P takes P
3. Q to R5, ch
4. P to Q Kt 4
5. Kt to K B3
6. Q to R3
7. Kt to R4
8. Q to Kt4
9. P to Q B3
10. Kt to B3
11. P takes B
12. Q to Kt3
13. Q to Kt4
14. Kt to Kt Sq
15. Q to B3
16. B to B4
17. Q takes Kt P
18. Q takes R, ch
19. B takes R
20. Kt to Q R3

White gives checkmate in three moves.

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All persons, old and young, should have their teeth examined once every six months by a competent dentist. Decay will be present, and tartar forming, which nothing but a thorough examination will reveal. Professional service rendered in time means high-class work, less pain, and great economy. A tooth filled when decay is slight will not be sensitive, the operation not long, and the filling lasting, because the operator has more and better structure to work on. He is enabled to make the walls of the cavity thicker and stronger, and with slight danger of exposing the nerve, the dread and fear of all when having teeth filled. Have your teeth attended to in time. Do not procrastinate. Give the dentist good tooth-structure to work upon, and he will render you excellent service. One person in a hundred has good teeth; ninety-nine persons in a hundred could have good teeth with the proper attention.—H. G. Vorhies, D. D. S., in the March Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

One of Oregon's business enterprises which is attracting attention all over the country is the manufacture of the higher grade of woolen blankets as carried on by the Pendleton woolen mills, of Pendleton, Or. Oregon's wool, as is well known, is amongst the finest in the world, and the blankets and robes turned out by the Pendleton house contain only the highest grade of strictly fleece wool. The Pendleton mills, it is a relief to say, turn out no shoddy. They have a standard and maintain it, and in these days, when inferior goods are made to appear so like those of the highest grade, it is well to know where the best, under the highest guarantees, can be secured. The name, "The Pendleton Woolen Mills," on each blanket, is the guarantee that people should insist upon when looking for the best.

* * *

An Indian Poet.

Chinnubbie Harjo is the nom de plume of Alex Posey, a Creek Indian, born near Eufala, I. T., in 1874. He grew up on the farm, and was educated at the Baptist University at Muscogee. He has been Superintendent of Public Instruction of the Creek nation, and is now Superintendent of the Eufaula Creek High School.

The personal appearance of the poet is said to be striking, with coal black hair, swarthy complexion and an impulsive and warm-hearted manner.

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My Hermitage.

Between me and the noise of strife
Are walls of mountains set with pine;
The dusty, care-strewn paths of life
Lead not to this retreat of mine.

I live with Echo and with Song,
And Beauty leads me forth to see
Her temple's colonnades, and long
Together do we love to be.

The mountains wall me in complete,
And leave me but a bit of blue
Above. All year, the days are sweet—
How sweet! And all the long nights thro'

I hear the river flowing by
Along its sandy bars;
Behold, far in the midnight sky,
An infinite of stars!

'Tis sweet, when all is still,
When darkness gathers round,
To hear, from hill to hill,
The far, the wandering sound.

The cedar and the pine
Have pitched their tents with me.
What freedom vast is mine!
What room of mystery!

And on the dreamy southern breeze,
That steals in like a laden bee
And sighs for rest among the trees,
Are far-blown bits of melody.

What afterglows the twilights hold,
The darkening skies along!
And Oh, what rose-like dawns unfold,
That smite the hills to song!

High in the solitudes of air,
The gray hawk circles on and on
Till, like a spirit soaring there,
His image pales and he is gone!

Chinnubbie Harjo.

* * *

A Tuneful Liar.

This story, emanating from Puget Sound,
is authentic.

A small boy of 6 or 7, unfortunately not
brought under control by his parents, was also
especially untractable. On one occasion he
was sent to bed and his clothes hidden. He
arose in his impishness and, failing to find
his clothing, sallied forth to his play in the
garish light of day in a single garment. An-
other time he donned a suit of his father's
in lieu of a better fit.

He once boarded an Eastern train and was
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ed the claim, but the little wretch insisted, saying, "That's a nice way to treat your own son, and you asked me to come with you, you know you did." Notwithstanding his protests, the youth was nevertheless assisted to alight at the next station and made his way home as best he could.

School teachers, as well as parents were powerless to subdue this vicious juvenile, and at last in desperation he was sent to the Roman Catholic school, in the hope that the gentle Sisters might control him by love. But even to them he refused submission till finally, under a flag of truce, terms of peace were discussed. Smalfry consented to "behave" if they would allow him to sing a song. Permission was granted instantly, and the hope sprang up that the young savage could be tamed after all. Imagine the consternation that ensued when, mounting the platform, with brazen face he sang the doggerel, beginning—

"My father is an A. P. A.,
He kills a Catholic every day.
Ta ra ra boom de ray."

* * *

Love.

Sweet are the thoughts to friendship given,
Sweet the emotions friendship knows.
Love is a glimpse of the very heav'n—
Land where the true love-blossom blows.

Earth is sordid and sad, and musty,
Life is dull, to the loveless one.
Love, as the sun, lights up the rusty.
Ragged debris—and the old life's done.

Ever a newer and better existence,
Ever-alluring does life become.
Love, alone, is the soul's subsistence.
Blind though he be, can Love be dumb?

Nay! though the world should thunder "Silence!"
Hell and its imps should swell the cry,
Heaven-held is the trial-balance;
Louder than these were his softest sigh.

Pampered tyrant, his chains are softer
Far than the finest silken skein.
Often released, we seek him oft,
Seeking his slavery, sweet, again.

Lightly his vows are often broken,
Lightly, alas! are they often made.
Thoughtless words, by the thoughtless spoken,
Mockery! far better left unsaid.

Love and truth should be joined together.
Honest love is the salt of life.
Love is a man's salvation whether
It be of mother, or maid, or wife.

Hold such love not a gift ignoble;
High reward may it justly claim.
Wear it proudly—a jewel, double,
Treble in value the ruby's flame.

John Leisk Tatt.

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY,

Chamber of Commerce,
Portland, Or.

Across the Ferry.

The evening boat, crowded with passengers, steamed slowly up to the mole. Foremost among those on the lower deck who thronged about the rail was a roughly-dressed middle-aged man, evidently a mechanic.

The first to cross the gangplank, he pushed hurriedly toward an overland train, already discharging its passengers at the door of the ferry depot. As he was about to mount the steps of the emigrant car, a woman's timid hand was laid on his arm.

"Please, sir, can you tell me—"

At the sound of her voice the man turned and peered half doubtingly into the anxious face lifted to his.

"Katie!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Dick!" Then, to the infinite amusement of bystanders, "Katie" was snatched up and fervently embraced.

There were smiles on the faces of those who witnessed the scene, but the actors in the little drama heeded them not. The man held the woman closely, as if he would never let her go, until a tug at his coat and a piping voice demanding "Mammy" claimed his attention.

"Sure, an' you don't know your own lad!" she cried. "Dicky, tell pappy how glad we is t' see him."

But Dicky was doubtful. That great man with black whiskers might be the pappy who would give him a soldier's cap and gun, as mammy had said; yet he was not inclined to accept him as such on short acquaintance.

Poor baby! What did he remember of the father who had left them so long ago?

"I've got two as snug rooms as you ever see at the Point," Dick was saying, his face one broad smile of contentment. "I couldn't a-bear t' take you an' the kid right out o' green fields an' prison you in a 'Frisco tenement. We has a bit o' yard at ol' Dan's—he's a blacksmith, Katie, an' his forge is right ag'in the winder; but we won't min' that, will we darlin'?"

"Min' it Dick, with you?"

"I knew jes' how you'd feel. Mebbe 'twill be sort o' comp'ny fer you when I'm across the bay. We'll have our own cot yet, my lass, with a park fer chickens an' a posy bed in front fer you an' the kid. There's the local now, jes' pulled in. Come Dicky, come Katie. We'll get aboard an' be home in ten minutes.

The summer day was almost done.

"Six o'clock!" shrieked the shrill-voiced factory whistles.

"Six o'clock!" the bells clamored in unison.

The outer doors of shops and factories swung open, and an ever-increasing stream of humanity poured forth—men with lowering brows, pallid-faced women, and, saddest of all, mere children who had never known a childhood.

At the foot of the street the people were



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already flocking through the ferry gates.

"Jes' in time!" Dick muttered to himself, and turned to cross the street, nearly stumbling in his haste over two evil-faced imps, scarcely older than his own little Dick, who were squabbling in the gutter for the possession of a half-smoked cigar. Their oaths rang out above the noise of the busy street as they rolled together on the ground, and, used as he was to sights like this, Dick paused, shuddering, with a prayer in his heart for the lad at home, innocent and safe.

Suddenly the crowd parted, right and left, and in the wake of those fleeing for safety dashed a pair of maddened horses, dragging at their heels a heavily-laden express wagon. One moment and the frantic beasts would be upon him!

With a mighty effort, Dick sent the two combatants, still struggling blindly, reeling out of the path, just as the runaways clattered past.

* * * * *

The setting sun threw broad bands of crimson light across the bare floor of the humble room.

"Dick mustn't wait fer his tea," said Katie, glancing at the clock and stirring to a brisk blaze the fire beneath the singing kettle.

Little Dick ran to help mammy, prattling all the while of the soldier's cap and gun that had been promised him. Somehow the plate he was laying for pappy slipped from the careless fingers and was shattered on the floor, but the hasty words of reproof that rose to Katie's lips were never uttered, for at that moment the gate opened and she heard the sound of many feet on the gravel walk.

She sprang to the door, and was met on the threshold by old Dan.

One glance at his face, turned a chalky white beneath the grime, told her that something was amiss.

"Dick!" she gasped.

"Bear up, marm, it's only a bit o' accident. You'd best come in t'other room along o' me—" But she eluded the hand stretched out to detain her, and turned to face the ghastly burden they were bringing in so tenderly.

Was that Dick—that crushed semblance of a man—lying at her feet?

She gave a low cry, and flung herself down beside him.

The sound of her voice stirred his numbed senses; he opened his eyes.

"Katie!" he said, with a faint smile.

"'Twas jes' this way, marm," began Dan, with awkward sympathy. "He was—"

"Hush!" she whispered, lifting a warning hand. "He's tryin' to speak."

The labored breath of the dying man grew fainter and fainter. His eyes again opened.

"There's the six o'clock bell, men—time t' knock off. How the sun reds the water—like blood! We're most—across—the—ferry."

"Hats off, mates," said old Dan, laying his hands tenderly on little Dick's curly head.

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New Elements in the National Political Situation,
By JUDGE THOS. O'DAY.



PACIFIC MONTHLY

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The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. III.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 6.

New Elements in the National Political Situation.

By JUDGE THOS. O'DAY.

THE new elements in National politics will, in a great measure, eclipse those of all former years. Generally speaking, since 1888, the great parties have been divided on economic questions. First it was the tariff; then came the money question and its relation to labor and capital—whether it were the better policy to increase the volume of money, thereby facilitating exchange of commodities and the discharging of debts, or whether the volume of money should be contracted, debts increased, interest burdens multiplied by increasing credits, and thus keeping everpresent conditions whereby any financial disturbance might cause a liquidation of debts, precipitating a panic and paralyzing business—and while this question is still a live political issue, it is, in a measure, to be overshadowed by those occurring as a result of the Spanish-American war.

As a result of this war certain territory was ceded by Spain to the United States, and while we have heretofore annexed vast areas of territory, it was in the main uninhabited, and was annexed with the avowed purpose of eventually being admitted into the sisterhood of states as soon as the population was sufficient to warrant such action. The people inhabiting this territory were likewise accepted into full citizenship and given all the rights of other citizens, with the right to appeal to the Constitution as the Charter of their liberties. But now, for the first time, territory has been annexed, densely populated, with a race of people different

from our own, and situated remote from our shores. If this territory with its millions of the Malay race is to be retained, what shall be the civil status of these people?

Is this territory a part of the United States, and, if so, are these people within the Constitutional guaranties? Are they entitled to trial by jury, the writ of habeas corpus, the right to peaceably assemble? Shall they have the right to a speedy and public trial—be informed of the nature of the accusation—be confronted with the witnesses against them, and have all the other constitutional rights which citizens are guaranteed by the Constitution, or shall they be subject to the personal caprice of a President or a Congress, the mere subjects of a superior power, and governed outside of the constitution? To this last question the answer of the Republican party is yes, for by the passage of the late Puerto Rican tariff bill, the Republicans say that Puerto Rico is not a part of the United States in the sense that it is governed by the Constitution, but that it is merely subject to the United States, to be governed in such manner as Congress may determine. Hence, the Filipinos are to be likewise subjects of and under the jurisdiction of the United States, but not a part of the United States. For, if it be once admitted that Puerto Rico and the Philippines are within the United States and subject to the Constitution, it follows that Congress would have no more power to levy a tariff on goods coming from these islands to the rest of

the United States, than it would to levy a tariff on goods going from Oregon to California. Again, if these people are to be governed without their consent, they must of necessity be governed by force. This means a large standing army. An army is not a body of men who earn their living by the sweat of their face, but men who live by the sweat of some other man's face. In the coming campaign these questions are new elements in National politics to be argued and decided by the American people as a jury.

Another new element is the trusts. What shall be done with them? The Standard Oil Company today has so perfected its organization that it takes the raw material from the ground and delivers it direct to the consumer at retail. It has no use now for the "middle man." It does not need the little grocery and the other stores to distribute its goods. The profit of the grocer is now absorbed by the trust. It deals direct with the consumer. When the tobacco and other trusts controlling other staple articles shall have, like the Standard Oil Company, perfected their organizations so they can likewise take the "raw material" from the producer, and deliver the manufactured product to the consumer, they will not need the "middle man," but he will be allowed to join the ever-increasing army of the unemployed. They will fix the price of the raw material to the producer, and also the price of the manufactured article to the consumer.

I shall not undertake to give the remedy. Some say municipal ownership or government control; others, that the trusts are the necessary evolution of business and under the inexorable law of

trade, should not be interfered with. In other words, that the trusts will regulate themselves; others, that each state should prohibit the sale of articles manufactured by trusts. The difficulty with this last proposition is, that under the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, the state has no such power.

It is not my object, in this article, to suggest my own views as to the remedy, but merely suggest this as one of the new elements in the National political situation.

The Democratic party will say that new territory acquired by the United States by treaty becomes a part of the United States, and, as such, the people within the new territory are entitled to all the guarantees of the Constitution. That is, that the "Constitution follows the flag," and that the Filipinos should be allowed to form their own government and work out their own destiny; that God never made a people who are incapable of self-government, and that no man can point to the Almighty, and say, "by Divine right I may govern another man without his consent."

That these questions are important no thoughtful person will deny. If the Puerto Ricans and the Filipinos are to be governed outside of the Constitution, by the President or Congress, this is all that Queen Victoria and the Parliament of Great Britain do in India—it is imperialism pure and simple. A military force—an aristocracy—must be maintained, not by what they shall produce, but by what shall be produced by the labor of other men.

Easter.

Leaf, and blossom, and bud,
The world is in bloom today,
And the robins sing like the soul of Spring,
Or the heart of a child at play,
Tender and sweet and clear,
Yet you must lean to hear—
So soft is the note that falls,
As the robin calls and calls.

Christ is risen indeed!
The earth and the fragrant air,
The blossoming bowers, and wind-kissed
flowers,
And the sunlight quivering there,
Are calling it o'er and o'er,
Death and the grave are no more,
And the endless joy of loving and living,
Is ours by the grace of God's own giving.

L. M. M.

Christine Sturburg's Ride.

IN TWO PARTS.

By *MARY BURKE CALHOUN.*

Part II.

THE clatter of Jason's hoofs decreased, much to Christine's relief, when they reached the sand dunes. The horse spent much of his mettle on the hill, and as he worked his way laboriously through the sand where every step loses half its length in the slip back, Christine had an opportunity to catch her breath which had nearly been blown and jerked out of her body. She peered ahead into the night. Before her the sandy way lay white as the milk which poured into the vats. The short fir trees scattered along the road cast ominous shadows, and Jason snorted and jumped aside when, on rounding a turn, he came suddenly upon a dark wood-pile.

Sometimes Christine thought she must be pursued, but on looking back she saw only the empty road, and caught occasional glimpses of the dark, sleeping farmhouse below. What she had heard was only the wind in the fir trees.

At last the summit was gained. She stopped her horse and looked about her. Behind, she could see the dairy in slumber, its yards, the barns, the old house with its broad porches. Before her—her heart sank—there was, first, the abrupt descent of the sandy hillside, then the low bridge over the mouth of Waddell's Creek, which ran through the treacherous quicksands to the sea; then a great, dark mountain, with its top in the clouds and its precipitous sides gleaming faintly through the gloom, along whose base the narrow beach curved like a strip of pale moonshine between the mountain wall and the angry sea. Beyond this two miles of beach over which she must travel, was a point of rocks running out into the water, the limit of which was marked by the white tower of the lighthouse, whose revolving lantern turned its light into a wheel of long beams. As

these flashed across the waters towards Christine, she noticed how broken they were, which told her that the sea was wild.

Its roar shook her resolution. She recalled how the stage had been wrecked there; how the horses had been lifted by the waves, while the stage itself was dashed against those rocks which, midway, compel the traveler, in order to pass them, to drive into the undertow, even in summer.

Just yesterday morning the old stage driver had shown the boys how he had strapped the thin mail to his back and how he had secured the few treasures of the express in his bosom before venturing on the ride, laughing as he remarked: "If the whole concern of us are lost in the sea, a drowned body comes up, you know, and old Mrs. Clark will hear from her boy."

So Christine faltered, but suddenly she remembered the family that lived away upon that mountain. Filled with the terror of the sea, she recalled the pale face of the young English mother.

"If sister is drowned it will be just," she pondered, thinking of her brother.

Glancing towards the house again she saw lights. Already the feeders and milkers were stirring, earlier than usual, for this was market day. Still, it could not be later than three o'clock. In two hours more, at least, the herders would start for the pastures with the cattle; that is, if they went at all. Christine thought of waiting until then to make sure, but no, she would then be too late to get the men of Pescadero to the rescue, also her flight would be discovered.

"Oh dear, oh dear," she moaned, feeling Jason shivering beneath her. "He is so cruel a brother, that Gustaf, and he will kill their papa."

Jason must have felt the necessity for

a move, for he took to the road, and looking from side to side broke into a trot down the hill toward the creek bottom. Little Christine felt that he understood. She slackened the rein and petted him with her hand.

He trotted along, picking his own way until he came to the bridge. Here he stopped. Christine said nothing. He hesitated but a moment, then crossed the bridge and stepped down into the sand. After a few steps in the sand he stopped once more, right at the beginning of the great mountain precipice.

Up along the creek bottom this mountain bent in one unbroken wooden wall. At this hour the dark of the little valley, where Christine had so often gathered water-lilies, looked far more inviting than the wet sea beach. Where Jason stood, his mane curling into waves in the wind, the sand was higher than elsewhere, and beside her Christine saw the little fence surrounding the grave of an unknown. The wooden cross had been blown to one side. She recalled how many times she had decorated it and scratched anew the letters on the cross, "Stranger's Grave."

"He is so lonely here," she sighed. Then a huge wave broke on the shore and Jason pricked up his ears and tossed his head as he watched it.

"Shall we go back, Jason?" The horse shivered. "My brother might beat us both, Jason. But it is so terrible here." The wind tore the wrapping from her head and flapped it about her face. She struggled to replace it.

Jason looked along the beach and afar at the revolving light. Christine glanced up at the mountain: "But, Jason, it is so hard to have no papa."

There were tears in her voice. Maybe her words were lost in the wind, maybe Jason heard them and understood. At any rate, he took a few steps down to the water's edge which was too, too near the precipice, and broke into a gallop. He was started. Christine felt that he would keep the way. She held with one hand to the surcingle and wedged her feet in tighter to his sides. When the great waves broke the wind took the spray and dashed it into her face. She

kept her head bent from it, but the water dropped from her ears, now bare, and trickled down her forehead.

At first she knew only terror; finally she became dumb to all feeling. So near the precipice, the roar of the ocean was deafening. She could not hear the feet of Jason on the hard sand. She could no longer see the point light, she was so blinded by the spray which was driven against her in rainy torrents.

Now they were galloping through the very undertow of the surf. Why did not Jason crowd nearer the precipice? Maybe there was deep water at the base. Maybe he was afraid of fragments of the old tramway, broken by the slides above them. She felt he knew best. She dared to look back just one instant—a swirling tempest—they might be galloping through mid-ocean for all she could tell.

Suddenly dark objects began taking shape before her. They were the Midway rocks. Surely Jason could clamber over them. What if he could not? Already he was attempting it, and even above the awful surge which engulfed her she could hear the click of his iron hoofs on the black, slippery rocks, as the noble beast struggled to bear his precious burden safely over them. Now he was up on the shelf rock, and was mounting the others. Christine saw the light on the point, but:

"Great God in heaven!" she cried.

A huge wall of water was tearing down upon them. The next instant, as she grasped with both hands at the surcingle, she was lifted away from the earth with a great, boiling, foaming cataclysm surging over and around her. She closed her eyes. The water slapped her in the face and dashed against her. She nearly strangled. Then she felt Jason struggling beneath her, and she knew that he was not dead. She felt herself rise in the water. She opened her eyes. Where were they? Where was the light? What was this before them? It was the great mountain, and the waves were lifting them up, up, and bearing them toward the shore.

And that dark head before her! It was Jason's. "God bless you!" screamed Christine, tightening her hold—he

was swimming.

She felt a jar, he had touched bottom. He tore himself from the waves, stumbling and half falling as the water rushed back against him. Once more a huge wave struck them, nearly dashing Christine from her hold, lifting Jason, but when it receded the horse was tearing away from it, headed for the point light.

Jason kept his course. Christine still clung with both hands to the surcingle, regardless of the reins. Jason shied at the breaking waves now seeming nearer than when they started, perhaps the tide was coming in. If he could only reach the end of the beach and the steep roadway leading down to it! The spray was too blinding to see. The roar and shrieking and howling of the wind was maddening. Christine was only conscious of bounding along with Jason beneath her.

What? Was he again swept from the shore? Was Christine slipping from him? She loosened one hand and caught at his mane. He was not galloping, she felt herself rising.

"The light!" screamed Christine. Jason had climbed up the cliffside roadway, and had left the swirling ocean beneath and behind them.

Over the remaining six miles of coast road Christine flew, her body growing colder and colder in the sharp wind. The water from her clothes streamed down the sides of poor Jason who kept up his mad run as though life depended upon it. Finally the valley of Pescadero spread out before them. Jason slackened his pace and trotted gently down the long hillside to the little town, its white houses gleaming from the trees like a nest of eggs in the sedges. It is the one small town from Santa Cruz to San Francisco, and forty miles of coast lies between it and them. Christine saw lights in the houses of the early risers, and immediately, upon arriving at a corner of the public square, she gathered a meeting of the willing hearers.

"I have come from beyond the beach," she began, breathing heavily. The strong arm of the villagers lifted her from her horse and carried her into the tavern parlor. She was very weak.

Women began to pull the wet garments from the stiff little arms, and men were putting hot drinks to her mouth. Meanwhile Christine was telling an extraordinary story.

"My brother is away, and none of my men would go, and the Englishman's family is starving, and someone must take them food. The father is sick and I came for you, and you must go right away, and I must go with you." Her teeth were chattering.

The good people about her felt that there was something which the little purple face tried to hide.

"Why, it is little Christine Sturburg," exclaimed a fleshy woman who was just then placing a pan of warm water for her feet.

Christine gave her a hasty glance, then turned her gaze again to the men hanging about the doorway.

"Thou wilt go right away to save their papa," she pleaded, dropping into the familiar tongue, but immediately repeating her request in English.

"Yes, they will go, seven of them," said an old woman coming from the group which had then left the doorway.

"You will tell me when they start?"

"Yes, you poor little one," replied a young mother, kneeling beside her.

There was a stir in the little town. Women collected their yesterday's bakings and made up bags and bundles for the seven horsemen. Meats, fruits, breadstuffs were tied behind the saddles and stuffed into saddlebags.

"The child seems so terribly anxious for you to be off," said one housewife, helping a horseman into his coat.

"Yes, I dare say there is some trouble on the range. I shall carry my pistol."

"No," spoke up the eldest of the seven. "We shall have no weapons. Our mission, is to feed the starving," and he flashed an eye about the little group with an air of command.

* * * *

All unconscious of his sister's absence, Gustaf had started with his herders to the pasture. It was hardly daylight, and the feeders had said nothing to him of the lost Jason, fearful of his anger.

Gustaf rode in advance, muffled in his

great coat. Some way he had no mind for this business, but justice had to be taken into one's own hands in this coast country, or there would be no living in it.

At the top of the hill he looked back at his home. "Gustaf, I have no papa, and it is so very hard." He kept hearing the words. He believed she must be calling to him.

"It is a bad storm," he said to Kossuth.

"So, senior, but good for the work before us."

Gustaf had hoped it was otherwise, but he now saw plainly that to go back was to be put to shame by his vaqueros. Once at the upper pasture they took to the trail which winds down the ridge, crosses Waddell's Creek and leads up the mountain on the other side. Picking his way through the timber, he heard the wind in the trees. Occasionally it carried a limb to the ground.

"No papa—very hard—no papa," he caught the words from the ocean's distant roar.

It was a silent ride to the Englishman's miserable little ranch.

Emerging from the brush, right before the house, the men were astonished to see another party of riders coming up on the other side. In advance rode a man with a little girl before him. Gustaf waited for them to approach. A pale faced woman opened the door, and, with her hand on the knob, stared first at one

group, and then at the other. Gustaf drew his breath hard at sight of that face—it was so beautiful. The approaching horsemen rode right up to him, and the high-piping voice of the little girl called out:

"Oh, Gustaf, I thought you would not get home in time, so I went for these people to get food for them."

In an instant he saw what had happened.

"I have come to see what was needed," he said grimly, looking into the eyes of the advance horseman.

Men were dismounting and carrying things into the house, and Gustaf lifted his little sister to his lap. She sat very still, but trembled visibly. He called to Kossuth. The vaquero drew near.

"Not a word of this, Kossuth, mind. See what is needed there, then follow me home and we will provide. Tell those young blackguards to keep their mouths closed."

With these words he turned and rode away with his sister, patting her gently, the nearest he had ever come to demonstrative affection.

Up at the English home the good people of Pescadero had taken charge. The woman stood near the doorway petting a large black horse whose sides were wet with the salt of the sea. She laid her cheek against his face, and looking into the great dark eyes, whispered:

"And you risked your life for my little ones."

The Haven of Sweet Dreams.

I

Over the sea, the deep wide sea,
Like a boat life's fleeting miles
My soul wil' glide on a placid tide,
And its sails will be thy smiles.

II.

Thy sweetest song as I glide along,
Will be the wind which bears
A sunlit soul to its cherished goal,
Away from a world of cares.

III.

The merry light of thy glances bright
Will be my noonday themes,
And thy kiss will say we will anchor weigh
In the haven of sweet dreams.

IV.

In a haven near, where never a tear
Our fond content can mar,
Where the ebb and flow will bid us know
All of the joys which are.

V.

My soul like a boat would ever float
Over the sunlit streams,
Over the sea, my love, with thee,
To the haven of sweet dreams.

Valentine Brown.

Early Days on the Golden Yuba.

By CAPTAIN HARRY L. WELLS.

NO name is more intimately associated with the mining annals of California, than that of "Yuba." Many a "forty-niner," his head whitened by the frosts of more than three score winters, as he sits by his glowing hearth in some house of wealth, or smokes his long-used pipe in some lonely cabin, wanders in fancy on the banks of that swift-rushing stream, where so long ago he dived for gold. Mayhap, as the exciting scenes of those stirring times troop through his mind, in a shifting and continuous procession, he softly repeats the old familiar parody:

Up yonder, where the miners go,
The rains are anything but slow;
And dark, and muddy is the flow
Of Yuba, rolling rapidly.

Perhaps the world-famous story of "Yuba Dam," [This was, in a measure, a true story. The locality still bears that name, and is but a short distance up the river from Marysville, at the point where, formerly, a toll bridge crossed the stream.] will present itself, followed by the exciting scenes of the vigilante reign in Marysville, the highway exploits of Jim Webster and Tom Bell, the hanging of the woman at Downieville, the Gold lake stampede, the Washoe excitement, and the thousand and one incidents of life along the stream during the first few years the Argonauts spent in the search for wealth on the bars and flats of that noted river.

Gold was discovered in California on the 25th of January, 1848, by Jas. W. Marshall, in the tail race of a saw mill, which he was building for Captain John A. Sutter, at Coloma, on the South Fork of the American river. About the middle of April, 1848, Jonas Spect and several companions were on their way from Yerba Buena (San Francisco), to Johnson's ranch on Bear river, having come down from Oregon in a vessel, their object being to make up a party to cross the

plains to the States. One night, while encamped at Knight's Landing, on the Sacramento, they were overtaken by a party hastening to the mines, and were informed that there was a great rush from all directions to Sutter's mill. The overland journey was forgotten, and all hastened to Coloma. But disappointment awaited them. Sutter and Marshall, under Mexican laws, claimed the ground and exacted rent from all who chose to work, and, it was then supposed that gold was to be found only in the vicinity of Coloma, a great many of the men left the mines in disgust and returned to their homes. Among these was Spect, who went to Johnson's ranch to carry out his original intention of going overland to the States. He spent a few days at Johnson's and then learned that there had been new discoveries made on American river, and that a new stampede for the mines had set in. He then proposed to Johnson to prospect the Yuba on shares, he to do the work and Johnson to furnish the supplies.

Johnson supplied Spect with a quantity of provisions, tools, etc, and an Indian guide, and the pioneer prospector of the Yuba crossed the flower-carpeted valley, lying between that stream and Bear river, and began his labor. The Indian piloted him up the stream to Rose bar, as it was soon afterward called, where was a rancheria of Indians. Spect had known something of the American aborigine in Oregon, but this was his first experience with the guileless Digger on his native heath. He saw nothing attractive in their long-used raiment of dirt and modesty, nor did their simple fare of clover and crickets tempt his stomach. Consequently, when he had panned out a few shovelfuls of dirt, without satisfactory results, he hastened away, neglectful of their urgent offers of hospitality. In the afternoon of the same day he made one more effort, be-

fore returning to Johnson's ranch. He washed a pan of dirt near the mouth of Timbuctoo ravine, and his eyes were gladdened by the sight of coarse gold to the value of \$7.50. He went into camp on the lucky spot, dispatching the Indian to Johnson's, to convey the intelligence of his success, and to procure more "grub." Intelligence that gold had been found on the Yuba soon reached American river, and quite a number of men came over and took up claims. Among these were Rose & Reynolds, a firm of ship-carpenters, who took up claims on the bar where had stood the rancheria, whose hospitalities Spect had denied himself.

Mining was conducted in 1848 upon an entirely different principle than that of the following year, when the influx of thousands of eager gold hunters worked a sudden and wonderful transformation. The pioneer miners were scattered for some distance up and down the stream, and, in the main, labored vicariously. The Indians were docile and tractable and for the slight reward of a good meal of white man's food would labor diligently in the broiling sun, while the white proprietors of the tools they used, smoked their pipes serenely in the shade. Yet the miners had but little to sell, besides food and tobacco, and the Digger, improvident by nature and education, worked only long enough to wash out sufficient dust to buy something to fill his stomach and his pipe. In this way many of the miners became wealthy in a few months, and left the mines for good.

The most notable case of this kind was David Parks, who located on Park's bar. News of Marshall's discovery had reached Parks on the plains, while on his way to Oregon with his wife and family of children of graduated sizes. He at once changed his destination and early in the summer reached the Yuba, and located on the bar which afterward bore his name. He was well supplied with provisions, and, when he learned the ways of the unsophisticated Digger, it took him but a short time to become convinced that his household could dispense with the luxury of sugar in their coffee, as long as the Indians were willing to

pay gold dust for it, measure for measure. When they had filled a pint cup with the yellow particles, they took it to kind-hearted Mrs. Parks, who filled another cup with sugar, of almost the same color, and exchanged cups. This was as good a thing as the Indians wanted. Sugar was a new luxury to them, and it was just like finding it to have it given them in exchange for this useless yellow dirt, which they could neither eat nor wear. The Parkses were also satisfied. Their supply of sugar was light, and was soon exhausted, and the Indian trade threatened to leave them and go to other points. It was then that the ready woman's wit of Mrs. Parks came to the rescue. In the family outfit was a lot of red cloth, from which, as occasion required, various garments were manufactured for the members. Mrs. Parks converted this material into flaming shirts, and displayed them before the covetous eyes of the savages. To be sure the cutting was crude and the stitches were few, while the whole garment extended but part way down the back; but then a warrior's social position depended little on the length of his raiment, and what was the use of making them long, when short ones answered all the ends of their creation? This matter of wearing clothes was an innovation, at best, upon the immemorial customs of the Diggers, and as the garments were purely ornamental in their nature their brevity was no detracting from their commercial value. Mrs. Parks hit a popular idea. The latest fashion of wearing the indication of a shirt swept like wild fire through the ranks of Digger society. The price of these garments depended upon the ability of the savage to pay—for Mrs. Parks took all she could get—and the eager savages were willing to pay all the dust they could dig. When the red cloth was used up, the market was still "booming," and other colors were called into requisition, blue and white soon mingling among the crimson. Their relative values were somewhat proportionate to the ivory "chips," which circulated so freely among the Yuba a few months later, the red, however, being the most valuable. They paid more for the color than they

did for the cloth. There was more of it. The fashionable color came higher than the shirt, although the latter, viewed in the same light, came high enough in all conscience. Owing to competition by traders at other points, and, as well, to the rapid education of the natives in the comparative value of gold dust and other articles, the trade rapidly became less profitable. The Parkses then "folded their tents" and departed, bearing away with them \$85,000 as the result of a few weeks of vicarious mining.

The competition which drove the Parks family from the Indian trade was chiefly that of Rose & Reynolds, at Rose bar. They, too, discovered that the Indians, ignorant of the value of the yellow stuff, were willing to dig it up and trade it to the new comers for anything which pleased their eccentric fancy. Rose & Reynolds being regular traders, had a varied stock of provisions, which the Parkses did not possess, and thus absorbed the trade, for the native first demanded a pound of sugar for a pound of gold, then struck for two pounds and then three, until, finally, the sugar became so cheap that they did not care for it any more, and the trade was ruined. To offset the shirt excitement down the river, they procured, in Yerba Buena, a quantity of beads. A string of beads made a splendid substitute for one of Mrs. Parks' shirts, and was soon prescribed by Dame Fashion for all her votaries. Gaudily-colored glass beads were sold, measure for measure, for gold dust, and not enough could at first be pro-

cured to meet the demand. Beads soon became plentiful, and, under the competition of other trading posts, fell from their high estate, though for several years they were a prominent and profitable item in the Indian trade. A transient and profitable fever was created by the introduction of calico dresses, which the squaws seized upon with avidity. A squaw bedecked with one of these gaudy garments, and a warrior gorgeously arrayed with a necklace of porcelain beads and an abbreviated shirt, constituted a family of Digger bon ton, whose social position was impregnable.

In the winter of 1848-9, some two hundred men mined along the Lower Yuba. Early in the spring of 1849 their number was augmented by arrivals from Oregon, Chili and the Sandwich Islands, followed, a few months later, by the advance guard of the vast army of gold hunters, which came trooping over the plains, through Mexico, and across the Isthmus of Panama, or made the long voyage around the cold and stormy Horn. Up the river and all its tributaries they pushed, and before another year had rolled around, Marysville, Long bar, Parks' bar, Rose bar, Foster bar, Downieville, Rough and Ready, Gold run, and scores of others, were names well known in the mining camps of California. Then the Yuba was in its glory, and ten thousand miners lined its banks, whose varied experiences would make a volume as strange and exciting as those tales of romance which charmed our youthful minds.

Down the River.

I.

We were floating down the river,
And were speaking soft and low;
And our voices blended sweetly
With the river's gentle flow.

II.

You were telling me of sorrow,
Of the grief that wrecked your bliss;
And you bent and kissed me gently,
Gave it as a parting kiss.

V.

We were floating down the river,
Feeling momentary bliss,
When you bent and kissed me gently,
Gave me that sweet parting kiss!

III.

Far away the bells were chiming,
Pealing out a marriage hymn;
And your face was full of sorrow,
And your eyes grew dark and dim.

IV.

But I held your hands within mine
And you never guessed my pain;
For I knew my desolation
Only meant your fullest gain.

I. D.

The Rivers of Oregon.

If Thoreau had spent a week on the rivers of Oregon, on the Willamette, the McKinzie, the Rogue or the Columbia, there can hardly be any other conclusion than that his "week," great as it is, would have been much greater, much fuller of brightness and beauty, much more optimistic. For it would be difficult, if not impossible, to conceive a state more fortunate in the possession of every variety of river scenery than Oregon. From the turbulent McKinzie to the placid Willamette, to the broad and majestic Columbia, there is all that the lover of nature can wish. He is bewildered by the beauty, by the heights of mountain and falling streams which jet the Oregon banks of the mighty Columbia. He is lulled to rest by the gentle ripples of Willamette "softly calling to the sea." He is thrown into an ecstasy of admiration at the unexpected beauty, the quietness and repose of stream and wooded bank, which to him are full of wonderful possibilities for literature and art. In the coming months The Pacific Monthly will endeavor to bring out some of these things; will try to bring before its readers some of the beauty and richness of Oregon's streams which have been too long unappreciated.

Multnomah Falls.

Over the precipice towering above us,
Leaps the pure streamlet, joyous and free,
Epithalamium singing to move us
At her glad bridal accordant to be;
Lordly Columbia waits her advancing,
Smiles open-armed to receive her embrace,
Smiles as the sun, on her tinted gauze glancing,
Dowers her form with effulgence and grace.

Spruce trees which crown dizzy heights join
the chorus,
Symphonies soft through the alders breathe
low,
Carol of birds trilling near us and o'er us,
Mingle all notes in the rhythmical flow
Of thy waters descending, descending, ne'er
ending,
With music like that which we hear in a
dream,
While Nature, the Priestess, serenely attending,
Bestows benediction on river and stream.

Haste to the wedding, ye dwellers in city,
Let the bride show ye the fringe of her robe
Spangled with jewels, resplendent and pretty,
Pure as the purest e'er found on the globe.
Throw off your trappings of care and of
sorrow,
Hark! how the bride with her welcoming
calls:
"Come and make merry, nor wait till to-morrow
To mark how each fold of my bridal veil
falls."

J. W. Whalley.

The M'Kinzie.

By *GEORGE MELVIN.*

FAR up in the fastnesses of the Cascades there lies a beautiful lake. Its waters are so clear that you can look down a hundred feet and see the tree tops of the forest that was submerged when the lake was formed. For ages those trees have stood preserved in the still depths of the icy flood, and a new forest has sprung up and grown to ma-

turity on the lava flow that walled and crossed the canyon in the days when the West was young, so that the snow-fed stream which threaded the gloom was checked in its course and compelled to rise and rise, filling the lava-rimmed reservoir, and finally bursting from its lower edge, a full-born rushing river, mad to reach the sea.

This river, known as the McKinzie, had in the days when the Indians fished in its lower reaches and hunted along its banks, another and more musical title, one better befitting its silver-flashing tide, its leaping cataracts, rainbow-arched and white as driven snow. It is a matter of regret that this Indian name should have been lost.

Beautiful as are all the rivers of Oregon—and there is not another land in the world in this respect so blest—there is none that can compare in charm with the McKinzie. Only seventy-five miles from its source to its confluence with the Willamette, but every mile of that swift course is girded in beauty that mounts to grandeur. When a child I played upon its banks with my sister, and built forts and roadways in its shining sands. Often we lifted our wondering eyes to the hills from whence it seemed to come, and said, "When we are older we will go together to find the place where the river is born." It was to us always a companion, a friend, and yet a mystery. Whether we watched its turbid tide in flood or harkened to its silver singing in summer nights when the world was in flower, and the willows and maples and alders trailed their fragrant boughs in its cool waves, we were always questioning, always longing to see and know what lay beyond, up there toward the gates of dawn. In later years the rare joy was vouchsafed us of going, as we had dreamed, together to the birthplace of the stream we loved. Step by step, mile by mile, from its shining lower reaches, we traced it to its source. And the rapture that was ours in that eager journey is something that cannot be told in words.

It was before the settlers had "improved" their claims. The forest still clothed the hills from base to summit. The despoiling lumberman had not yet invaded the primeval silence of the woods with his noisy logging camps. And the road that hugged the river bank was as lonely and as little traveled as even we could desire. The cabins in the little clearings, scattered at far intervals along the way, served only to enhance the solitude.

And the river—how it dimpled in green

eddies; how it flashed in the sunshine and lurked in the shade, tore at the obstructing boulders and laughed like a thousand fairies on the silver bars. At Hixon's, where two mossy ledges of gray rock, lichen stained and decked with tufts of emerald water grasses, barred the way on either hand, the strong tide gathered itself together and shot like a shaft from a bow through the cleft between. And then, as if wearied with the effort, stopped to rest in a great wide pool that spread out to reach and clasp the willow-fringed shores. A few miles farther on it flowed leisurely past a wooded mountain—that is like the mountains one sees in dreams—and still beyond and ever toward the east it washes the base of Eagle Rock, a perpendicular face of black basalt that casts a sombre shadow to the further shore. At the "Bridge" the narrow valley widens and the mountains that wall it in are splendid in their bulk and height. Through the valley the river goes singing on its way, as if glad to have reached the haunts of men and found human companionship. A few miles beyond the road stops suddenly. There is only a trail for those who would go on. In those days there was not even a trail, save some faint recollection of the way once trodden by moccasined feet before the paleface found the land of the sundown sea.

It was not an easy task at that time to follow the remaining fifteen miles of the river's course, and none but those who were in love with danger undertook to do so. For there was danger, deprivation and other things to be encountered and endured. The way was so rough that days were consumed in traversing a few miles. It was often necessary to hew a path through the dense forest for the passage of the pack horses. There were streams to be crossed whose treacherous fern-fringed margins were akin to the bottomless pit. In places the later lava flow was not yet carpeted with moss, or covered with vegetation, and its ragged roughness cut the horses' feet most cruelly. There were mountains to be scaled that seemed to rise straight to the clouds. There were descents that were so steep it made one dizzy just to contemplate

them. But oh! the wonder and the beauty and the joy of it all. The swift streams, tributaries of the McKinzie, that burst, full-grown, from the mountain side, and in their short journey never, winter or summer, spring or autumn, feel the added impulse of a freshet.

At the first fall, just above where the river makes its grand leap into the circular green pool, it flows for a little space through a trough of lava so narrow that you might almost step across. For several miles to northward—for the course lies no longer toward the rising sun—the canyon widens, and the stream loiters idly, losing itself utterly at times beneath the lava bridges, and the walls on either hand are sheer five hundred feet in height.

Within five miles of the lake there is a tiny meadow where the horses may be loosed to graze, and where one may cross the river on a natural bridge, grassed and

grown over with willows and hazel. Just above is the second cataract, with a single fall of seventy-five feet that leaps from the ledge and speeds down the narrow canyon, leaving a free passageway behind its shimmering green veil, where one may cross dry-shod from bank to bank. There is yet another and more beautiful fall nearer the lake, said to be eighty feet in height, and spanned by a double rainbow when the sun is out.

But the lake itself—to have seen it once is to dream of it forever after. A lovely crystal, it lies in the lap of the mountains. Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters keep watch above it, and Echo, that lost spirit of wandering sound, forever haunts its shores. It is a fitting birthplace for Oregon's fairest stream. And we sang for joy when we saw where the river was born.

The Legend of the Lake.

I.

Far up in the heart of the mountains,
Where the peaks loom ghastly and white,
Where the forest is clothed in silence,
And dark as with shadows of night,
Is a lake, like a gleaming jewel,
Or a star dropped out of the sky.
And over its breast, and about it,
The wild wind goes whispering by.
The wind that is loud in the valleys,
Is here but a moan, and a sigh.

II.

And once in the years that are vanished,
The ages forgotten of men,
When the world was new, and the mountains
Spoke out, and were answered again,
When the moon and the stars companioned
With the children of earth, and filled
The wood with a mystical splendor
That lured them, and charmed them, and
thrilled,

III.

There were tokens of strife in the heavens,
There were ominous sounds and signs,
The creatures were shaken with terror,
As the wind shakes the sombre pines.
The gods were at war, and the mountains
Were drunken with anger and hate.
The smoke of the battle that drifted
Was black as the banners of fate.

IV

O gloom of the night that engulfed them!
The children of earth, in that vale
Where the lake, a jewel is nested,
And the peaks, like warriors in mail,
Stand guard. And silence is ever
The seal of a mystery set
To cover the secret that even
The pitying stars shall forget.

V.

For the pen of man shall not write it,
And the tongue of man shall not speak.
Go look you, and loiter and listen,
Go find you whatever you seek.
'Tis only to him who can read it
That Nature will open her book,
Not written in words. If you love her
Go loiter, and listen, and look!

Clarence Danvers.

A Matter Purely Literary.

By W. W. FIDLER.

AMONG the numerous notices called forth by the death of Oregon's gifted bard was the following:

The death of Sam L. Simpson leaves an absolute blank in respect of the fact that we have among us no poet of merit or reputation. Singular it is that so much of poetic inspiration as we have in the splendors of nature and in the romantic suggestions of pioneer life should have found so few tongues. Men of intellect we have in plenty, as our professional and business life bears witness; but the world of artistic interests finds here few recruits or none at all. It has long been hoped that there might rise among us a mind combining enthusiasm for Oregon and her history with the insight of literary art and the gift or dramatic portrayal, and that these powers might be devoted to preservation in the forms of historic or romantic fiction the tone, color, sentiment and spirit of the older Oregon, now passing away. Thus far this hope has been vain. The atmosphere which produces the artistic mind is wanting here, as in every new country where practical affairs claim all the energies of life. The writer who shall voice the romance of Oregon must come, if at all, at a later time.

Reading this paragraph carefully between the lines one might easily get the impression that it was not so much the object of the writer to pay a just tribute to the memory of a deceased author as it was to vent a soulful scorn for the living. Too high a compliment could not well be paid the splendid genius of our departed poet; but why should even an Oregon editor of the old school so lightly prize his reputation for candid criticism as to assert that there is "an absolute blank in respect to the fact that we have among us no poet of merit or reputation."

Public opinion is not always supposed to be made up from the unsupported utterance of one individual, and before these excathedra statements are taken as the settled verdict of the state it might be well enough to invite a more numerous expression of prevailing sentiment. Otherwise, some such thing as a crabbed and long-cultivated animosity to local

talent might exert a preponderance of influence, where the decision is left wholly to a single self-elected Sir Oracle.

While loath to concede the accuracy of the views so authoritatively set forth in the above quotation, I am free to confess there are many reasons why they should be essentially true and remain so. This Oregon of ours, it must be owned, is not an o'er hospitable region for "weavers of mild rhymes," or rhymes of any sort. Sam L. Simpson once informed me that he had never received a dollar by way of remuneration for any of his numerous poetical offerings, except on one occasion. A man once paid him twenty dollars for a private obituary poem. This was the sum total of monetary emoluments that had, up to that date, attended his hazardous and laborious climbing of Parnassus. At one time, as I very well remember, he was particularly anxious to convert some of the products of his genius into hard cash, for cash was the one thing he very much needed in his business. He sent two of his poems to a friend in Portland to be sold to the "West Shore." Failing in that, they were to be turned over to the "Oregonian" to be published, of course, "without money and without price." One of the poems, "The Mother's Vigil," appeared in the Daily Oregonian in a mutilated form; the other, "Sayonara," failed, for some reason or other, to meet the exacting requirements of a purblind literary taste.

Now the point sought to be got at is this: If a poet with the unquestioned genius and established reputation of Simpson must fare so badly at the hands of the newspaper fraternity, where is the encouragement for "a mind combining the enthusiasm for Oregon and her history with the insight of literary art and the gift of dramatic portrayal" to arise among us and devote those powers to the presentation of "tone, color, sentiment and spirit of the older Oregon,

now passing away?" The poet referred to his full share of this thankless work, always without reward and seldom without the fear of punishment. If a leading newspaper published some of his free-will offerings gratis, it felt that it had discharged its whole duty in the premises with enlarged, if not ruinous prodigality.

The papers are certainly standing well within their own rights when they taboo poetry, but it looks like they were, at the same time, estopped from indulging in any very loud lamentations over hopes made vain through their own persistent contriving. The whole spirit of their policy is clearly exemplified when they tell us that they don't want poetry, that if they want poetry they know where to find it. The budding genius that could burgeon and blossom and advance to autumnal ripening under such chilling influences as this, would, indeed, be a prodigy.

Suppose the now-famous reuse of Mr. Markham (and he was once an Oregonian, I believe), had had to depend for its first encouragement upon the generosity of Oregon journalism, does any one doubt that he would still be "wasting his sweetness on the desert air?" He would have had plenty of practical reasons for believing that "The Man with the Hoe" has a comfortable time of it compared to the Webfoot poetaster. But, as has been

aptly remarked: "the world needs poets as well as potatoes, though the popular taste is largely in favor of the latter."

The Poet of the Sierras got his initial coaching in Oregon; but it was at a time when a more tolerant spirit pervaded the press. He had, however, to take his wares to a more appreciating community before his talents were justly recognized. He might have chanted his lays a lifetime in Oregon without attaining any higher reward than that passive tolerance—a sort of strained acquiescence in his demented existence. When he reached "literary London" he was quickly recognized as "that wild Byron of the unfurrowed plains." English critics were enthusiastic in his praise.

Before we can repeat the spectacle of sending a backwoods rhymster to captivate the literary centres of the old world there must be a subsidence of studied antipathy for local talent at home. The establishment of a monthly magazine devoted to the drawing out and development of the literary genius of the Coast, is a favorable omen in the right direction. That "the world of artistic interests" need not worry about finding "recruits" is sufficiently evidenced by our past history. What other state, for instance, at the same age, could boast two such lyrical geniuses as Joaquin Miller and Sam L. Simpson?

"Simpsoniana."

Note.—The appearance in *The Pacific Monthly* last month of several of the unpublished poems of the late Sam L. Simpson has attracted some interest in the genius of the author of "Beautiful Willamette," and *The Pacific Monthly* will be glad to further this interest in any way that it can. We publish this month a poem sent us by Dr. C. L. Large, of Forest Grove, Oregon, besides the "Sayonara" mentioned in "A Matter Purely Literary."—[Ed.]

Forest Grove, Ore., April 10.

The following beautiful poem, was written by Sam L. Simpson, in memory of Bishop A. Bagley, who died at his home in Tillamook, Oregon, April 7, 1887.

C. L. Large.

The life of a chivalrous, bold pioneer

Has gone to its shadowless setting,
Just across the divide from the fever and fear
Of our wearisome toiling and fretting.

The hand that was true to a friend or foe

And was ready for labor or battle,
Has waved us good-bye from the valley below
Where the buckler and spear never rattle—

Where the winds whisper low and the bright
waters beat—

Aid the handmaids of Honor are turning
Fair chaplets for them who with world weary
feet

Haste thither at life's swift declining.

In the nighty Valhalla of heroes unarmed,
 And inweld to all conflicts and sorrow,
 He now takes his place with the spirits that
 flamed
 In the battle that pledged us the morrow,
 And who never asked quarter in sunshine or
 storm,
 But clung to the steep trail of duty,
 With hearts that beat ever responsive and
 warm
 For affection and valor and beauty.
 No trumpets of victory sounded for him,
 His days were a struggle unbroken;
 And now, while he lies in death's mystery
 dim,
 I have twined him this garland and token.

And I tenderly lay it upon the low mound
 That is heaped on the heart that I
 cherished,
 And I listen the while for the faint and far
 sound
 Of the voice of the friend that has perished.
 In that bosom of his with its burden of care,
 Throbbled the passionate heart of the poet,
 And, mourning, I thus to his lone grave
 repair
 With some flowers of Castalia to strew it,
 Too soon will the wreath I have woven decay
 But our friendship no changes can sever,
 And I think of him ling'ring at parting one
 day
 As if knowing we parted forever.

In peace may he rest while the fairies of
 spring
 Come to garnish the place of his slumber,
 For the struggle is over, the heart-ache and
 sting
 Of the ills that our journey encumber.

Sayonara.*

By SAM L. SIMPSON.

They know a tender parting phrase,
 In flowery Khuleddeen,
 Where Summer's breezy, tangled rays
 Shine through the groves of green;
 Where the lotos blooms, the buhl-buhl sings,
 And they kiss the cup of woe,
 And murmur on life's broken strings,
 "And since it must be so."

Be that our gage at parting, too,
 With hearts of Orient calm;
 We cannot change the things we rue
 Beneath the pine or palm,
 For the wind is fair, the sails unfurled,
 Good speed to those that go,
 And send the farewell round the world,
 "And since it must be so."

The leaves that curtained birdie's nest
 Drop softly, one by one,
 For birdie roams like all the rest
 (Alas, for song and sun),
 And the braided brooklets flash and fall,
 By many a mead they run,
 And answer Ocean's sullen call
 "And since it must be so."

The hopes that blossomed in our sky
 And faded all too soon,
 Like purple shade of twilight lie
 Upon the brow of noon,
 And though youth may train his jeweled hair
 And sing to the years that flow,
 He sails at last with a sweet despair,
 "And since it must be so."

Ah, sweetheart, we must go our ways—
 Divided lives and dooms—
 The marching spirit still arrays
 Its crest with shining plumes;
 Red roses and red lips are dust,
 And the nurtured truth comes slow
 Till our souls are tuned to that tearless truss
 "And since it must be so."

We meet and pass on sea and shore,
 And smile with nameless pain
 As we dream that a bridge of gold floats o'er
 The sweep of the soundless main.
 And we crown the ruin we cannot stay,
 For the feasts that are lost below
 By the crystal sea, some seraph may
 Reveal why it must be so.

Then lightly pitch the silken tent
 Of life's capricious day
 Where sun and shadow, blown and blent,
 Weave garlands o'er the way:
 For the lily's golden censor swings
 To its shadow, to and fro,
 And the soul to itself nepenthe brings
 "And since it must be so."

* Sayonara is a Japanese word signifying "since it must be so."

Elise.

A Sequel to "The Voice of the Silence."

Chapter IV.



"SO you have become a philanthropist?" remarked Colonel Randolph, on discovering Miss Farmer, temporarily sheltered from observation behind a friendly palm, at Mrs. Natron's fete. "Don't put yourself to the trouble of denying the charge," he added, taking possession of her fan, "I have had the whole story from an authentic source."

"Oh, but I do deny it. I don't even know what a philanthropist is. Do you?"

"Well, perhaps not; though I have rather labored under the impression that any generously-inclined person who, having a larger income than he could conveniently spend upon himself, sought to placate heaven and advertise his beneficence by investing the surplus in newsboys' retreats, shopgirls' club-rooms, free lunch counters, etc., with, maybe, a public library, or a university or two thrown in, could lay claim to the title."

"Then I am clearly not guilty. In the first place, I haven't half as much money as I want myself."

"And in the second?—that firstly presupposes a secondly, you know."

"Does it? Well, then, secondly, if I had the wealth of Croesus, or to be more modern, Rockefeller, or Carnegie, I would not give one penny of it to found institutions for the poor."

"By Jove! I half believe you mean it."

"I do."

He regarded her curiously over the top of the open fan. She was a handsome girl, tall, well-formed, with clearly modelled features, dark eyes full of intellectual fire and feeling, and an abundance of dark hair. She knew her own good points and dressed up to them. There was always a sort of subdued splendor about her that suggested regal robes. One instinctively felt that a diadem would not be out of place on that small, shapely head. Colonel Randolph found her very pleasant to behold, but he was conscious of a growing resentment as he looked. It was, according to his notion of the general fitness of things, a woman's first duty to be womanly. He had of late begun to believe her almost ideally so, and it gave him a shock to hear her emphatically declare a sentiment so distinctly unfeminine.

"Is this, then, the result of your recent excursion into the delectable regions of Reese Alley?" he asked, somewhat coldly.

"Partly, yes. At least my eyes have been opened, and I see much in a definite manner that hitherto has seemed only a vague and formless truth."

They were silent a little while. Then he said, slowly, "You have found one experience sufficient. I do not know why I should be disappointed, but—I am."

Katherine leaned toward him ever so

slightly, a sudden soft light in her eyes. "No," she said, "I have enlisted for life. Do you think I could see the things that exist there, and come back permanently to this?" She made a scarcely perceptible gesture that was yet expressive enough to include the gay scene half hidden by the sheltering palm. "Do you imagine, for one moment, that I can ever shut out the sight of the wretchedness, the pitiful faces of the children, old before they are born. The mothers, hopeless, ignorant, yet women still, and as divinely entitled to life and love and happiness as any maid or matron here tonight? Do you think I can forget all that? No, Oh no, the voice of want that vexes the reeking atmosphere of Reese Alley is echoing in my ears at this moment. I shall hear it forever, and—and I am close kin to those women down there."

He clasped the hand she half extended. "Forgive me for misunderstanding you," he said. "For my wife's sake I am glad. She needs you. It is women like you who make me comprehend the Divine Miracle." He bent and kissed the hand he held, lightly, reverently. "Elise is wise in the choice of her friends, as she is in other things. I could not wish her a nobler comrade in a noble work."

Afterwards it occurred to both that this was a very unusual conversation to have taken place in a ballroom, but the man was the better for it, and as for the girl, she felt that she had, in that brief interchange of words, come very close to the foot of the white stairway—had, in fact, touched the highest point of personal happiness possible to her on earth. And her heart sang a paean of praise, a hymn of gratitude.

"Ah, I have found you at last," cried Mrs. Banks-Berry, breaking in upon them, "Mrs. Natron has been organizing expeditions and sending them out in search for you, Jack. She says you promised to look after the dowager duchess to keep her within bounds, or, as she graphically puts it, help Sandy McTavish corral her grace. Do go to his relief. Do go to his relief, the 'puir laddie's' about ready to collapse from

sheer exhaustion. The duchess is awful. And Mrs. Natron is tearing her hair."

"Who's hair? the dowager's?"

"Don't be absurd! You know how she toiled and struggled and contrived to capture this corpulent specimen of the British nobility to adorn her fete, and now she is tasting the gall in the cup, the bee-bread in the honey, so to speak, for the duchess is worse than several white elephants."

"Mrs. Natron is an idiot," cried Katherine, laughing in spite of herself. "I always suspected it, now I am convinced. Who was this woman before she married a title? A mere vulgar nobody whom not one of us would have hired as a cook."

"Oh, that is all forgotten, she is somebody now, and if Jack does not drop your fan and fly to the rescue, poor Sandy McTavish will faint in his tracks. He is limp to the tips of his patent leathers. The duchess is taking it out of him savagely. She is like a caged hyena."

"Pray keep on, Kitty. You will soon have a whole menagerie," advised her brother, encouragingly. "Besides, your account of the situation, thrilling though it is, and offering, apparently, rare opportunities for display of heroic qualities and self-immolation, does not fire me with an ambition to relieve McTavish, or to share his glory. I am far too comfortable where I am, to desire a change of scene."

But a moment later Katherine was carried off by a very young man with a very pink camelia in his button-hole, to match his very pink cheeks, presumably, and the location behind the palm suddenly lost its charm.

"Serves you right," laughed his sister, flitting away. "You needn't have been so selfish."

However, he was in no mood to mingle in the gay crowd just then, and he settled himself in the chair which Katherine had vacated and idly watched the dancers gliding past like a kaleidoscope, his eyes instinctively searching for Elise. He always took a certain degree of pleasure in her dancing, she was so graceful, so light, and so exquisitely gowned.

"She makes every other woman in the room feel over-dressed the moment she enters," complained Mrs. Banks-Berry once, discussing this same matter of clothes with Mrs. Corey. "I wish I knew the secret of it. I spend twice as much time and money and mental worry on my toilet as she does, and yet—"

"It is not so much what she puts on, as the way she wears it," replied Mrs. Corey. "Elise seems really never to think about her wardrobe. I believe she would look equally well in calico."

But in this Mrs. Corey was wrong. Mrs. Randolph did think of her clothes—and to good purpose, as was amply proven by results. There are few women in the world who can afford to disregard, or to treat with indifference, the very important matter of dress. What to wear, and how to wear it, are two questions of vital significance which present themselves continually to the consciousness of the sex. There is something morally wrong in the woman who does not care how she looks.

Elise was not dancing tonight. She had danced very little of late. "I no longer care about it," she said when questioned. "It seems such a useless waste of energy. I suppose I am growing too old to enjoy such a youthful form of amusement."

It came to the Colonel, sitting there in the shadow of the palm, listening to the pulsing music of a Strauss waltz, that his wife was not looking quite herself that evening. Not that she was less lovely—but there were weary lines about her mouth, and a shadow in her eyes. When he thought it over he remembered that these lines and this shadow were becoming habitual, and, man like, he resented the fact.

"It's that confounded slum business," he said savagely to himself. "I'll have to step in and put a stop to it. She is working herself to death." Then his mind reverted to Katherine Farmer, and he took comfort in the hope that she would help to lighten the burden of Elise. It did not occur to him to lend his own interest and assistance. He had never intruded upon the scene of his wife's most arduous labors. Reese Alley, with its swarm

of wretched humanity, was but a name to him. He felt, indeed, that it was rather fine in him not to interfere in any way, or to impose restrictions upon her in her reckless expenditures for charity. He admired her extravagance in this direction, was proud of it, and it gave him a certain sense of satisfaction to hear her everywhere praised and lauded for her good works. But she was becoming so absorbed, too oblivious to other obligations. He could not permit her to sacrifice her health, her youth and good looks to an exaggerated idea of duty, and he made up his mind then and there to tell her so, and to insist upon a change that would relieve her somewhat, if not altogether, from the supervision of the club or school, or whatever it was, that claimed the larger part of her time every day, in Reese Alley.

There was a faint streak of gray widening in the east as the Randolphs drove homeward from Mrs. Natron's ball. Elise, white and weary with more than bodily fatigue, leaned back in her corner with closed eyes. Her husband reached his arm and drew her close, till her soft cheek lay against his own. "Poor girl!" he said, tenderly, "You are worn out. I am going to take you away from all this sort of thing for a while, and give you a chance to get back your color. You are growing positively haggard."

She did not answer, but he caught the sound of a stifled sob, and felt his cheek wet with her sudden tears. "Darling!" he cried in alarm. "What is it? What have I said? You are weeping! Elise, Elise, my love, forgive me, and tell me what it is."

His loving solicitude seemed only to open the flood gates wider. She leaned upon his breast and let the storm of long-pent emotion sweep over her, unchecked. He had never seen her like this. She was usually so self-contained, so sweetly mistress of herself, and it frightened him. Still he felt, instinctively, that it was best to let her have her cry out before he sought to inquire into the cause and meaning of it.

"My own," he murmured, taking her in his arms, as one would take a sob-

bing child, "My love, my sweet Elise!" And soothed her thus with endearing words and caresses till her passion had spent its force, and she lay mute and faintly trembling, like a white, rain-drenched flower upon his breast. And he, ignorant of the tragedy that had been slowly and silently enacted in this woman's life, during the two months just passing, was destined not to know how near to breaking had been the heart that beat against his own, and how it had been saved by the blessed balm of tears, and washed clean of all its bitterness and pain and sore distrust. In that culminating hour she forgave him, and he—it was unknown to him that she had aught to forgive. Arrived at home, he

lifted her from the carriage and carried her into the house and up to her room. The sight of her pale, tear-stained face in the wan light, was like a reproach which he felt, but could not comprehend. What if she were to fall ill—what if—but that thought was too awful to admit. He realized, with a sudden gripping of the heart-strings, how dear she was, how necessary to his happiness—to his existence. He would not leave her—could not—but sent the sleepy maid back to her interrupted slumbers and ministered to her wants with his own hands, and did it as deftly and tenderly as any woman could have done, so true a teacher is love, and so sanctified is his service.

(To be continued.)

His Opportunity.

By LUE VERNON.

EVERY one was glad about it, "every one" being the motley collection of struggling pressmen, artists, spacewriters and others of even vaguer description, who were gathered round the boarding-house table, and the "it" which rejoined them was the jubilant expression on Dan's face.

For the last few days he had been buried under one of those black clouds of depression in which his delicacy periodically involved him, but now apparently the cloud had burst, and there was not a man present but was pleased at the change, and who said so.

"Shure, an' it's an illigant fortune they be after laving ye, Danny, me bhoy," shouted a friendly voice from the farther end of the table. "Halves, Danny, darlint, halves."

"You shut up, Mike. Mere fortune? Pooh! it's fame. That's it, isn't it, Dan? You've had the straight tip for something good."

"The planet is in a state of twinkle to-night, eh, Dan?" put in a third voice. "I drink to your success, old fellow."

"A toast! A toast!"

And then there was much laughter and

congratulation, while "Mother" Jennings, the kindly proprietress, beat upon the table with the butt end of the carving knife in a vain endeavor to quiet the uproar.

The subject of the demonstration went on quietly eating his dinner. He had a thin, sensitive face, a shock of fair hair, and dark eyes large and luminous, "like a girl's," vowed his friends, who, watching the bright flush in his cheeks, were apt to add their suspicions that Danny Moore painted. He was nearing thirty, but looked considerably younger, a fact owing doubtless to his boyish, eager manner of bestowing his confidences upon all and sundry, and to his unconquerable optimism.

"'O thou dread planet, Opportunity.' That is my favorite quotation," he used to say. "I like to think what rot it all is, don't you know? Dread planet! What rubbish! Opportunity is a gift from the gods, and I shall take precious good care I don't lose mine."

The manliness of this remark and its pathos were to be found in the slow tap, tap of the heavy crutches on which Dan swung himself along, but except in his

very dark moments he refused to see how heavily handicapped he was in the race of life, and stoutly affirmed that his planet would shine on him at last.

"It's uphill work, for I can't persuade the stubborn-headed asses in authority that I have as much work in me as the other boys," he occasionally explained; "and so I only get odds and ends of work. But that blessed old planet will twinkle one of these days, never you fear. 'O thou dread planet, Opportunity.'"

Tonight, as Sternhold had already vociferated at the top of his voice, the "twinkling" seemed to be an accomplished fact, and he and the rest of the men, with plenty of whole-hearted affection showing through the rough chaff, began catechising him as to where and how and why he didn't blurt it all out and have done with it. Moore, laughing, bubbling over with merriment, explained that he couldn't. He had been especially charged not to let the thing go farther until—well, until. No, that did not strike him as an incomplete ending to the sentence, for "until" might be taken to mean—And, oh, well, bother them all! He wasn't going to say any more.

"Look here, I'm off," he said presently. "You fellows would get it all out of me in a jiffy, and I'm just bursting to tell!" And reaching for his crutches he swung out of the room, his fair face flushed with the pain of movement, but with the happiness of his wonderful secret still shining in his eyes.

"There goes the best fellow in 'Frisco," declared one of his late tormentors, and there was a universal chorus of assent.

Late in the evening a knock came at his door. Moore, still dressed, was lying on the bed, far too excited to try to read, and he welcomed the interruption gladly.

"That you, Blake? Come in."

"How did you know?"

"None of our own boys have the decency to knock. What brought you here?"

"I came in for a game," said Blake. He was lodging in rooms of his own a street or two off, and when nothing more exciting offered often dropped in at the

boarding-house for a game of cribbage. "I heard you were in for a stroke of luck, so I came up to congratulate. A man in luck is a rare sight nowadays."

Dan Moore drew a long breath. "It—it is just ripping. That's what it is. I can't understand it," he declared. "Here have I been saving and pinching to make both ends meet, and swearing to old Mother Jennings that it upset my museum work if I came in for luncheon, and almost crying with hunger for my pains, and all the time my luck has been coming nearer and nearer to me. I say, Blake, what ungrateful fools we must seem, eh, when everything has been planned out for us?"

"You're a quaint fellow, Danny," said Blake, after a pause. "Tell me all about it."

So Dany told. He did not know very much of this man, but there was a certain reticence and stiffness about him, a dignity, as it were, both of mind and body, which made him distinctive in this crew of jovial Bohemians and impressed the other man by virtue of its rarity.

"I did not tell the others, for it is supposed to be kept dark at present, but you are different," he said.

The great news did not take many minutes to impart. A new art magazine was to be started almost immediately, and Moore was to be musical critic. He was to go and see the editor at his private house on the morrow, and then it would be all definitely decided.

"Dear old 'Puff' said I was to mention his name and the thing would be settled out of hands," cried the exultant protege, and even Blake was forced to own that no introduction could be better, "Puff" being the nickname of a very noted and important man in the musical world, whose critical opinion carried enormous weight. "I am to see the editor tomorrow at 5. It will be worth at least a thousand a year, and then just look at the people I shall come to know. Why, it will be the stepping-stone to any heights—you just see if it isn't."

Here a thought struck him, and an odd note of remorse crept into the bright voice.

"What a mean fellow I am! I forgot

all about you, old man. It is the sort of post you would like yourself, isn't it? And here I am racing on like a clumsy—"

"Not at all," interrupted Blake. "First come, first served, is a fair sort of proverb, and besides you haven't got it yet. Well, good night, Danny; I must be off. Look me up some night, won't you?" and he went away, leaving the cripple to pursue his roseate dreams.

The man who occupied the room under his declared next day that it sounded to him as if Danny had got up in the middle of the night to be in plenty of time for his appointment. Be that as it may, the fact is duly authenticated that he devoted the whole day for his preparations, and as these mainly consisted in adorning himself for his visit the services of the entire household were speedily enlisted.

Such of them as a hard fate was temporarily relegating to the ranks of the idle, rose nobly to the great occasion. Brown's new coat, by a judicious shifting of the buttons, was pronounced a perfect fit upon his friend's slender frame, and when it was crossed by Maggie's Sunday watchchain it really looked very handsome indeed. His boots were polished until they shone resplendent, and at least five hats were brought to him to choose from since his own left much to be desired.

"And now we'll have a collection and send round the plate for the hack. You're too divine for a gurney. We should have you mobbed. Eh, what, Danny? Oh, nonsense; you can stand us all round on your return, don't you see? That's why we're worshipping the rising sun."

For, of course, they had heard all about it by now, had had promises made them the fulfillment of which would have taxed even a millionaire, and had given it as their united opinion that in music he was "tiptop," and no mistake, and would speedily boss the whole blessed show.

The unwonted luxury of the journey was spoilt to him by a fear that he should be too early or too late for the exact hour—to wit, 5 o'clock—at which his patron had suggested he had better call.

But when he had actually arrived and had dismissed the hack his spirits rushed up again mountains high.

"This way, sir. What name did you say, sir?" and Moore was left to get five minutes of alternate heat and cold in tremulous anxiety.

At the end of that time an elderly, busy-looking man came to inspect him.

"No, I'm not the editor. I'm his secretary. But neither he nor I can make head or tail of your note and the inclosure from Dr. Hill. The doctor certainly told us he would send us a man this afternoon, but we have already seen him."

"Seen him!" Moore was thunderstruck.

"Certainly. Mr. —," he glanced at one of the papers he had brought in with him. "Mr. Edward Blake."

Danny's face twitched convulsively. His upper lip was wet.

"The — blackguard!" he burst out. "But you haven't given it him, sir? He hasn't got the position?"

"Certainly he has it. His testimonials are excellent, and we were anxious to oblige Dr. Hill." The secretary's tone was impassive, though he scanned his visitor curiously. "I am sorry if there has been any mistake. I confess I don't understand how it arose."

Danny Moore answered the man, hopping dully the while that his agony of disappointment was not shrieking at him through the few broken words which were all he could manage to utter. Then he saw the editor; saw, too, the papers which bore witness to Blake's formal engagement.

"Some other time, perhaps," the secretary said blandly. He was thinking they had secured the better man of the two. "So sorry again. Good morning, Mr. Moore—good morning."

But the editor merely shook hands and refrained from meaningless consolation.

"I liked the look in his eyes, the grit of them," he remarked, presently, being new to his work, and consequently affected by such things. "You mark my words; that fellow will climb high one of these days, if he doesn't starve first. I wonder which it will be."

Our Point of View

Special Offer to Our Readers.

We desire to call your attention to the special announcement made on another page of this issue, whereby we have arranged with the Press Publishing Association of Detroit, Michigan, to enable our readers to participate in the distribution of the \$25,000 in cash prizes, for guessing the population of the United States for 1900. You will do us a favor by calling your friends' and neighbors' attention to this remarkable offer.

* * *

The Pacific Coast.

When Columbus was besieging the Courts of Europe something over 400 years ago, seeking aid to prove his great inspirational theory a reality, the conditions prevalent throughout the then-known world were of the most fascinating and remarkable character. Men were awakening from a sleep of ages. Thought which had lain dormant was aroused and whetted, and nations were on the tip-toe of expectancy. Nature had, as it were, brushed the cobwebs from the minds of men, and they began to see, to think, to investigate. What a marvelous range their thoughts had! The whole world of discovery and invention lay at their feet, and each month or week or day was full of wonderful possibilities. The Atlantic an untried and unknown sea, America undreamed of—a world to be discovered! The coming of the Americas into the theatre of the world's activities was like the undamming of a great river. The tide of immigration, the great movement of mankind which had been pushing steadily westward from the dawn of history, leaped forward with a mighty rush. Men's minds were sharpened. Inventions were stimulated to a far greater degree than ever before. A new world was to be peopled; towns to be built; governments to be established; riches to be had. Men

were to meet these conditions. A new world! What an amazing, what a wonderful prospect! Since that day men have turned their faces westward and pressed onward, though subjected to the severest privations and hardships. The history of the world has turned upon this movement, a culmination of which we see to-day. The West has touched the East, and a movement of humanity older than time, which has embraced no less than the circling of the earth, has reached its climax. In respect of this movement and its relations to the history and development of the world the Pacific Coast occupies a unique and very important place. Those who hold that this Coast has been reserved by a Divine Power for the development and perfection of the race have much, indeed, to urge in favor of such a theory, if we are to judge by what has been and what is. For, we may argue, as the Children of Israel were led through trials and tribulations to a promised land, flowing with milk and honey, so, through ages, has the race of mankind been led to the promised land for humanity where the favorable conditions on earth obtain, where great men and great states are to come into being and the most perfect race is to be produced—where the land, the climate, the environment, the men, are in perfect accord. This promised land can be no other than the Pacific Coast. We may believe this and we may not, but whether or no we must feel that here are found a harmony of climate, soil, scenery, an environment such as no other part of the world can boast, and which must produce a great people and great results for the social and political elevation of humanity.

* * *

In addition to the natural advantages of climate and soil that contribute to the development of a great race, the Pacific Coast is favored with various and almost

unlimited resources which must inevitably build up here great world enterprises. One of the most important of these in developing the Coast has been the gold that has been found since '49 in such wonderful quantities in the rivers and mountains of the Pacific Coast states, and later in the frozen regions of Alaska. The recent discoveries in Eastern Oregon are bringing the Coast still further to the front as a great mining center, and in view of this fact, beginning with the May issue, the Pacific Monthly will commence a department devoted to mining. The new department will be conducted along the most conservative lines, and every effort will be made to verify every report published. At this time, when so many wild rumors are floating around a department conducted along such lines cannot fail to be of interest and value to the mining fraternity, as well as to the general public.

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*The Passing of Ministers,
Lawyers and Doctors.*

Some unconscious wit has recently said that, at our present rate of progress, in thirty or forty years the world will be so far advanced that lawyers, ministers and doctors will be entirely unnecessary, and can be dispensed with. It follows, of course, that if by some unforeseen circumstance the world should become so circumspect that ministers were unnecessary, the lawyers would have to go, too. But if the legal fraternity is thrown into a panic over the contemplation of such a calamity to mankind, and the ministers are rejoicing at the near approach of the millennium the doctor will never cry "Othello's occupation is gone!" The profound knowledge of human nature displayed in the inclusion of lawyers and ministers in such a category fails here. It is conceivable, of course, in thirty or forty long, long years, judging by the past thousand, that our courts might be evolved away, and that our lawyers might all become like George Washington. This is conceivable, we say. It is also conceivable if we

can stretch our reasoning power a trifle more than we ever have before or ever expect to again, that the world might in the long period of time embraced in forty years become so good and pure that a reprimand or an exhortation or a warning would be superfluous—that ministers, in short, would be unnecessary. But that people will continue to upset their digestions by irregular habits and that the ills that flesh is heir to will continue to afflict humanity is as certain as death itself. "Accidents will happen" and the surgeon will be in evidence as long as there is a race upon this green old earth. The weather will continue to change and the seasons will come and go. There is wherein the doctor has the lawyer at a great disadvantage, and the minister, too. It is only a small matter of human nature with them. Nature herself is on the doctor's side, and this prediction, therefore, has no terrors for him.

* * *

Miss Anthony.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, whose eightieth birthday was hailed as an event of importance and made the occasion of great rejoicing by suffragists everywhere, as well as in the national convention in Washington, is clearly entitled to all the honorable recognition that her sex can accord her. For whether or not we hold with her in her belief that the political enfranchisement of women would result in untold benefit to the world in general and the sex in particular, we must admit that her work has gone far toward bettering conditions and opening the way to higher education for women. And yet with it all there is an element of tragedy in the fact that she who for over half a century has devoted her time and energies to the advancement of women has, willingly or otherwise, missed the two things that make a woman's life worth the living—wife and motherhood. And all the honor an admiring world can bestow cannot suffice to make up the loss.

Men and Women

No friendship can flourish, no love can flower and bear perfect fruit, that is not firmly rooted in mutual faith and confidence. The affection that is fed upon doubt and distrust is doomed, inevitably and surely, to a slow and painful death, often involving the loss of all that makes life worth the cost of living. Ruined hopes and wrecked ambition, the high dreams of youth, the noble aspirations of manhood, broken and blighted by the hand that should have helped—alas, it is a tragedy that is enacted again and again, and we are too blinded by selfishness to see and profit by the pain. Bound by the petty restrictions of a self-imposed standard to which we arrogantly demand those about us to conform, we deny the divine right of the individual to work out his own salvation in his own way. We forget that God is leading him, and cry out impatiently:

"You must walk in the path I have marked out for you, or you are eternally lost! If you love me you will follow where I lead."

We forget—perhaps, indeed, we have never known, or fully realized, that love that lives must be broad enough, and deep enough, and trusting enough to accept things as they are, and by mere force of loving faith, mold them to highest good. For love and friendship, which is but another phase of love, if it is real, if it is to last, must be able to look beyond the present, must possess the keenest of vision that can pierce the veil of the future and behold the soul, made perfect by the perils and pains through which it has passed, unfolding its wings for the long flight into eternity, must be able to say, "Thy will, not mine," and must, above all, have grace to recognize the good that dwells in the heart of man, and to believe unswervingly in the ultimate triumph of that good.

The Divine Will works through human agencies. Every man is a part of

God, though not all are cognizant of the relationship. Every created thing bears the impress of the Creator and is the visible expression of His thought and love, the love that gave a Christ to save a world, a love that proved itself upon the cross, that is today and forever the only way of life that leads to heaven. And human affection is enduring and productive of happiness only when it partakes of the nature of the Divine. Beware of all friendships, beware of all passions that draw you not nearer to Christ.

Does the star of hope burn with a steadier, whiter radiance? Is life's purpose nobler, more clearly and definitely outlined? Do you see, afar off, maybe, but not inaccessible, upon the sunlit mountain-top of fame and fortune, and high endeavor the gleaming of the gates of Paradise? Is the soul awed into silence when it contemplates the glory of God, and keyed to sweetest music when it glimpses the possibilities and promises that are waiting realization? Is your heart so tender that the humblest of created things appeals to you not in vain?

If you can answer yes to these questions, or to any one of them, then is the love that calls itself yours real and lasting as time, a heaven-ordained possession of which nothing shall rob you. There is no doubt or dread or questioning of the future, no more asking, "Shall I win happiness, will I succeed?" The happiness is already won, and it deepens and intensifies as the days go by and the months are woven into the shining fabric of the golden years. Success is yours, because, armed with faith and fortified by love, the possibility of failure has shrunk to a faint film of mist which vanishes before the kiss of the sun. You are already climbing toward the heights from whose radiant levels there is but a step into heaven itself, and so beautiful is the path by which you mount, so bordered and lined with flowers, so blest by

sweet companionship, that you only know you are climbing by the ever-broadening outlook, by the constantly-widening horizon, and the increasing splendor of the star, whose steady rays shine down to light the way of your never weary feet. Your eyes are opened to behold the beauty in the world about you. There is a warmer glow in the sunset sky, a softer velvet on the petals

of the rose. The music of the flowing stream, the murmur of the wind amid the branches of the trees, the song of the birds and the fluting note of the cicadae, all thrill you with a tenderness akin to tears. Your soul lives in gratitude to God, and stands uncovered upon the heights, among the stars, for love has lifted you to rank with angels.

George Melvin.

The Song of the Chinook.

I.

The mad Chinook, born of the sea,
By a breath of the cold, salt air,
The God of the western winds is he,
When forth he springs from his ocean lair.

II.

The mermaid hides in her rock-bound cave,
As he upward leaps on the swelling tide,
While the heaving billows froth and rave,
As he onward bounds in boastful pride.

IV.

By wild mountain tarn or rippling rill,
He onward speeds with increasing might,
He sways giant trees by his strong will,
And kisses the ice king in his flight.

VI.

When summer's heat scorches the fair earth,
And waving grain is bending low,
There comes a sound of joy and mirth,
When the cool Chinook begins to blow.

VII.

A sudden puff, a warning gust,
The gentle breeze is now a gale,
A whirlwind wildly scatters dust,
The wind is mad as Banshee's wail.

IX.

All this is told in the Chinook's song,
As he gaily hies o'er land and sea,
And blows he weak or blows he strong,
The lord of all the winds is he.

III.

He rises above the ocean's foam,
And over the rugged mountain flies,
Away from the tall cliff's lofty dome,
And the seagull's shrill echoing cries.

V.

When the earth is covered with snow and ice
And the frost king reigns on his white throne,
The Chinook melts them all in a trice,
And winter's image away has flown.

VIII.

An echo of sounds that comes from afar,
The noise of the surf trampling the sands,
The booming of breakers on the bar,
The whispering of palms in other lands.

X.

Oh, sea-born wind blow high, blow low,
Bring summer rain or winter's snow,
We give you a welcome warm and true,
When clouds are grey or skies are blue.

Willikieaka.

The Home

LIVING ON \$25.00 A WEEK.

"No," remarked Narcisse, with decision; "no young man of today can afford to marry on a salary of \$25 a week, or even \$50; he can't, in fact, afford to marry on a salary at all."

"Why not?" I asked. I was surprised, for I had heard of people living quite comfortably and happily on less than the smaller sum mentioned by Narcisse. In the interval that elapsed between my question and his reply, I ran over in my mind the list of my acquaintances, hoping to find some recently wedded couple among them whom I might cite as a living contradiction to this sweeping statement, but could think of none.

There were the C's., it is true, but they were domiciled in a cheap boarding house and could not really be said to be living. Besides I remembered that I had met Mrs. C., a few days before, on the street—such a pretty girl, by the way, with a most bewitching dimple and a weakness for Gainsborough hats—and I could not help noticing that the braid was ripped off her fashionably-cut skirt in two or three places, and that one of her gloves had a hole in the finger tip. Trifles, but they show the drift of fortune. Clearly the C's. could not, under the circumstances, be cited as an example of "love in a cottage." Still, I was morally certain that this ideal condition existed somewhere, and I was about to make another mental search for it, when Narcisse answered my question.

"Because," he said with emphasis, and a degree of feeling that rather startled me, "because the girls of today are both selfish and extravagant. They want everything, and they want the best. Why," he cried, waxing warmer, "it costs more to keep a girl in hats and handkerchiefs now than it cost a man fifty, or even twenty years ago, to keep up a handsome establishment, with carriage and coachman thrown in. No; it is alas, too true, no young man can afford the luxury of a wife in this progressive age, unless he has a settled income of practically unlimited dimensions."

"Don't you think," I ventured timidly, "that a young man's pride stands just as much in the way of wedded happiness, as a woman's extravagance? Do you know of any instance among your own acquaintances, where a girl has refused a worthy young man, solely because his salary was inadequate to the support of a family in luxury?"

Narcisse considered a moment, regarding me thoughtfully over the rim of his glasses

"No," he said at length, "I do not, for the simple reason, probably, that none of my acquaintances are foolish enough to ask a girl under such circumstances."

"Then you admit that the men of today are either too selfishly proud, or too cowardly to venture."

"No, they are too cautious, and too wise."

"I don't think that sounds any better, and you haven't convinced me at all. On the other hand, you have made it quite clear to me that it is not woman's extravagance, but man's selfishness and pride that stands in the way of marriage in our day and age. Any girl who loves a man well enough to marry him at all, is perfectly willing to face poverty and endure hardships for his dear sake. The fashions may have changed since our fathers wooed and won our mothers, but the heart of woman is the same today, as it was in those far, forgotten ages of which the poets sing."

"Nonsense," cried Narcisse, "the twentieth century woman will be born with that organ missing from her anatomy."

But I know better than this and I am going to prove to Narcisse that two young people can make and maintain a home on an income of \$25 a week or less, if they have any inclination to do so. And I shall give you my facts and figures in the May number of *The Pacific Monthly*.

Oraro.

* * *

THE LUNCH-BASKET.

The subject of luncheons for the little ones attending school is not generally given the thought and care it deserves.

Small toilers up the hill of knowledge find the way a rocky one at best, and need all the loving assistance that can be given them. One help always appreciated is a nicely prepared and neatly arranged lunch. A growing body and active mind require proper nutriment. So many mothers consider their duty in this regard fully accomplished when they have filled the little basket with bread and butter and a slice or two of cake. They cannot understand why the children are always so hungry when school is dismissed; yet these same mothers would not consider that they had lunch-

ed very satisfactorily off thick slices of buttered bread, and a piece of cake not overly fresh. To be convinced of how unpalatable such fare becomes, it is but necessary that this unvarying regime be followed daily for one week. This experiment would result in a general upheaval of the established rules of "putting up" the children's lunch.

The object of this short article is to show how one mother solved the problem. After much thought she decided upon writing a weekly "bill of fare," which would rigidly exclude all rich pastry and unwholesome dainties. This was changed every Monday, and a new one substituted for the week. In the course of one or two months the first one was taken up again, and so on in rotation. She found that knowing just what to prepare was a great help, and that the matter did not occupy more than fifteen minutes any morning, sometimes not more than five. Appended is her list for one week:

Monday.—Egg sandwich, crackers, tea-cakes, one small jelly-glass of canned fruit. Tuesday.—Cold tongue, "patty" cakes, bread and butter, one large apple. Wednesday.—Cheese sandwich, layer cake, cup custard, bread and butter. Thursday.—Ham sandwich, buttered crackers, one small glassful canned fruit, bread. Friday.—Sliced beef, small pickles, thin bread and butter, apple, tea-cakes. With this was always placed carefully a small flask of milk, the whole covered neatly with tiny napkins kept for the purpose and marked "school." The egg sandwich was prepared by mixing

one nearly hard boiled-egg with butter to make a paste, and covering thin slices of bread previously spread with a mixture of butter and a dash of mustard. The cheese sandwich was simply grated cheese substituted for the egg paste, with the bread prepared as before. (It greatly improves any sandwich to mix the desired amount of mustard with the butter and spread it on the bread.) The "patty" cakes and layer cake were prepared at the same time from the following simple recipe:

One egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cupfuls of flour, one half cupful sweet milk. Flavor with vanilla or lemon. This quantity made four little cakes, baked in muffin-moulds, for one lunch, and a two-layer cake baked in a very small pan, about the size of a saucer for the second. This layer cake was varied by different fillings, sometimes caramel, at others orange or lemon custard. The cup custard was made by beating one egg in a teacup, sweetening, flavoring to taste and filling the cup with sweet milk, stirring all briskly and setting in the oven in a pan of boiling water until done. She found an apple was always enjoyed, and frequently put in an extra one for recess. Of course these are but a few of her ideas. It was a real pleasure to her to find some suitable addition to the "bill of fare." She felt amply repaid in the good health of her children and their pride and delight in "mother's lunches."—The Interior.

Song.

Love came to me—till then I knew Love
not,
Love talked with me, ah me, what said he
not!
Words, glowing, hot like coals of living fire,
And eager kisses fed my soul's desire.
I looked above, there was no sky but Love;
His sheltering arms hid all around, above;
There was no time, no space, no sound, no
anything
That was not Love, for Love was every-
thing!

And when Love went—"It was not Love"
they said,
"True Love is changeless as God's Holy
Word."
"Some evil one in Love's disguise," hey
said,
Had flattered me, had tired and fled.
I looked around, the earth was desolate.
I looked above, the very stars seemed dead.
I looked into my heart for hate—for hate—
But pity, weeping, lingered there instead.
Hilary Neil.

Books

CONDUCTED BY DAVIS PARKER LEACH.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

By Mary Johnston.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

It is the era of the historical novel, and of all countries and ages. Roman, Egyptian, Scandinavian, Spanish, Polish and American romances follow each other in quick succession, and the reading public is in no wise the loser by this change in style. On one hand we have had the problem story, with its bitterness lightly sugar-coated, and on the other was the school of novelists who compelled us to admire the consummate skill with which they wrote much and said nothing. So when the novel of incident was revived, it found a ready and appreciative audience.

In "To Have and to Hold" the time is of the earlier colonial days of the Old Dominion, when the colony was made up of all sorts and conditions of men and among the wives were many who had been "imported" from England. Thrifty traders had taken advantage of the situation and brought over maids by the shipload, who were willing to exchange a life of grudgery and dullness at home for the freedom of the frontier and the probability of becoming mistresses of plantations. The traders demanded one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco apiece for the brides, and the price was eagerly paid by the lonely bachelors of Virginia.

Among such a shipload was the heroine of Miss Johnston's absorbing romance. Disguised as a serving-maid, the Lady Jocelyn Leigh, ward of the King, sailed to the new world to escape marriage with Lord Carnal, the King's favorite. When My Lord followed in pursuit on the next ship he found her already married to Capt. Percy, the hero of the story, who is by far the most knightly character in the fiction of today. The attempts of Lord Carnal to have

the marriage annulled by the King, and his plots to destroy the brave captain make a series of highly dramatic events that follow each other with great rapidity.

It is of all things a novel of action and in weaker hands might have become melo-dramatic and sensational. Indian wars and surprises, buccaneering, attempted poisonings and assassinations fill the pages of this good-sized volume, and one wonders why Miss Johnson is so prodigal of "material," as there is sufficient here for several ordinary romances.

The reader's interest is secured in the first pages, and as the plot unfolds he becomes so absorbed in the story that to him the characters live again and the scenes become an actuality.

Master Sparrow, the muscular preacher, Nantauquas, the son of Powhatan and John Rolfe, of historic fame, figure in the romance and are admirably described by the brilliant young author.

This fascinating story is strong in local color and it is easy to see that the writing of it is a labor of love with Miss Johnson, who has more than met the expectations of her many friends made by her first romance, "Prisoners of Hope."

* * *

BETWEEN CAESAR AND JESUS.

By George Herron.
Thomas Y. Crowell, New York.

The author, formerly professor in Iowa College, has here presented in a condensed form, the lectures given in Willard Hall, Chicago, for the Christian Citizenship League, upon the subject of the relation of the Christian conscience to the existing social system.

Perhaps in this country there are none better qualified to speak upon this vitally interesting topic than Prof. Herron. He writes with power and to a careless and

lethargic middle-class his words must come with a startling force that commands instant attention.

Charles Dudley Warner somewhere says that all reform and education movement must begin at the top and work down, and it certainly is a good indication when so many of our brightest minds have taken up the "poor man's burden" when self-interest would seem to point to more remunerative fields. There is a tendency to fall back on the teachings of Jesus as the true precepts of life, and in attempting to apply these teachings one finds himself confronted with a state of affairs utterly at variance with them. The growth of individualism has been fostered until the theory of "survival of the fittest" (or rather strongest) has been accepted without question, and the old, evasive query of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" is confidently answered in the negative.

The author has shown that the trouble lies not in natural causes, but artificial, and quotes a statistician who estimates that "the state of Texas alone, if its resources were all organized to that end, could support the present population of the world. Our inequalities are not in nature, but they are in man's wasteful perversion of nature, and we have given into the exclusive ownership of the few the provision that a bountiful Father has made for all."

Prof. Herron treats the subject very broadly, and marshals his array of facts and deductions in a solid "firing line" which is ever moving forward. Unlike the majority of critics he sees the happy solution of all these distressing problems through the growth of man's love for his fellow man. "Already human life is so settled in discontent with all that is not love, so glorious with brotherly feeling and so active with saving forces, so near to breathing the heavenly breath, and so watchful for the holy city, that it may be that the social crisis will open the gates of the nations for the universal revolution of love, and the peoples enter upon the strifeless progress of the ransomed society. The full power of incarnate love has never yet been tried, save in Jesus. When it is finally tried, and we

in any considerable measure learn how to love, the problem may vanish from progress, and a thousand years of yesterday be achieved in a moment of the concord of tomorrow."

It is, indeed, fortunate that the men in the higher places have entered upon the work of the redemption of the masses, for they will always command a respectful hearing, while those from the toilers find a limited audience and a reluctant confidence.

No one can read this work and not be impressed with the terrible earnestness of the author, and as time goes on it will be found that the seeds of reform have not been sown on stony ground, but will yield a glorious and golden harvest for posterity.

* * *

GUIDE TO MEXICO.

By Cristobal Hidalgo.
Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco.

This guide-book, unlike most of those already issued of this land of sunshine and promise, is not, the author says, "written in the interest of railway nor land company nor private party, but is a guide that gives correct and reliable information about all sections of Mexico and how to go there and secure desirable homes or good situations."

The writer, as his name would indicate, is a Mexican business man and exporter, and while alive to the scenic and climatic beauties of his native country, never allows them to overshadow the practical side in this handbook. He takes up in detail the different industries and their possibilities, and points out what has impressed every observant traveler and sojourner there, the vast field for business enterprise that Mexico offers. To those seeking employment he shows the necessity of the Spanish language, which, he asserts, can be acquired in a few months by a diligent student. Stenographers, bookkeepers, clerks, salesmen, railroad men, etc., are reasonably sure of positions if they have a working knowledge of Spanish, but common labor is not in demand at prices that would be accepted by Americans. The peons do all the work where unskilled labor is required.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH.

The most serious problem confronting any section of these United States to-day is the race question of the South: "What shall we do with the negro?" Well-meaning philanthropists of the North have answered: "Educate him." Phenomenally intelligent, ambitious and patriotic representatives of his own color (of whom Booker Washington, of Tuskegee, stands easily first), have said: "Train him to skilled labor."

Unquestionably both adjurations are born of sincere conviction and Christlike desire for the elevation of the race. But the fact stares us in the face that after years of patient trial the results from both expedients are so sorely discouraging that we must, perforce, look elsewhere for a solution of the difficulty. The negro as he is today is a roving, irresponsible vagabond, more or less tinctured with the rudiments of an education, and saturated with self-importance and indolence. He has the idea that, somehow, the white man has grossly defrauded him; and that he is, therefore, to be cheated whenever possible, robbed when it can be done with impunity, and treated deferentially to his face only that he may be the more easily overreached when his back is turned.

A few negroes have taken high honors in collegiate and professional work. These are cited by enthusiasts as representatives of their race. The sorry fact is that the overwhelming majority of those who attempt this sort of thing never get beyond the idea that an education means merely the right to wear a grade better clothing and to spend their time in more unquestioned idleness, and the ability to use "words of learned length and thundering sound." The schools of manual training are succeed-

ing somewhat better; but even here the dominant idea of the negro of today crops out; and their graduates, instead of rejoicing in their ability to drive a smoother plane, or to frame a neater joint than their fellows, are consumed with an ambition to become at a bound "boss" carpenters, machinists, etc., to draw large salaries and to exercise authority and to loaf.

It has been argued that a grievous blunder was made in committing the elective franchise into the hands of the colored man. With that question it is not the purpose of this article to deal. But whether or not the manumitted negro of thirty odd years ago should have been vested with the right to vote and hold office (save in a reservation or colony of his own), no man of intelligent and honest mind, who will come to the South and study the situation as it is to-day, will claim that any good end can be served by the exercise here of the elective franchise on the part of the negro of today—take him as a race.

The old, plantation darky has disappeared. His faithful hands are folded in the long rest he has so well earned; and the closing century swings shut over his new-made grave beside that of the "ole marster" he loved and served to the end. He was a fixture. He had "a local habitation and a name." Between him and the white race was a bond of genuine affection, which grew naturally out of their mutual relations in his earlier years. It is a gross mistake to insist upon applying the same methods that might have operated satisfactorily in his case to the wholly different and less responsible generation that has taken his place.

So much for the actual situation. The remedy is more difficult to outline. Some

of the Southern states are, by statute, so restricting the right to vote as to practically disfranchise the negro. The result is to complicate and aggravate, rather than to allay, the trouble, which has a social and economic as well as a political bias. Transportation to Africa has never succeeded to any extent, for two reasons: First, because Africa has nothing to offer that is really an inducement to the negro to go there; and second, because of the cost of wholesale transportation thither. To leave the negro where he is, is to invite inevitable trouble; for his growing disregard for the laws of the land, and his increasing numerical proportion to the white population in many parts of the South, make it merely a question of time when a race war shall become inevitable.

Would it not be wise for Uncle Sam to set apart a portion of our newly acquired possessions, where climatic conditions suit the negro, and where fertile soil and semi-tropic productions offer him that ease and smiling plenty so dear to the African heart, and by statute compel the transportation thither of all his race who are not holders of real estate here at this time? The cost of transportation would be considerable, and would necessarily be borne, as was the cost of removing the red man to his reservations, by this government; but it would be far below the probable property loss in that inevitable conflict toward which we are drifting as matters stand—say nothing about the bloodshed that might be thus averted.

John Letsk Tail.

* * *

A DISTURBING FACTOR.

In a recent trade review this statement is found: "The only disturbing factor in the industrial situation is the uneasiness in labor circles." This is deplorable! Just as everything that the heart of the capitalist could wish for was nearly accomplished this old and annoying trouble (like Banquo's ghost) must make its appearance and be a "disturbing" influence. The high tariff had given him a practical monopoly of the home market, enabling him to make the consumer here pay two prices for his goods, so that he could enter the markets of the world and dispose of his surplus

without loss. Later, by the formation of trusts he could throttle competition from small manufacturers and by over-capitalization get large dividends from watered stock representing capital which never existed. Wars and threatened international complications taxed the capacity of his works to the utmost and all things seemed to be coming his way. He then must be confronted with this "disturbing factor" just as his cup of happiness seemed to be full and overflowing! Is there no way to prevent these irritating recurrences of demands for more wages? What if the cost of living is twenty-five to thirty per cent. more than three years ago? Think how much better off he is than the peasant of Europe or the coolie of Asia. And how ungrateful and forgetful for the free libraries and colleges that are being endowed for him all over the country. True, he may have to subsist on scant food and wear insufficient clothing, but what trifles these deprivations are compared to the privileges of free institutions where he can learn of the great advantages of living in this free and glorious land. He even has the effrontery to assert that he is worse off than the retainers of feudal times and the slaves of the present century. He argues that the baron guaranteed the poor a comfortable living for their services in upholding his supremacy, and that the negroes were sure of enough to eat and generally were cared for, if only from motives of self-interest. At the present time, he says, the capitalist has none of the responsibilities and all the advantages of those days of vassalage and slavery. It is time for the workman to understand that he must be counted as a factor or machine, and not as a human being in whom the manufacturer can be expected to take any interest whatever except (as has been previously stated) in the improvement of his mind. If he is still perverse and intractable, he should be controlled by law, and strikes against the reduction of wages in dull times or petitions for an increase in periods of prosperity should be made criminal offenses. Then, and not till then, will the industrial millennium come and the "uneasiness in labor circles" cease to be a "disturbing factor."

L. Davis.

The Idler .

A DEPARTMENT OF MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHAT.

The coming of Paderewski to the Northwest so soon after Gadske's visit is quite conclusive evidence that we are no longer a people isolated upon the far-off edge of the world. As the globe has contracted under pressure of steam and electricity, the West has increased in wealth, population and importance to the extent that the great ones of the earth, the musicians, the singers, artists and actors find it well worth their while to cross a continent in order to entertain and charm, if they can, the most self-contained and conservative community under the blue dome of heaven. Paderewski's star is still in the ascendent, likewise the scale of prices. It costs one nearly as much again now, to hear him play and to admire his hair as it did three years ago. This man understands human nature quite as well as he understands music. The man is a genius—the world admits it, but he is something more, something which the world, blinded by its adoration, fails to comprehend.

* * *

Vladimir de Pachman, not unknown to Pacific Coast audiences, modestly admits that he is not a "finished artist." Of Godowsky he says:

"Yes, I have mastered the technique of Liszt and of Rosenthal, but Godowsky is greater than all the others. He is a genius. I worship him."

* * *

Rosenthal, by the way, is now in London, where he is announced as the "fastest piano player in the world." However, it is a difficult matter to shock the British public.

* * *

The Kneisels are delighting Boston audiences at present with their fairy music that is so like the orchestral concerts one hears when the world is sleeping.

* * *

The Oratorios, "Saul," and "Judas

Maccabaeus" will be given at the Handel festival to be held in Bonn during the last week in May. The principal choirs in Bonn will be assisted by choristers from neighboring cities, and all Southern Germany is actively interested in the production of the master's works.

* * *

The London Crystal Palace concerts which take place this month offer a novelty in the form of a symphony entitled "Walt Whitman." It must be heard, I think, to be comprehended, that is, if it is capable of comprehension to any but the initiated. A Walt Whitman symphony is something to be wondered about, but to hear —!

* * *

"The Master of the Mountains" is rather an impressive title for an opera, and inspires one with a desire to hear and see. Ignace Brull has chosen it for the name of his just-finished work.

* * *

"I Plucked a Quill from Cupid's Wing" is the charmingly-suggestive title of a new song by Henry K. Hadley.

* * *

"The Storm," now being played in Boston, is the first Russian drama to have been translated into English and put upon the American stage. Alexander Ostrovsky, who is the author of it, is considered the greatest of Russian playwrights.

* * *

Ernest Seton-Thompson is popular among the children who flock to his lectures, and who love and understand the feathered and four-footed folks he talks about so entertainingly. He is constantly receiving letters from little children all over the country asking questions and telling him their own experiences with the people he has put into his books. He answers these letters and seems more pleased to talk to these young ones than to their elders.

The Month

In Politics—

The unexpected announcement of Admiral Dewey that he is a candidate for the Presidency has been the all-absorbing topic in politics during the month. In view of the Admiral's previous uncompromising attitude, it is not surprising that the announcement has been received at this time in a very ungracious manner by the press throughout the country. Republican and Democratic editors unite in condemning the candidacy as ill-advised and untimely. It is expected at this writing that Dewey will be the candidate of those Democrats who are opposed to Bryan and the principles he espouses. It is a foregone conclusion that Bryan will be nominated at the Kansas City convention, July 4, and that McKinley will be placed by acclamation at the head of the Republican party. The only elements of uncertainty seem to be the attitude of Dewey toward the action of the Democratic convention, and who will be the nominees for the Vice-Presidency, an office which is going begging.

* * *

The Puerto Rican Bill passed the Senate by a vote of 40 to 31. Opposition to the bill has been more universal and persistent than that which has developed in the case of any other bill before Congress during the last decade.

* * *

President McKinley has appointed a new Philippine Commission as follows: Prof. Dean C. Worcester, of Michigan; Judge Taft, of Ohio; Luke Wright, of Tennessee; Judge Henry C. Ide, of Vermont, and Bernard Moses, of the University of California.

* * *

On March 5 Presidents Kruger and Steyn made overtures for peace to Lord Salisbury. The complete address and the important part of the reply are given below:

The blood and the tears of the thousands

who have suffered in this war and the prospect of the moral and the economic ruin with which South Africa is now threatened make it necessary for both belligerents to ask themselves, dispassionately and in the sight of the triune God, for what they are fighting, and whether the aim of each justifies all the appalling misery and devastation.

With this object, and in view of the assertions of various British statesmen to the effect that this war was begun and is being carried on for the set purpose of undermining her majesty's authority in South Africa and to set up an administration over all of South Africa independent of her majesty's government, we consider it our duty to solemnly declare that the war was undertaken solely as a defensive measure to safeguard the threatened independence of the South African republics, and is only continued in order to secure and safeguard the incontestable independence of both republics as sovereign international states, and to obtain the assurance that those of her majesty's subjects who have taken part with us in this war shall suffer no harm whatever in person or in property.

On these conditions, and on these conditions alone, are we now, as in the past, desirous of seeing peace re-established in the South African republics and of putting an end to the evils now reigning over South Africa. While her majesty's government is determined to destroy the independence of the republics, there is nothing left to us and to our people but to persevere to the end in the course already taken.

In spite of the overwhelming pre-eminence of the British empire we are confident that the God who lighted the inextinguishable fire of love of freedom in the hearts of ourselves and of our fathers will not forsake us, but will accomplish his work in us and in our descendants.

We have hesitated to make this declaration earlier to your excellency, as we feared that as long as the advantage was on our side, and as long as our forces held defensive positions far in her majesty's colonies, such a declaration might hurt the feelings and the honor of the British people. But now that the prestige of the British empire may be considered to be assured by the capture of one of our forces by her majesty's troops, and that we were thereby forced to evacuate other positions which our forces had occupied, that difficulty is over and we can no longer hesitate clearly to inform your government and people, in the sight of the whole civilized world, why we are fighting and on

what conditions we are ready to restore peace.

The conclusion of Lord Salisbury's address:

The British empire has been compelled to confront an invasion which has entailed upon the empire a costly war and the loss of thousands of precious lives. This great calamity has been the penalty which Great Britain has suffered for having in recent years acquiesced in the existence of the two republics.

In view of the use to which the two republics have put the position which was given them and the calamities which their unprovoked attack has inflicted upon her majesty's dominions, her majesty's government can only answer your honors' telegram by saying that they are not prepared to assent to the independence either of the South African Republic or of the Orange Free State.

* * *

In Science—

Emperor William has offered a prize of \$20,000.00 for an automobile best adapted for war purposes.

* * *

A motor fire engine is in use in Paris. It travels thirteen miles an hour, and carries six men.

* * *

The double-turret system on the "Kearsarge," which was recently tried at Newport News, has, on the whole, proven a success.

* * *

The French Academie des Sciences offers annual prizes for inventions or improvements of instruments useful in agriculture, the sciences, or mechanical arts, and to authors who have contributed to progress in astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, etc.

* * *

In Literature—

"Our Native Trees, and How to Identify them," is the title of a book soon to be published by Scribner's. It will be out in time for summer reading and is written by Harriet L. Keeler, who deals with her subject in a popular fashion, and not scientifically. There are nearly two hundred full-page illustrations, and one can readily "identify" old friends, and make new ones, among the trees, by means of this book.

* * *

Sir Walter Besant has written another

story of social work in the slums of London, and Dodd, Meade & Company are bringing it out. It is the result of the author's own experience in a London settlement, and is said to be a degree more interesting than anything he has hitherto produced, though one always feels that Besant's social studies are made on the ground, from actual contact and observation, not drawn from books, or gathered at second-hand.

* * *

There are two distinctly interesting features about the new book which Doubleday & McClure are bringing out for Mary E. Wilkins. First, it is to be illustrated by Frank DuMond, and secondly, it is not a New England story, but a southern one, which means, of course, that it is to be warm and glowing and tender, in direct contrast to the cold, hard angularity which has hitherto characterized all that she has written.

* * *

Robert Burns is made the central figure in the novel which is to be published soon by Scribner's. The author's name, Alan McAulay, is comparatively unknown to the American public. The title of the book is to be "The Rhymer," and it is said to be a "charming romance" in which the character of the "great master of the pen and plough," is portrayed with vivid, and, let us hope, tender touches. It would be hard to forgive a novelist, however famous, who wrote with an irreverent or unkindly pen of this "sad sweet singer" who kneeled

A stranger at his own heartstone;
One knowing all, yet all unknown,
One seeing all, yet all concealed.

* * *

Mr. William Ordway Partridge, the sculptor, has written a novel entitled "An Angel of Clay." It is a story of artist life in New York, and will be published by the Putnam's. There is little of the conventional Latin quarter flavor about it. In fact, it is remarkable for a lofty and almost Puritanical tone. Another new book soon to appear is by the author of that morbid and hopelessly depressing story "The Descendant," and is to be called "The Voice of the People." It is sincerely to be hoped that she has made the "people" speak in a

more cheerful and healthful fashion than "The Descendant" had it in him to do, else they had best remained dumb.

* * *

Harper's Monthly celebrates its fiftieth anniversary in May. Two volumes each year brings the number up to one hundred. The May edition will be something out of the ordinary. Zangwill, Kipling and, of course, W. D. Howells, will appear. The latter has written for this number a dramatic piece of fiction which is said to be something after the style of Maeterlinck. The title is "Father and Mother: A Mystery."

* * *

The discussion as to the relative merits of the three Colonial novels, "Janice Meredith," "Hugh Wynne" and "Richard Carvel" still goes forward with so much animation that one may be pardoned for suspecting interested publishers of having a hand in it.

* * *

In Art—

The complete list of works in oil, water color and pastel for the American display at the Paris Exposition has finally been issued. There are altogether one hundred and sixty-nine pictures. Edmund C. Tarbell has two of these, "The Venetian Blind," and "Across the Room." John S. Sargent has one, and George Inness, no longer living, is represented by three beautiful landscapes. Kenyon Cox will have his "Pursuit of an Ideal" and William Chase is lucky enough to have three canvasses accepted. There is to be one, and only one, Mural painting in the United States building in Paris. This is a symbolic work of America, by Robert Reid, and was very hurriedly executed. It is in high lights and colors and is considered very effective.

* * *

In Religious Thought—

Father L. L. Conrady, for eight years a priest on Molokai, where Father Damien gave his life to the service of the lepers, has graduated from the medical department of the University of Oregon, and is going at once to Canton, China, to take charge of a colony of sixty thousand

Sooner or Later

You must read what we have to say here, and sooner or later you must think about it, but

What is the sense

of putting it off, and tramping around in agony with a corn that makes life miserable?

If you have a corn

and nearly everybody has—you know what it means to suffer. We simply want to tell you how to secure relief. You can take advantage of it or not, but if you do what we recommend, we guarantee you will get relief—that the corn will be entirely removed, and a clean white skin left in its place.

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WHEN WRITING OR PURCHASING, MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

and lepers. He is already well along in years and his medical course was taken solely with a view of better fitting himself for the work among these afflicted people.

* * *

The Bookman seems to be of the opinion that the Atlantic Monthly made a mistake in refusing to publish Father Brosnahan's reply to President Eliot's article which was published in its pages, and in which the head of Harvard pleading for the extension of his elective system to the secondary schools, criticized somewhat severely the Jesuits. The reverend father has had his rejected reply printed in a little pamphlet and is sending it everywhere, and it is remarkably well written and clear and able as to argument, it is attracting a great deal of attention.

* * *

The Sunday observance agitation has already begun with reference to the Paris exposition, and our Government is asked to see to it that the United States building is closed on Sundays.

* * *

In Education—

The German Reichstag has declined to consider the petition for the admission of women to matriculation in the German universities, and to undergo state examinations. The French Senatorial Committee has reported favorably a bill for admitting women to join the bar.

* * *

An American school will be established in Palestine.

* * *

Leading Events—

March 1.—Kentucky Legislature appropriates \$100,000 to be used in detecting the assassin of Goebel.—Government received \$7-892,793.00 more than it spent during February.—Boer attacks on Mafeking repulsed.

March 2.—Buller reports Ladysmith district cleared of Boers.

March 3.—Strike in Chicago, and 60,000 men out of work.—Boer prisoners captured by Roberts number 4,666 men.

March 4.—Gold reported to be found in great quantities at Eagle City, Alaska.

March 5.—Sir Hicks-Beach estimates the total cost of the South African war for England to be about \$300,000,000.

March 6.—Social Democratic party begins its sessions in Indianapolis.

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March 7.—Orders sent to Otis to begin sending troops home from the Philippines.—Samoan treaty is ratified.—General Roberts turns Boers' flank at Modder River, and they retreat.

March 8.—A member of the cabinet defines President McKinley's position on the Puerto Rican tariff bill.—The Theatre Francis, the historical playhouse of Paris, is burned.—Roberts advances 10 miles nearer Bloemfontein.

March 9.—The Filipinos resume active operations against American army, and generals ask for reinforcements.—Hay-Pauncefote treaty amended so as to give United States right to defend canal in case of war.—Salisbury rejects Kruger's peace terms.

March 10.—Kentucky situation again becomes critical by attempts to arrest two Republican officials in connection with Goebel murder. Officials escape.

March 11.—British advance on Bloemfontein continues.—Officials charged with complicity in Goebel case are arrested, and sent to Louisville for safe keeping.

March 12.—At the request of the Boers, United States tenders its good offices in behalf of peace between England and Transvaal.

March 13.—Ray, chairman of house judiciary committee, prepares a constitutional amendment, giving Congress power to repress and regulate trusts.—England refuses intervention in South Africa.

March 14.—General French reaches Bloemfontein.—United States exported \$26,000,000 more goods in February, 1900, than in February, 1899.

March 15.—President McKinley signs gold standard bill.—English army enters Bloemfontein.

March 16.—Attempt is to be made in Chicago to organize a grave-diggers' union, and to accept for burial only union-made coffins.

March 17.—Free State forces are disintegrating rapidly. Boers disheartened.

March 18.—The new warship Kearsarge is tested.—Manila becomes center of Filipino plotting.

March 19.—United States Supreme Court sustains anti-trust law of Texas in a Standard Oil case.—\$1,000,000 worth of supplies are needed for troops in Philippines.

March 20.—5,000 deaths are reported in India from Bubonic plague during week just passed.—Conference committee on Puerto Rican bill reaches an agreement.

March 21.—Ratification of Franco-American reciprocity treaty is extended one year.—Reported that negotiations are being made to end South African war. Lull in hostilities.

March 22.—Mexico invites delegates to Pan-American Congress to meet in that country.—Boers report defeat of Gatacre.

March 23.—A delegation of Kentucky Republicans call upon the President.—The Carnegie-Frick case is settled in Pittsburg.—Boers force Plumer to retreat.

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The Financial World

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While the new financial law has been under debate, or at least under observation since last December, Wall street rather singularly awaited its enactment before it accorded the measure any material degree of attention. Yet, ever since the recommendations contained in the President's message to Congress, the most trustworthy Washington information has been to the effect that the bill would be finally enacted on the substantial lines it had been reported by the Senate Finance Committee. It is customary to say that Wall street always discounts expected events, but here is a striking instance in which the provisions and bearing of the bill were virtually ignored until it went into actual operation. Having realized the importance of the new law, Wall street is now disposed to accord it the first place in current estimates, and it has, beyond question, played a considerable part in the month's revival of animation. Many competent persons who have considered the measure comprehensively are still disposed to question whether current ideas as to the extent of the inflation of the currency to follow its operations will be fully realized. It is still too early to speak, with any great certainty in this regard. Still, the circulating medium of the country will unquestionably be increased, and, for the time being, at any rate, it is evident that the Treasury will disburse a sufficient amount in commutation of the premium on the refunded bonds to offset its excess receipts from the customs and revenue laws.

There is one aspect of the new law to which scant attention has been paid, but which is likely to have as much bearing upon the market for securities, and particularly for investment securities, as the other features of which more sensational results have been expected. Reference is had to the refunding of the old 3, 4 and 5 per cent bonds in 2 per cents. Of

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course the bill contains no mandatory features in this respect, and no holder of the old bonds can be compelled to exchange into the new 2 per cents against his will. At the same time, the 5 per cent bonds, of which there are \$100,000,000 outstanding, mature in 1904, the 4 per cent bonds, amounting to \$559,000,000, mature in 1907, while the 3 per cents, amounting to over \$198,000,000, are redeemable in 1908. Upon maturity of these bonds their holders will have no option except to sell or refund. There is, herein indicated, a tremendous dislodgment of invested capital, a very considerable part of which, at least, will undoubtedly find its income heavily reduced, and which will be forced to seek investment in other securities furnishing higher returns, even if of smaller security. It is fairly certain, however, that the bonds to be refunded, now held by the larger class of investors and by the great investing corporations, will be exchanged into 2 per cents, while of course it is highly profitable for the national banks to make the transfer it is also profitable for the new national banks now organizing so rapidly to purchase the bonds and take out new circulation based thereon.

The material progress making toward the conclusion of the war in South Africa has stimulated the London market and has caused operators there to take a more favorable view, not only of their own securities but of American shares. Still, communication with Johannesburg has not yet been reopened, and until that has been accomplished, and until it is possible to recall home a large part of the British forces in Africa, the general situation is still deprived of an altogether definitely favorable financial bearing. Domestic and foreign trade conditions may still be placed unequivocally on the side of the market stability and improvement usually associated with this season of the year may be counted upon.

* * *

Oh, hold this truth, the poet sings,
Hard to your heart and cherish it,
And may it lend your spirit wings
To soar from darkness unto light,
For truer truth was never writ:
From evil some good always springs;
And dawn must always follow night.

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Chess

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Professor Huxley's Views of Chess.

In the article on "A Liberal Education" in the first volume of "Lay Essays," he says:

"Suppose it were certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at Chess. Don't you think we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a Pawn from a Knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than Chess. It is a game that has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The Chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the slightest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse. My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at Chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life."

* * *

A Steinitz-Lasker Game.

Giuoco Piano.

Steinitz.
White.

- 1 P-K 4
- 2 Kt-K B 3
- 3 B-B 4
- 4 P-B 3
- 5 P-Q 4
- 6 P x P

Lasker.
Black.

- 1 P-K 4
- 2 Kt-Q B 3
- 3 B-B 4
- 4 Kt-B 3
- 5 P x P
- 6 B-Kt 5 ch

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8 Castles	8 B x Kt
9 P x B	9 P-Q 4
10 B-R 3 (a)	10 P x B (b)
11 R-K sq	11 P-B 4
12 Kt-Q 2	12 K-B 2
13 Kt x Kt	13 P x Kt
14 R x P	14 Q-B 3 (c)
15 Q-K 2	15 B-B 4
16 Q x P ch (d)	16 K-Kt 3
17 R-K 3 (e)	17 Q R-K sq
18 Q R-K sq (f)	18 R x R
19 R x R	19 P-K R 4
20 P-R 3	20 P-R 5
21 P-Q 5	21 Kt-K 4
22 Q x P	22 Kt-Q 6
23 Q x Kt P (g)	23 B-B sq
24 Q-B 6 (h)	24 Q x Q
25 P x Q	25 Kt-B 5
26 R-K 7 (i)	26 P-R 3
27 P-B 4	27 K-B 3
28 R-R 7	28 Kt-Q 6
29 B-K 7 ch	29 K-K 3
30 R-B 7	30 Kt-K 4
31 B-B 5	31 R-Kt sq (k)
32 B-K 7	32 P-Kt 4
33 P-B 5	33 Kt-B 2
34 P-B 3 (l)	34 R-K sq
35 K-B 2	35 R x B
36 R x B	36 K-Q 4
37 R-Q R 8	37 Kt-K 4 (m)
38 K-K 3	38 Kt x Q B P ch
39 K-Q 2	39 P-R 4
40 R-K B 8	40 R-K 4
41 P-B 4	41 P x P
42 R x P	42 R-R 4
43 K-K 3	43 Kt-K 4 (n)
44 R-R 4 (o)	44 Kt-B 5 ch
45 B-B 2	45 K x P (p)
46 Resigns	

Notes by Emil Kemeny in the Philadelphia Ledger.

(a) This ingenious move is Steinitz's invention. He offers the sacrifice of a piece in order to prevent Black from Castling.

(b) Up to this point the moves were identically the same as in the Steinitz-Schlechter game played at the Hastings tourney. Schlechter did not capture the B, but played more conservatively B-K 3, followed by Kt-Q 3. Lasker in his notes to this game says: "Black declines the acceptance of the sacrifice with doubtful judgment." The progress of the present game, however, shows that the sacrifice is pretty sound. At any rate, by accepting the sacrifice, Black subjects himself to a more forcible attack than was anticipated according to Lasker's analysis.

(c) Much better than R-K sq, which would enable White to win with Q-R 5 ch.

(d) Lasker in his analysis gives R-B 4, and on Black's answer, P-K R 4, he plays Q x P ch. White's continuation in the present game is undoubtedly an improvement.

(e) Black now cannot play P-K R 4, for Q R-K sq would come in with force.

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The following curious advertisement is used by a Japanese firm on the labels for bottles. It is probably the most wonderful arrangement of English that has ever been made. It is sent The Pacific Monthly by a doctor in Korea:

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* * *

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Fire burn and cauldron bubble."
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"The Philippines are surrounded on all sides by islands belonging to one power or another of Europe. It is only a step from the domain of the polygamous Sultan of Sulu to the autocratic, syndicated domains of British North Borneo. It is only a little further from the pinnacle of Aguinaldo's Luzon to the lower point of the island of Formosa, where the Japanese are wrestling with a stubborn rebellion against the mission of civilization than America has encountered among the Tagalogs. From Borneo it is only a width of the British Channel across the waters to the Dutch Celebes; and from there to the conglomerate New Guinea, where Dutch, English and German alike are tussling with the intractable Papuan, it is only as far as it is from Maine to Virginia, or from Denver to Omaha. British red is blurred all over the map south of New Guinea and beyond New Zealand, as far eastward as Chatham Island. The French intervene between British Fiji and British Australia, and the tricolor floats far out on the Society and the Paumotu and Marquesas islands more than six thousand miles from Hong Kong. The passage from the American Hawaii to the American Manila is through archipelagos, which either

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belong to Spain or have belonged to her, and are now a portion of the aggressive German empire.

"Indeed, from the point of the Straits Settlement and Cochin China, from the bulge of the Asiatic continent at Foochow, from the thumb-like projection of Corea, out into the Pacific Ocean and more than halfway across it, extends the Asiatic continent in broken pieces and scattered spots, like a piece of glass dropped flat; with all the Asiatic complexity of international ownership, suzerainty spheres of influence, and struggles for possession."

* * *

The Legend of the Imnaha.

The beautiful "Smile-of-Dawn," the fairest Indian maid the sun ever shone on, knelt by the treacherous "Shoshonee," gazing sadly into the dark waters. Good cause had she for sorrow, for, three suns ago, the flower of Nez Perce warriors had gone forth to war, and among them, resplendant in his war-paint and feathers, roared "Wounded Buffalo," her lover. At last they met the foe, and in the battle that followed, many of their best and bravest fell. And now, the loveliest of all Nez Perce women wept by the river for the one who had gone to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" and left her alone to mourn.

She recalled a story she had heard their "Medicneman" tell of a magic canyon, not far up the river, from whence echoes of earth reach the ears of the dead. If she could but assure her lover of her faithfulness, and of her vow to love no other, perhaps, he would not forget her in the pleasures of the blest. Of the danger she thought nothing, although the canyon was said to be peopled by fiends, who delighted in the destruction of mortals. Resolution lighted her mournful eyes, and rising, she shook her long, black hair from her face, and turning to her companions, said briefly: "I go to sing in the death canyon. We may not meet again. Farewell." And, unheeding their protests, she left the camp, and set out up the river.

The canyon was dark and chill; the great cliffs towered grimly to the sunny sky; the low gurgle of the creek whispered mysterious secrets to the overhanging willows. "Smile-of-Dawn" cautiously made her way through the undergrowth, her heart singing with hope. The sky was a mere thread of light, and deep, threatening shadows bent down from the frowning cliffs, and filled her soul with terror. At last, she paused, and soft and clear, her song to her lost lover echoed up the canyon.

"Oh, loved of my heart, thou hast left me,—
Left me, and art sporting with the shadows
of men that were and are not.
The sun looks down no more upon me;
And at night, the moon weeps through the
mist-clouds;

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No more the Star-Spirits laugh and beckon,
As in the days when we set our paddles
In the waters of the treacherous Shoshonee;
Or drifted gently in the moonlight,
Down to Tecumincum, the meeting-place of
the rivers.

Though thou art dead, yet will I be true to
thee.

Though I never look upon thy face again, yet
will I love thee.

Oh, love, in the pleasures of the blest, do not
forget me."

The song died away in a long wail, and all was silence; but the dark shadows crept nearer and nearer, till a million, yelling fiends seized the maid, and bore her away to enchanted caves, far up the cliff. The wind that swept through the canyon, heard her cries, and the gods of wind and river, wroth at such treachery, seized many of the imps, and ground them to powder, which fell, shining and sparkling into the stream; and now, men face danger, hardships,—nay, death itself,—to possess this beautiful dust of fiends, as each year it is scattered in the canyon of death, by the avenging gods of stream and air. The Indians gave the canyon the name of "Im-nah-ba," which means "a love song from the grave," and from her prison, the maid still sings to her lover, songs that mingle with the sobbing of the wind in the pine trees, and the mysterious murmur of the river.

C. W. Pefley.

* * *

The Color Charm of Paris.

In our American towns and cities, variety of color is one of the most conspicuous features. The other day in Chicago I occupied a room on the eighth floor of a big hotel, overlooking the city. From my window I counted twenty distinct shades, gray, brown, red, and green, not to speak of one brilliant yellow building. This experience might be repeated in almost every American city excepting Washington; happily there the prevailing red brick, relieved by the marble of the public buildings, is as harmonious as unusual. In Paris, there is no such variety; from wall to wall gray is the prevailing tone; dwellings, churches, palaces, stores, arches, bridges, quays, walls, everything is gray. Nature ordered it so in the first place, for the quarries of this portion of France are very rich in gray stone; art has seen the wisdom of it since; and if other material has been employed, it has been painted some shade of gray. I do not mean to say that there are no exceptions to the rule. There are; for example, there is a little red brick in one of the old quarters, but not much, and many of the ancient brick facades put up in Henry IV.'s day have in later years been painted to harmonize with the stone. This may strike one who has not seen it as of questionable taste, and perhaps as tiresome,

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but the effect on one who lives in it is restful and harmonious. Indeed, there is a dignity and good taste about the coloring of Paris which make the fantastic coloring which prevails in most cities irritating and vulgar. From "The Charm of Paris," by Ida M. Tarbell, in the April Scribner's.

* * *

The Sweetest Words.

The sweetest words of mother, friend or brother,

The dearest words of lover, fond and true,
The words that speak the heart, imparting gladness,

Rich jewels like the stars in heaven's blue:
That fall upon the ear like psalms at twilight,

And calm the soul like carol of the birds,
The sweetest words may not be these, "I love you,"

"God bless you," softly spoken,—sweetest words.

* * *

Hol Ye Stamp-Gatherers.

In Switzerland, at Locle, nestled among hills, there stands a large, substantial-looking building which shelters eighty-five orphaned girls. It is entirely supported by the gifts of benevolent people and among other sources of its revenue is the sale in many shops, by those who are willing to devote some time to the good work, of canceled postage stamps. These are sent from different parts of the world by friends of the institution. Once a week the children of the orphanage devote a day to sorting and counting the stamps. The income amounts to 3,000 francs (or \$600) a year from this source alone. If those who contribute, add to their good deeds by soaking the stamp from the scrap of paper to which it is attached after cutting it from the envelope, they not only save the time of the workers at the orphanage, but postage in transmission. If any in this country are impelled to utilize spare moments in this way, they may dispatch the stamps to an address in New York, thus saving foreign postage. Loizeaux Brother, 63 Fourth Avenue, will receive such contributions and forward them.

The stamps are sometimes used for ornamental work, such as screens, stands, pictures, boxes, plates, lamp-shades, and even for wall paper: but are now principally sold to collectors, those which are very common to us being of more value, of course, in a foreign land. Any stamps which lack a serrated edge on even one side and which are torn, are excluded. There is no exception made but for the very rarest stamps. The government stamps on letters and envelopes, newspaper wrappers and postal cards are all accepted, but to be useful must be carefully cut rectangularly with a margin at the narrowest point of one-quarter to three-eighths



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of an inch. An interesting circular is published and sent out, reporting the gifts to the institution and briefly recounting the benefits which it is accomplishing. Perhaps there are still some hundreds of thousands of old stamps lying hidden in forgotten corners since the time when the craze was abroad for collecting a million, which in some mysterious way was to endow a bed in a hospital. Our fathers and brothers and husbands who scoffed at that scheme may be assured that the present one is well authenticated. The writer has also been credibly informed that this stamp-collecting for benevolent purposes is, or has been, followed among fashionable young ladies of Denmark.

This is something the children could do. A little blind girl in Baltimore is about to send three hundred thousand stamps to the Orphanage, having just learned where her collection can be made useful. One small person of our acquaintance began the industry at four years of age and still—two years later—continues to sift and soak his stint of three dozen stamps a day as long as there is "grist" for his mill. Kind friends in the home and the office save them and from time to time his stock is replenished. Though this help may amount to very little in dollars and cents, it has the reflex advantage of teaching the young idea to think and work for others; and Ruskin's motto to root up thistles and plant flowers," is a frequent admonition.

"The Asile des Billodes," to quote the closing words of the circular, "for whose benefit the stamps which we collect are sold, is an establishment which Christian philanthropy has erected for the education of young girls. It receives no government grant and asks for no subscriptions. It confidently awaits voluntary gifts from friends of unhappy childhood. The managers of the Orphanage seek to carry out the wishes of the foundress which she expressed in her will as follows:

"This institution, founded in 1815, is destined solely to educate unfortunate children in the religion of Christ, of whatever nation or denomination they may be. Regarding all men as my brethren, I feel myself obliged to fulfill toward all the precepts of the Savior who commanded us to care for the orphan. "I desire, therefore, that the Orphanage be continued after my decease, to the glory of God and for the benefit of the souls of those who shall be trained therein. Commending them to His divine protection, hoping and praying that all work for the same end in the same spirit, under the eye of Jesus who is the rewarder of all. May God's blessing rest upon all. Amen!"

Meldon.

* * *

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THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

By H. B. METCALF.

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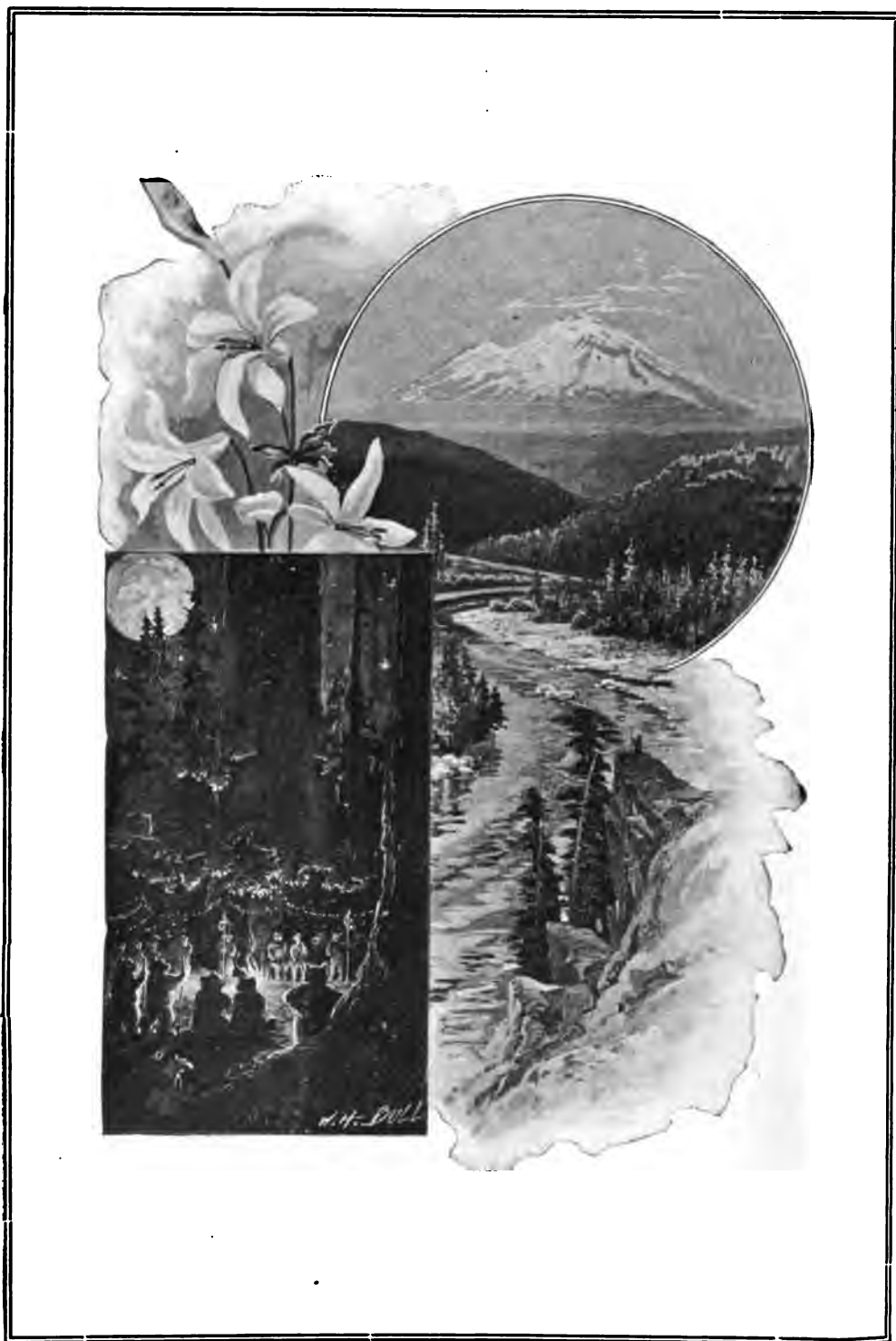
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The Legend of Mount Shasta. (See page 7.)

The Pacific Monthly.

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No. 1.

The Hawaiian Islands—the Paradise of the Pacific.

By H. B. METCALF.

TO the man or woman who has never seen a tropical country, the first sight of the beauties of Honolulu is an experience that is little short of marvelous. As the ship rounds Diamond Head, and the visitor for the first time beholds the groves of stately coconut trees that skirt the shore, he feels a thrill of ecstasy, such as he never felt before. The magnificent scene has burst upon him like a revelation. The luxuriant tropical foliage, the fruits and flowers of the sun-bathed city, the heavy fragrance with which the air is laden—all combine to make him imagine that he has landed in another world, as he sets foot for the first time on the streets of Honolulu.

Here are the giant Pride of India, with its blossoms of scarlet; the majestic Algeroba, swaying its graceful branches in the wind; the queenly Oleander, with its gorgeous bloom; the fragrant Monolea, sweetest of Hawaiian flowers; the hedges of flaming Hibiscus; the perfume-laden Jasmine; the tropical Begonia, with its drooping limbs enveloped in purple; the rows of creamy Night-Blooming Cereus; the great Rose trees, covered with beautiful roses, and over and above all, the majestic Royal Palm. All these impress upon the mind of the new arrival the fact that he has indeed landed in a clime

"Where everlasting spring abides
And never fading flowers;"

A clime where the leaves are always green, and the flowers never fade; where

the fruit is always ripening, where the frost never comes and the snow never falls. How the lover of these exhibitions of Nature's prodigality revels in the beauty by which he is surrounded! He feels that earth has nothing more attractive for him, that he can live and die amid these entrancing surroundings, with never a desire for a change. As he walks for the first time, the broad, palm-shaded avenues of the enchanting city, he realizes that he is indeed in the Paradise of the Pacific.

Of course this sensation of estatic admiration, even in the most sentimental, after a time, to some extent, wears away; but to me these scenes of surpassing loveliness never lost their charm.

I do not think it an exaggeration to say, considering all things, that Honolulu is the most beautiful city in the world. The old saying, "See Naples and then die," might very appropriately be changed to "See Honolulu and then die." The Bay of Naples that has been the subject of so much laudation, is no more beautiful than the placid bosom of the broad Pacific, as it stretches away from the feet of Honolulu toward the setting sun. The lavish expenditures of Nature in attractions for our Island City, have received so many additions from the hand of Art, that the result is a combination of the best effects of both.

In her bestowal of flowers and foliage, Nature has not been more prodigal with Honolulu and vicinity than she has in the way of fruits. Oranges, pine apples, figs, grapes, bananas, limes, mangoes,

guavas, bread fruit, grape fruit, papaias, pomegranates, avacadoes, Chinese gooseberries, cassavas, tamarinds and tangerines grow to great perfection, and most of them are indigenous to the soil; while cocoanuts, betel nuts and caca-nuts are produced in unlimited quantities. Among the vegetables are the Taro plant, from the root of which the Hawaiian's principal article of diet, poi, is made; sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, beans, peas, radishes, lettuce, cabbages, in fact, nearly everything that will grow in a temperate climate is produced in the Hawaiian Islands. The oranges and bananas are superior to any that are brought to this market, and there is no reason why the orange industry, could not be made as profitable as in California or Florida.

But with all of Honolulu's beauties, there is a dearth of singing birds. There is a sort of feathered scavenger, called the Miner bird, thousands of rice birds, that make the Chinese rice grower's life unhappy, and a sort of native dove. I did not see a butterfly in the islands.

Hawaii, the most southern of the group, contains 4210 square miles, or 2,000,000 acres; Maui, 760 square miles, or 400,000 acres; Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, contains 600 square miles, or 350,000 acres; Molokai, a part of which is occupied as a leper colony, contains 270 square miles, or 200,000 acres; Lanai, 150 square miles, or 100,000 acres; Nihau, 97 square miles, or 70,000 acres, and Kahoolawe, 63 square miles, or 30,000 acres. These islands now support probably 150,000 people, though they could easily support a million, if their resources were developed. Unfortunately, a very large proportion of the present population are Chinese and Japanese; probably more than half are of these two nationalities. The latter are principally penal contract laborers, brought over to work the sugar plantations. Of course, this will cease when the United States gets complete control. Without these objectionable hordes, the Hawaiian Islands would indeed be a paradise. Some people might not make as much money, but on the whole, it would be better for the islands. It is

the Mongolian, with his generations of inherited disease, that brings the fearful Oriental maladies, such as the leprosy and the bubonic plague. They work for comparatively little; but in the long run they are an expensive luxury. The recent epidemic of bubonic plague brought from Japan, made it necessary to burn a large district in Honolulu, costing many thousands of dollars, besides the additional expense of taking care of the thousands of Japanese and Chinese, whose means of making a livelihood was destroyed. This, in addition to the reputation given the city as a plague-infected spot, will more than offset the amount saved by hiring these creatures at starvation wages. The bill now before Congress providing for the government of the islands will, doubtless, to some extent at least, remedy this evil. The rest of the population is made up of natives, Germans, English, Portuguese and Americans. Of the first named class there are about 30,000, with a constant decrease, as shown by the successive census reports. The natives deserve more than a passing notice. They belong to the great Polynesian family that inhabits most of the islands in the Pacific ocean. Physically, they are large and well-formed; their color is nearer that of the American Indian than of any other class, though they are not quite so copper-hued as the latter. The women have graceful, well-rounded figures and pleasing faces. In disposition, they are gentle, docile, kind-hearted, hospitable, generous and yielding to a degree, that is gradually though surely working their extinction as a race. In 1854 the question of annexation to the United States for protection was agitated; the king favored the proposition; but the missionaries opposed it, on the ground that it would prove injurious to the natives. Whether their fears had any foundation in truth, is an open question. That their contact with the whites has been injurious in some respects, there can be no doubt. Whether their conversion and civilization have been an offset for the detrimental results is a matter of opinion.

Their kindness of heart is proverbial.

There is no record of anyone ever asking a reasonable favor of a Hawaiian and being refused. They are hospitable to prodigality. "The man who dips his fingers in my poi-pot is my brother," is a saying among the natives, and this sentiment is conscientiously carried out. I have often heard our soldiers say that if they were hungry and had no money—two conditions that frequently came together—they always went to a native for something to eat, and that they were never refused.

Their patriotism is worthy of a better fate than that to which it seems destined. The love they bear for their dead monarchy is touching in the extreme. Their memory goes back to it as to some loved one of their own household, and they still cherish the vain hope that somehow, in the Providence of God, royalty will be restored, and that they will come into their own again. If there is any subject that will bring tears to the eyes of a Hawaiian it is their dead monarchy. I was not present when the Hawaiian flag was hauled down from the government building, and the American colors run up in its place; but I have been told that the cheeks of every native present were wet with tears, as they beheld their beloved flag come down, never to go up again.

They are a tractable, law-abiding people, and have more intelligence and patriotism and fewer vices than some of our imported Americans. During a discussion of their eligibility as citizens, it was objected that they were undesirable and unworthy of the franchise. To this criticism, Austin's Hawaiian Weekly replied as follows:

"The native Hawaiian is better fitted for American citizenship than the rank and file of the inhabitants of the United States. The percentage of Hawaiians, educated in the English language, is higher than that of the Americans in the United States; in proportion to numbers, those holding positions as clerks, artisans, mechanics, and skilled laborers, is greater than among the inhabitants of the United States."

While it may not seem patriotic to say so, the statement, with the condition that it applies to American voters generally is true. The rising generation especially have a great desire to acquire

knowledge, and they are making good use of the excellent facilities at their command. The Hawaiian public school system is as good as the best, and it is not saying too much to make the statement, that the public schools, especially of Honolulu, compare favorably with those of any city of similar size in the United States. There is an excellent high school, a normal school for the education of teachers, and a college that any state in the Union might be proud to own. The superior educational advantages are largely due to the public-spirited men who have guided the affairs of the islands.

The Hawaiian Islands may be benefited in some respects by annexation, but they will not be better governed than they have been by the men who are now at the helm.

The climate of the islands is as nearly perfect as anywhere on the earth. In the lower altitudes it can be described as sub-tropical. It is always warm, but sunstroke is unknown. The people, especially those to the "manner born," dress with due consideration for the weather. The native women wear what they call a "hoolaca," known in the states as a "Mother-Hubbard." Many of them go barefoot, and wear on their heads a broad-brimmed straw hat, with a band of brilliant colors around it, so that in general, the every-day attire of the native women, consists of a "hoolaca" and a straw hat. They are splendid horseback riders, but they all ride astride. The white women also ride in the same manner, as there is not a side-saddle in Honolulu. A parted skirt, adapted to the purpose, makes a neat and becoming habit for the island equestrienne. It is a picturesque sight to see a dozen of these dusky Amazons come galloping into town on their trim little ponies. Public hacks are liberally patronized; for everybody in Honolulu rides—those who can and those who cannot afford it. I have seen a barefoot Kanaka woman pay twenty-five cents for a hack to take her two blocks to the fish market, buy a fish for ten cents, and then pay twenty-five cents for the carriage to take her home. This is a fair sample of the improvidence of the natives, men and women.

While the Hawaiians have probably made greater advances in civilization than any other nationality in the same length of time, they naturally retain some of the customs of their previous condition. One of these is a feast, which is given at stated times, called a Luau, and at which baked dog and raw fish and poi are the only dishes. This is a relic of their primitive state, to which they cling with relentless tenacity. Everybody present at one of these feasts is expected to partake of these viands, or else give mortal offense to the host. On these occasions they have what they call a "hula" dance, performed by young girls dressed in the most fantastic costume imaginable, which is sometimes curtailed to an extent not entirely consistent with a due regard for modesty. But the "hula," like the feast of roast dog and raw fish, is one of their native customs that they are reluctant to surrender to the demands of civilization.

Of course, it takes time to eliminate

all these old practices, that have prevailed for generations. The churches and the schools are doing much toward leading these people into the new mode of living. While on this subject, I want to call attention to the good that is being done by the Young Men's Christian Association. During the time the soldiers were in Honolulu the Y. M. C. A. was to them a priceless boon. Writing tables, stationery, postage stamps, bathing facilities, use of library, reading room and gymnasium were furnished free, and the way the soldiers availed themselves of these privileges, showed how much they appreciated them.

There is a great future in store for the Hawaiian Islands, and as soon as Honolulu adopts proper sanitary measures, such as sewers and strict regulations, compelling the Mongolians to pay due attention to the laws of health, it will be one of the most healthful, as well as the the most beautiful city in the world.



The Camp at Mount Shas'a.

The Legend of Mount Shasta.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE Indians say the Great Spirit made this mountain first of all. "Can you not see how it is," they say. He first pushed down the snow and ice from the skies through a hole which he made in the blue heavens by turning a stone round and round, till he made this great mountain; then he stepped out of the clouds onto the mountain top, and descended and planted the trees all around by putting his finger on the ground. Simple and sublime!

The sun melted the snow, and the water ran down and nurtured the trees and made the rivers. After that he made the fish for the waters out of the small end of his staff. He made the birds by blowing some leaves, which he took up from the ground, among the trees. After that he made the beasts out of the remainder of his stick, but made the grizzly bear out of the big end, and made him master over all the others. He made the grizzly so strong that he feared him himself, and would have to go up on the top of the mountain out of sight of the forest to sleep at night, lest the grizzly, who, as will be seen, was much more strong and cunning than now, should assail him in his sleep. Afterwards, the Great Spirit wishing to remain on earth and make the sea and some more land, he converted Mount Shasta by a great deal of labor into a wigwam, and built fire in the center of it and made it a pleasant home. After that his family came down, and they all have lived in the mountain ever since.

They say that before the white man came they could see the fire ascending from the mountain by night

and the smoke by day, every time they chose to look in that direction. They say that one late and severe springtime many thousand snows ago there was a great storm about the summit of Mt. Shasta, and that the Great Spirit sent his youngest and fairest daughter, of whom he was very fond, up to the hole in the top, bidding her to speak to the storm that came up from the sea, and tell it to be more gentle or it would blow the mountain over. He bade her do this hastily, and not to put her head out lest the wind would catch her in the hair and blow her away. He told her she should only thrust out her long red arm and make a sign, and then speak to the storm without.

The child hastened to the top, and did as she was bid, and was about to return, but having never yet seen the ocean, where the wind was born and made his home, when it was white with the storm, she stopped, turned and put her head out to look that way, when lo! the storm caught in her long red hair and blew her out and away down and down the mountain side. Here she could not fix her feet in the hard, smooth ice and snow, and so slid on and on and down to the dark belt of firs below the snow rim.

Now, the grizzly bears possessed all the wood and all the land, even down to the sea, at that time, and were very numerous and very powerful. They were not exactly beasts then, although they were covered with hair, lived in caves, and had sharp claws; but they walked on two legs and talked, and used clubs to fight with, instead of their teeth and claws as they do now. At this time there was a family of grizzlies living close up to the snow. The mother had lately brought forth, and the father was out in quest of food for the young, when, as he returned with a club on his shoulder and a young elk in his left hand, he saw this little child, red like fire, hid under a fir bush, with her long hair trailing in the

Note.—This quaint and charming legend was first told by Joaquin Miller in his interesting narrative "Paquita," originally published as "Life Among the Modocs." Of all the traditions of the simple and lowly red man there is probably none more picturesquely vivid or that will live longer in the folklore of his vanishing people.

snow, and shivering with fright and cold. Not knowing what to make of her, he took her to the old mother, who was very learned in all things, and asked her what this fair and frail thing was that he had found shivering under a fir bush in the snow. The old mother Grizzly, who had things pretty much her own way, bade him leave the child with her, but never mentioned it to anyone, and she would share her breast with her, and bring her up with her other children, and maybe some great good would come of it. The old mother reared her as she promised to do, and the old hairy father went out every day with his club on his shoulder to get food for his family, till they were all grown up and able to do for themselves.

"Now," said the old mother Grizzly to the old father Grizzly, as he stood his club by the door and sat down one day, "our oldest son is quite grown up and must have a wife. Now, who shall it be but the little red creature you found in the snow under the black fir bush?" So the old Grizzly father kissed her, said she was very wise, then took up his club on his shoulder, and went out and killed some meat for the marriage feast. They were married and were very happy, and many, many children were born to them. But, being part of the Great Spirit and part of the grizzly bear these children did not exactly resemble their parents, but partook somewhat of the nature of both. Thus was the red man created; for these children were the first Indians.

All the other grizzlies throughout the black forests, even down to the sea, were very proud and very kind, and met together, and with their united strength, built for the lovely little red Princess a wigwam close to that of her father, the Great Spirit. This is what is now called "Little Mount Shasta." After many years the old mother Grizzly felt that she soon must die; and, fearing that she had done wrong in detaining the child of the Great Spirit, she could not rest until she had seen him and restored him his long lost treasure and asked his forgiveness.

With this object in view, she gathered together all the grizzlies at the new magnificent lodge built for the Princess and her children, and then sent her eldest grandson to the summit of Mount Shasta, in a cloud, to speak to the Great Spirit and tell him where he could find his long lost daughter.

When the Great Spirit heard this he was so glad that he ran down the mountain side on the south so fast and strong that the snow was melted off in places, and the tokens of his steps remain to this day. The grizzlies went out to meet him by thousands; and as he approached they stood apart in two great lines, with their clubs under their arms, and so opened a lane by which he passed in great state to the lodge where his daughter sat with her children.

But when he saw the children, and learned how the grizzlies that he had created had betrayed him into the creation of a new race, he was very wroth, and frowned on the old mother Grizzly till she died on the spot. At this the grizzlies, all set up a dreadful howl; but he took his daughter on his shoulder, and turning to the grizzlies, bade them hold their tongues, get down on their hands and knees, and so remain until he returned. They did as they were bid, and he closed the door of the lodge after him, drove all the children out into the world, passed out and up the mountain, and never returned to the timber any more.

So the grizzlies could not rise up any more, or use their clubs, but have ever since gone on all-fours, much like other beasts, except when they have to fight for their lives, when the Great Spirit permits them to stand up and fight with their fists like men.

That is why the Indians about Mount Shasta will never kill or interfere in any way with a grizzly. Whenever one of their number is killed by one of these kings of the forest, he is burned on the spot, and all who pass that way for years cast a stone on the place till a great pile is thrown up. Fortunately, however, grizzlies are not plentiful about the mountain.

The Mongolian Ring-Neck Pheasant.

By CAPTAIN HARRY L. WELLS.

THERE is one native of China now domiciled in Oregon and rapidly taking possession of the country, who will neither be required to register under the Geary law nor be expelled from the country for failure to do so. Sportsmen declare him to be the finest game bird that walks the earth, in plumage, in the sport he affords the sportsman and as a table dish.

Nearly eighteen years ago, Judge O. N. Denny, a citizen of Portland and at that time consul general at Shanghai, China, introduced these birds into Oregon. There is no need of laws to protect them in China, for the farmers there never do anything to destroy them or to frighten them away from their fields, believing them to be friends rather than enemies, doing far more good than harm to the crops. They destroy insects in great numbers.

The Chinese catch them in snares and nets for market. The fact that they were often very poor induced Mr. Denny to purchase them by the dozens and fatten them in a large enclosure, and he was prompted to send a few of them to his home in Oregon. The Multnomah Rod and Gun Club then commissioned him to procure a large number, and of the thirteen varieties in China he sent five kinds. The club had secured legislation for the protection of the ring-neck pheasant, but not for the silver, golden, copper or green varieties, and therefore these four were placed on Protection Island, Puget Sound, for safe keeping until a suitable game law could be passed. The law now includes them, and one enthusiastic sportsman who has a large fruit ranch at North Yamhill, secured a number of these choice birds and is propagating them rapidly. Doubtless these, also, will be numerous in a few years, but, being less prolific and wary than the ring-neck, they will probably never be so abundant, for the latter have multiplied until the four dozen pairs re-

leased in the Willamette valley a few years ago have now millions of descendants.

By the first protective laws all persons were prohibited from killing these birds at any time, or having them in their possession, dead or alive. At first the farmers were hostile and made much complaint.

Many killed all they could of them, and expressed a determination to exterminate them, but their prolific breeding habits and their extreme wariness were too much for this ignorant crusade, and they increased rapidly in numbers. Now that the farmers generally have been educated on the subject, they are firm supporters of protection, and market hunters receive but little encouragement. So rapidly did the birds increase in numbers, and so general was the disregard of the law, that even sportsmen yielded to the temptation and sought the bird afield.

Beautiful in plumage, with the strut of a peacock and the courage and pugilistic skill of a game cock, the male pheasant has no rival in the field. The female is much plainer in plumage, but has clean-cut, graceful outlines, a fit companion for her proud lord and protector, for such he is in the fullest sense of the word. He weighs about two pounds, has long clean legs, with long toes and sharp spurs. His bill is long and sharp, and his eye keen. He presents the personification of alertness and pugnacity. He has been known to go into a chicken yard and whip every rooster in it, and, like the conqueror of old, take possession of the spoils of war and the admiring females. No hawk stands any show of foraging from a brood under this bird's care, and if he is wise he will not come too near that pointed beak and those vicious spurs. His protective instinct has been observed to manifest itself in taking full charge of a brood when the hen bird has been killed. No

doubt his careful guardianship has much to do with the rapid increase in numbers of these birds; while grouse, with equal legal protection, seem not to increase at all; yet prolific reproduction is the chief secret. A sportsman who is one of nature's naturalists, in that he studies carefully the nature and habits of the birds he hunts, affirms that there are at least two generations produced each year. Mother hens have been killed in the fall, whose breast bones were but gristle, showing that they were spring chickens. The procreative instinct is so strong that if a nest of eggs is destroyed the bird immediately begins again, and keeps at it constantly. From this habit of two generations a year, it is inferred by this gentleman that an open season beginning much later than August 1 would be preferable.

The distinctive color of the Mongolian pheasant is brown, and the female bird is of that color exclusively, richly mottled with dark shades on the lighter tints; but the cock is rich in brighter colors. The upper part of his neck and around the eye is of a deep green shading, in places almost a peacock blue, the color possessing the changeableness of velvet. Below this, just above the breast, his throat has a complete ring of white, and it is this distinctive mark that has won for him his special name as the ring-neck pheasant. His breast is very dark, the greenish hue shading into brown, while his sides are very light, splashed with dark brown spots. His back is covered with dark brown feathers tipped with a lighter hue. His long tail, extending stiffly to the rear at a slight elevation, fully two feet long and ending in a point, is very light brown with dark brown bands at regular intervals of about an inch. Only in his spread of tail does the peacock excel this beautiful bird, but in all other features falls far below him as an ornament for a park aviary.

Sportsmen who have hunted grouse in the foothills and quail in the underbrush, who have bagged woodcock on English preserves, brought down the swift partridge in New England woods and the heavy prairie chicken in the Western fields, place them all far below the Mongolian pheasant as game birds.

He is a runner and travels almost exclusively on foot, his long legs doing him excellent service. If flushed and not brought down it is almost useless to watch where he lights and follow him, for his legs may take him off at right angles to his flight half a mile before he considers himself safe. His eye is sharp and he is ever watchful, after the first few days of the season. A dog cannot hold him in cover like he can a chicken. The latter crouch down and seek to hide, but the wary Chinaman steals away and thus fools the best trained animals. I have seen chagrin that was almost human on the face of my dog when, having come to a point, he has seen me advance and find nothing where he had undoubtedly located birds. Bagging a whole covey, as is often done with other birds, is impossible. They scatter on foot in all directions, and for that reason the huntsman can never tell when he will flush a pheasant. And how he does fly! The partridge flies fast, but he rises from the ground with his wings and takes an instant to get in motion. Not so the pheasant. He starts with a run, and when he rises from the ground he has already gained considerable velocity. A quick eye and a ready trigger are needed to bring him down. Nor does he fly blindly or aimlessly. His flight is seldom straight away, but almost always to the side, so that he can keep his sharp eye continually on the enemy. If he can manage to put a tree between himself and the hunter, he directs his course so as to keep covered by it. All these qualities make him the king of game birds, and the satisfaction the genuine sportsman takes in bagging him exceeds that afforded by birds requiring less skill and care.

From the time the hunter leaves the farmer's door, if there he spends the night, he must be on the alert and ready to shoot. The wary bird may jump up from the garden patch, or he may be in the orchard, the meadow, the corn patch or wheat field. He may be in the little clump of timber or along the margin of the brook, as, indeed, he is very apt to be during the heat of the day. Unlike other birds, he has no favorite spots, and *semper paratus* must be the motto of the

hunter who hopes for success in bagging him. Even the best guns are satisfied with a bag of two dozen in a full day's sport. Larger bags are frequent, but so are smaller. The hunter earns every bird he gets and each one has an individuality of his own.

How well he would thrive in the colder prairie and New England states is not certain. In Oregon he finds the same mild winters and abundance of food as in China. Yet a bird so active, so courageous and so intelligent should be able to maintain himself wherever a prairie chicken or a grouse can, and he would doubtless thrive in the Northern states, possibly not increase in numbers so rapidly as in the mild and equable climate of the Willamette valley. In the Southern states he would be at home. This noble bird might, by propagation and distribution, be made to add materially to the food supply of the country in a few years, besides providing pleasure for thousands of sportsmen. That his adopted habitat will extend finally over the entire United States there is little doubt, and this renders the question of

his name one of interest.

There is a general desire in Oregon to call him the "Denny" pheasant, in compliment to the gentleman who first brought him to this country, but as Mr. Denny did not discover an unknown species, and as other localities will also soon have these birds direct from China, this name can never become more than local and its use is of doubtful propriety. As he is but one of thirteen varieties domiciled in China, five of which we now have in this country, it seems scarcely sufficient identification to call him the "Mongolian" pheasant, the name most commonly used, unless the word "Ring-Neck" be added. Indeed, a combination of these two best identifies the bird, for it undoubtedly is from the same parent stock as those imported into England from India and kept in game preserves there. He has somewhat differentiated and has become sufficiently distinct to make the use of "Mongolian" necessary to distinguish him from the English variety which he much excels in all the qualities that make a game bird.



San Luis Rey Mission, California.



A Glimpse of the Willamette at Portland.

The Rivers of Oregon.

Second Series.

Beautiful Willamette.

By *SAM L. SIMPSON.*

I.

From the Cascade's frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley,
Bright Willamette glides away;
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Malms and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee!

II.

Spring's green witchery is weaving
Braid and border for thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey,
Beauty dimples on thy tide.
Through the purple gates of morning,
Now thy roseate ripples dance;
Golden, then, when day departing,
On thy water trails his lance;
Waltzing, flashing,
Tinkling, plashing,
Limpid, volatile and free—
Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter, moon-mad sea.

III.

In thy crystal deeps, inverted,
Swings a picture of the sky,
Like those wavering hopes of Aidenn
Dimly in our dreams that lie;
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,
Faint and lovely, far away—
Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,
Breathing fragrance round today.
Love could wander
Here, and ponder—
Hither poetry would dream;
Life's old questions,
Sad suggestions,
"Whence and whither?" throng thy
stream.

IV.

On the roaring waste of ocean,
Soon thy scattered waves shall toss;
'Mid the surges' rhythmic thunder
Shall thy silver tongues be lost.
Oh, thy glimmering rush of gladness
Mocks this turbid life of mine,
Racing to the wild Forever,
Down the sloping paths of time—
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Malms and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee!

The Willamette.

By *WILLIAM H. SHELOR.*

IMMORTAL in the literature of the great West, characterized by an unfading beauty that grows upon one with time; a clear, sparkling stream that wends its tortuous way through a broad and smiling valley and

wooded hills to its confluence with the mighty giant of western waters, a river that calls forth one's love and admiration—such is the Willamette. No state, no country could be the proud possessor of a more beautiful river. There are others

grander, more magnificent, but none that has to a greater degree that quiet beauty that calls forth the sweetest notes from the poet's muse.

When the wanderer views the river for the first time, coming from the sun-baked regions of the South or the dry and dusty alkaline plains of the East, the impression is one that is never to be forgotten. If he come by boat from California the latter part of May, when the sun has dried the fields and made the earth one continuous yellow blare, it seems that he is entering a fairy land. The towering hills on the one side are covered with green fir that wafts a breath of spring to the lungs, the bank is carpeted with green and the blue sky is overhead. On the other, five majestic mountains, clad with eternal snow, greet his expectant gaze. Slightly to the left is Mt. St. Helens, with its symmetrical lines that first command attention. Then Mts. Adams, Jefferson and a tip of Rainier greet the eye, only to be quickly passed by, for there stands old Hood, supreme o'er all else, with his rugged sides that have endeared themselves to every lover of nature. This is the doorway to the Willamette.

Twelve miles from the mouth is Portland, the largest city in the Northwest, and the shipping point of vast quantities of wheat, flour and manufactured products to all parts of the world. Here the river is spanned by four modern bridges. In June, through melting snows, the river reaches such a height that it overflows upon some of the streets, and at such times Portland is a veritable Venice. Boats of every character are brought into requisition, and the time is made a holiday. In the evening the scene is brilliant and romantic. Chinese lanterns swing from stem to stern of nearly every boat. There is the twinkling music of the mandolin and guitar, and the sounds of merry laughter as the boats glide by.

It is not alone on such occasions as these, however, that the opportunities for pleasure and recreation which the Willamette affords are taken advantage of by the people of Portland. The Portland rowing clubs hold an annual regatta with the clubs of the Northwest, the river furnishing an ideal course. In the sum-

mer time a ride on the river in a launch, sail or row-boat is one of the most fascinating of pleasures. There are islands above the city where picnic parties gather for an afternoon, returning lazily with the current when the after-glow of the setting sun has cast its glamor over the distant city. Here again one hears the tinkle of music across the waters, and the occasional laugh of some light-hearted damsel whose

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell."

To such no pen could portray the beauty of the scene, or adequately express the fondness which the river inspires for itself in their hearts. The distant city, now dimly outlined in the twilight, soon sparkles with countless lights, the boats drift on and on, the laughter and music cease, and the world is left to silence.

Ascending the river from Portland we are immediately struck with the quiet and restful beauty of the landscape and the placid nature of the river which called forth the genius of Sam Simpson when he wrote the masterpiece which prefaces this sketch. The beauty that is Willamette's is scarcely one that can be put into words other than those used by the poet. It is a beauty that does not lend itself to language or one that can adequately be depicted by the brush. It must be felt. Each one sees in its shimmering tide a charm which he cherishes as his own and which no one else may discover. Its "silver tongues" sing a different song to every ear that listens, and in its "crystal deeps" lingers a picture which no other eyes may behold. It is a river for the poet, for the artist, for the philosopher, for summer days and idleness, when one can loll upon its banks and dream quiet day dreams, and paint and read and write and dream.

But the Willamette is not altogether a placid stream. Here is one of its banks called "Elk Rock," several hundred feet high and perfectly perpendicular, where the water swirls in and out, and to which place, so the story goes, the Indians used to drive the elk in bands, compelling them to jump from the high bank into the river, where they would be at the Indians' mercy. Several miles

further up are the Willamette Falls; which, with the exception of Niagara, furnish the largest horsepower of any falls in America.

Far up the valley there is a place where the river, after a gay battle with the obstructing boulders, loiters to rest. Standing upon the bridge which leaps from bank to bank in a single span, one sees the stream like a lake, lying without a ripple, environed by wood and hill. To the north it breaks into singing shallows on the gleaming gravel bars, and there a little village is situated. White towns dot the green banks here and there, and add to, rather than detract from, the beauty. So, on and up for 125 miles through the valley, which the Indians called "Wilamet"¹ or "the place of pleasantness," and from which the river takes its name,² to the source in the Cascade mountains, there is one unending vista that delights the senses and fills the im-

agination with that inspiration which beauty in nature alone can give.

Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea ;
Time that mars us,
Maims and scars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee!

* Note 1. It is a matter of regret that the orthography of this word should have changed its nationality. The French spelling—Willamette—may be traced to the early influence of Catholic missions and those retired Hudson Bay voyageurs who settled along the lower levels of the stream. But in spite of the doubled consonant, the name retains its liquid Indian pronunciation, to the frequent confusion of strangers, unaccustomed to the sublime indifference with which Oregonians regard arbitrary rules. The accent, therefore, is upon the Penult, with a short a.

* Note 2. Professor H. S. Lyman, in his "Indian 'Arabian Nights,'" which recently appeared in *The Pacific Monthly*, says that the Indians of the Northwest did not give a name to running water, but only to the country through which it passed.

The River's Story.

Beside the flowing river I stood at close of day;
Beyond in silent beauty the wide-spread city lay.
The hills rose up in grandeur, enrobed in living green,
And watched like guards the city, their fair and proud young queen.

As conscious of their beauty the waves seemed to rejoice,
And in the dancing waters I heard a rippling voice:
"Through many ages, measured by man's short scale of time,
Unchanged my waves made music and song in woodland rhyme.

"No sound disturbed the stillness except the wild bird's call,
The beasts that roamed the forest, the pine cone's gentle fall;
Or, sometimes lightly floating, the Indian's rude canoe,
Which broke the wonted quiet upon the waters blue.

"At last, in swifter vessels there came a stranger race,
Unlike the dark-browed Indian, and strong, though pale of face,
They brought the blessed tidings, a Savior born for all,
And told the wondering Red men the Gospel's joyous call.

"But some, alas! have drifted and found my bed their grave;
The Red men, driven backward, whom once they tried to save,
Are fading from the forest as disappears the foam,
And what was then the Indian's is now the White man's home.

"No more upon my bosom will float his rude canoe,
Instead the mighty steamship in giant strength plows through.
Upon my banks in numbers the towns and cities rise,
And church spires, like the tree tops, point heavenward to the skies.

"In all my beauteous valley fair Nature's loveliest spot,
Where smiling in my mirror the rarest view is caught,
Will see, uprising stately, the halls of learning stand,
And all the beauty 'round them will aid their purpose grand.

"Unchanged, though all change round me, my laughing waters glide
To join in lasting union the great Columbia's tide;
I grieve not for the stillness of silent ages past,
But smile to see the shadows the happy future casts."

E. F.

Oregon's Educators.

I.



Professor C. W. Durette.

PROFESSOR C. W. DURRETTE, the subject of this brief sketch, is one of the leading educators of Oregon. During a residence of nearly five years in this state he has been tireless in his efforts to advance the standard of education in the common schools, and to assist, in all ways, in building up and perfecting a system of public instruction second to none in the Union.

Professor Durette was born in Illinois and received the major part of his education in that commonwealth, later taking a special course at Tabor College in Iowa. It was in Illinois that he began his career as a teacher, though it

was in Iowa that he scored his first success and won recognition as an instructor of unusual merit and ability. In the role of educator, Professor Durette served the public as principal and County Superintendent of Schools, both ably and well, and became a strong factor in the institute work of that state, a lecturer whose lectures were always acceptable and always in demand.

Since coming to Oregon he has taught continuously, and has been at the head of schools in Woodstock, West Oregon City and Mt. Tabor, and in all these places he stands high in the estimation of his patrons and fellow citizens, both as a man and as a teacher.

His work in the institutes has made him well and favorably known throughout the state. Where he goes once in the capacity of lecturer he is invariably invited to return.

Tall, with clear, modelled features, dark eyes and hair just touched with gray, a pleasantly-modulated speaking voice, and a dignified, deliberate manner—this is Conrad W. Durette, as one meets him every day. But underneath that quiet exterior there is concealed an inexhaustible store of force and activity. His capacity for work is something phenomenal, and because every moment and every movement is intelligently occupied and directed, he accomplishes more in a day than many would, with the same degree of activity, accomplish in a week. There is no noisy waste of time and energy. Though continuously engaged in teaching since coming to this state he has found time to study law, and, in 1897, took his degree in the Uni-

versity of Oregon. While principal of the Woodstock school he was for a time editor of the periodical known as the Oregon Teacher's Monthly, working late and early, and leaving no smallest school room duty undone. He made the Oregon school magazine a credit to the state during his brief experience as its editorial head, but other duties seemed

to him more important and he severed his connection with the periodical and gave all his time to school work.

As a fitting recognition of Professor Durette's record and splendid abilities the Democratic party has made him its nominee for Superintendent of Multnomah county, Oregon, the leading county in the state.

Elise.

A Sequel to "The Voice of the Silence."

Chapter V.

THROUGH all the bitter pain and humiliation that had been her's since that dark hour two months ago, when she was surprised by the unexpected, Elise was absolutely free from any touch of resentment toward her husband. Neither, indeed, had she cherished that feeling towards the woman. Though overcome with shame and sorrow, and appalled by the horror of apparently inevitable consequences, she yet maintained an outward calm, and her love was strong and true enough to preserve and protect her from the poison of distrust.

It was possible, it seemed, that a man might sin and go on his way unscathed, but some one must suffer for every violation of the moral law. And now she was reaping in agony of soul the result of his early transgression—she and the helpless creature whom he had wronged so thoughtlessly—that her very name and existence had perhaps slipped his memory! She was forced to face the fact that at his door must be laid the blame for this girl's swift descent from the sunlit path of virtue to the devious ways to the underworld and a subsequent career too revolting to be thought upon, but instinctively as a loving woman will, she shut her eyes. She refused to contemplate the mutilated features and clay feet of her idol. But she suffered none the less keenly. Her cheek paled and there was a haunting shadow in her eyes, but her smile was as

ready and her voice as sweet as ever when he was near. Perhaps, indeed, the knowledge of his weakness served to deepen her tenderness for him. She may have pitied him for a moral blemish for which her love forbade her to condemn him. She hated the sin, but forgave the sinner. Her pure woman's nature rose in revolt at the mere knowledge of an evil like this, and she was filled with hopelessness and horror at sight of the consequences that were, apparently, inevitable, but in the perfectness of her devotion she resolved that no shadow from the past should darken the path of him who wrought the wrong.

"He shall never know, he shall never know." The resolution repeated itself continually. And somehow the fact of her own bitter pain seemed to lessen his guilt. A sort of vicarious atonement.

What ghastly tragedies are hidden beneath the grime and general wretchedness of places like Reese Alley, tragedies that have their beginning and cause in the bright upper world of wealth and fashion. Elise shuddered when she considered that this was but one of countless similar cases. But she was thankful for the tide of retributive justice that stranded this particular wreck upon her own coast. Perhaps, because of her early training or lack of it, duty was to her but a word without meaning. Her actions were not based upon anything that she had construed as duty. She did a thing because it appealed to her, be-

cause she wanted to do it. Though not impulsive, conventionally speaking, she acted purely from impulse. And when she found Leona de Vere, known to the inhabitants of Reese Alley as "Dix," coughing her miserable life away upon a dirty pallet in a dirty tenement attic, which she shared with three others as depraved and poverty-stricken as herself, and heard the whole of her wretched story from beginning to end, told in a torrent of bitter invective and interrupted at regular intervals by paroxysms of choking so terrible that it seemed the tortured soul and pain-wracked body must part company, there was no question about duty. There was but one thing to do, and Elise did it promptly.

Not until the wretched creature, refreshed by a bath and enveloped in the soft fragrance of clean linen, reposed in a narrow white bed in a warm, well-lighted chamber in a suburban cottage, tenanted by a motherly widow of years and discretion—not until everything was done that could be done, and she had said good night and gone away to her own beautiful home, did the full horror of what she heard and its relation to herself, take possession of her. But never, then or thereafter, did she blame him who had wrought the ruin of that once fair human flower, Leona de Vere. She felt crushed, and bruised, and broken, she was too cruelly hurt to even pray, but could only bow in silence and shame, clinging to the hand of Him who helps the world, and hears and heeds the prayers that are unspoken.

The days and weeks dragged wearily by. Poor "Dix" was too far gone, morally and mentally, to regain even a measure of physical strength, and indeed death seemed the kindest thing that could come to her. Every moment that could be spared from other duties Elise devoted to the girl who had unwittingly dealt such a destructive blow to her happiness. Aside from the bitterness and contempt that colored her view of life and everything pertaining to it, "Dix," or Leona, as she was called by the two women who ministered so tenderly to her wants, appeared to be mildly grateful. Suffering had done much toward restor-

ing refinement of feature, and as she lay among her white pillows, the hectic flush upon her cheeks gave her a look of youth and delicacy.

"You are so good to me," she sighed once to Elise, "but it's too late. If I'd known you when I most needed a friend maybe I wouldn't be what I am. But it's too late now."

"You are to forget everything that is not pleasant," replied Elise, with a smile. The girl laughed out shrilly.

"Then I'll have to forget about two-thirds of my whole life," she cried, tossing restlessly upon her pillow. "There's been nothing but misery for years and years."

But Elise came and took her hands and smoothed her tumbled hair.

"You are to keep very quiet and get strong enough to go driving with me when the sun comes out again. It is beautiful along the river road, and the buds are already beginning to swell on the maples."

"I'm tired of being told to keep quiet," said the patient, petulantly. "You never let me get up, though I'm ever so much stronger."

"Tomorrow," promised Elise, "if you rest well tonight, tomorrow I will ask the doctor to let you sit up awhile. I know you must find the bed monotonous."

"O you, what do you know about it? You've never been sick, or had any trouble. You don't know what pain is."

"Perhaps not," replied Elise, gently, and under her breath she added, "I am learning."

But Leona de Vere was destined never to take that promised drive. The morning after Mrs. Natron's fete, there came a messenger in haste to the house of Colonel Randolph. Mrs. Randolph was sleeping and her husband would not suffer her to be disturbed, but the messenger would not be denied, and the tall footman was constrained at last to admit him to the Colonel, who was lingering over a late breakfast.

"Well, young man," he said, "What is it that is of such importance that you cannot take no for answer?"

The boy, it was the motherly widow's

ten-year old son, paused just inside the door, twirling his hat awkwardly in his hands. He had not counted on having to face the master of the house, and the grandeur of his surroundings awed him somewhat, but he was a loquacious lad and soon found his tongue.

"Mrs. Randolph said we were to send her word at once," he said, and then added, "Mother told me not to come back without seeing Mrs. Randolph."

"Ah," said the Colonel, not unkindly, "Well, my lad, you cannot see Mrs. Randolph this morning. She is not well."

The boy still hesitated, he glanced uneasily at the tall footman, and then in the direction of the door. Perhaps he did not know how to make an exit, perhaps he had no intention of going until he had executed his errand. The Colonel took pity upon his embarrassment, and made a well-intentioned effort to relieve the situation.

"You can leave your message with me," he said, "I will see that Mrs. Randolph receives it as soon as she awakens."

"Mother said I was to see her," persisted the boy, "And I was to say that Miss de Vere was worse?"

"Indeed! And who, may I ask, is Miss de Vere? And why should it be necessary to inform Mrs. Randolph?"

The boy looked both surprised and puzzled. "Don't you know?" he asked. "Miss de Vere is her friend."

"Whose friend?"

"Why, Mrs. Randolph's. She brought her to our house in her own carriage. And now," he added in an awe-stricken

(To be continued.)

tone, "mother thinks she is dying."

The Colonel was startled, and the boy, emboldened by the evident impression his news had made, went on:

"The doctor told Mrs. Randolph, two days ago, that she couldn't live more than a week, and Mrs. Randolph and mother both cried, and the doctor said she would be better off. I wonder why he said that?"

"Really," said the Colonel, politely, "I cannot enlighten you, but perhaps I should be less in the dark if you told me more about the patient."

"About what?"

"Miss de Vere."

"Oh! Why there isn't anything to tell. She's just Miss de Vere—Leona, Mrs. Randolph calls her—and she's been sick ever so long, and she coughs dreadful, sometimes. But," he added cheerfully, "she won't cough any more when she's dead, and maybe that's what the doctor meant when he said she would be better off."

The Colonel pushed his chair back and rose from the table. Tell Thomas to send around the dog-cart in ten minutes," he said to the tall footman. Then to the boy, "Where do you live? But it does not matter, you shall show me. Come out into the hall and wait till I return."

He left the boy uncomfortably poised upon the edge of a carved oak chair many sizes too large for him, and went up stairs. And all the while, as he mounted to his wife's room, he was repeating to himself the name of Leona de Vere.

Light Beyond.

At close of day, the Western sky,
Above the hills serenely glows;
The tranquil clouds transfigured lie,
Their fleecy whiteness flushed with rose.

As autumn mellows to the close,
And the old year begins to die,
A gentle, silent beauty throws
Its veil about it lovingly.

So, when the end of life is nigh,
A tender sunset radiance flows
From springs of light o'er barriers high,
And night draws on, with sweet repose.

P. L. Campbell.

Our Point of View

Our Prize Offers—

The Pacific Monthly is making two very remarkable offers to subscribers. The first is the right, given to every new subscriber, to participate in the distribution of \$25,000 in cash prizes for guessing the population of the United States for 1900, and the second is the gift of a Post Fountain Pen to everyone who sends us three new subscriptions. These propositions are thoroughly high-class and bona fide. Before taking them up investigations were made as to the reliability of the firms through which we are enabled to make the offers, and we can assure our readers that they run no risk as far as reliability is concerned, in trying either plan.

Each new subscriber to the magazine who wishes to participate in the \$25,000 cash prizes must send in his guess with his subscription, and a certificate will be mailed him, crediting him with his guess and giving the information necessary in order to follow the contest and collect, should his guess prove successful. This is acknowledged to be the greatest prize offer that has ever been made in the history of periodical literature, and our readers will do us a favor by calling their friends' attention to it.

* * *

The Monroe Doctrine—

While the treaty with Spain was under consideration, and subsequent to its adoption, there was an outcry by the press that the Monroe doctrine was being placed in jeopardy, if not entirely abrogated, by our stand in regard to the Philippines. Subsequent events, however, have proven very conclusively that the American people would never be willing to give up the Monroe doctrine, whatever else they may do. The doctrine has never been so strong or so universally recognized as today, and it must be inevitable that, as our country increases in numbers and power, this

policy will be insisted upon and upheld more and more firmly. At The Hague Peace Conference the nations gave the doctrine virtual recognition as the great law of the western hemisphere, and there is no nation now that would dare violate it. If, as an American in high authority has recently pointed out, we may have to fight for it some day, there would be no other cause, short of resisting an invasion of our own land by a foreign foe, that would call forth the hearty support of every American. The Monroe doctrine is a fixture, and the time when it could have been placed aside has passed.

* * *

A National Highway—

One of the most important factors in the upbuilding of a commonwealth is the condition of its highways. If they are good, intercourse between different sections is made easy, trade is facilitated, time is saved, and an impetus is given towards producing flourishing conditions. These facts have been appreciated by nations from almost time immemorial. The Roman empire was great, partly, at least, because of the high standard of its roads, and "all roads high standard of its roads, and "all roads led to Rome." Without these Rome sible. They gave the empire continuity, brought the people into contact, and while the railroads that cross our country like net work have accomplished the same thing for us, we have underestimated, during the past, the good that would accrue to the nation by having its highways in the best possible condition. The tremendous activity in railroad construction during the latter part of this century accounts for this state of affairs, and a reaction was inevitable. The reaction in favor of good roads is brought about through the demands created by bicycles and automobiles, and through the fact that railroad construction in this country has reached its limit. The next

fifty years should, therefore, see a national movement for better roads that will culminate in highways as perfect and extensive as our railroads are today. The beginnings of the movement of this kind can be traced back to the early days, when a national highway was commenced, but discontinued when the feasibility of steam for transportation purposes was demonstrated. The automobile clubs have taken up the movement again with renewed energy, and an effort will

be made to secure an appropriation from congress for the purpose. The route proposed is from New York to San Francisco, and as long as our National treasury is at present over-burdened with funds there is no good reason why the work should be delayed. Like the Nicaragua canal and a cable across the Pacific, a national highway is inevitable. Why, then, should not this generation reap the advantages which the consummation of such projects will bring about.

The Sea Shell's Story.

A sea shell swept upon the sand
With magic power seemed to hold me;
I lifted it with shrinking hand,
And this, the quaint, sad tale it told me.

The Story.

Alone they stand by the darkening sea,
Which the fond wind woos with singing;
He whispers, "When shall the glad time be
When our marriage bells are ringing?"

The light-house lantern sends a glare
The night's thick cloak to sever;
She twines a red rose in her hair,
And coldly answers "Never."

"You cannot mean that word," he cries,
His lips with anguish paling;
The wind across the harbor dies
With hushed and hopeless wailing.

She turns away with toss of curls,
Nor heeds him calling after;
A gull in sudden flight upwhirls,
With shrieks like elfin laughter.

For days the little couquette waits
To hear her lover's pleading;
But far outside the Golden Gates
With his good ship he's speeding.

Away beyond the shore-line dim,
Where angry waters thunder
He sees the mermaids beckon him,
From forty fathoms under.

A little lassie on the sands
From morn 'til ev'ning loiters ;
And oft she reaches longing hands
Across the sparkling waters.

A storm at sea, a ship is wrecked;
And 'neath the wild waves' beating
A sea maid, for her bridal decked,
Her pale bridegroom is greeting.

Still, by the sea, one lingers late;
The years her bright face paling;
But never thro' the Golden Gate,
His ship again comes sailing.

Adonen.

Men and Women

IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?

By *HON. GEO. H. WILLIAMS.*

This is the greatest of all questions. Much has been said and written upon this subject, but the writings generally are so metaphysical and so full of technical and scientific terms that comparatively few, not scholars, can comprehend the theories or thoughts they are intended to advance. I must, of necessity, be concise in this paper, but I shall try to make my views clear so that, if not accepted, they shall at least be understood.

All discoveries, experiments and inventions in the scientific world tend to prove the proposition of St. Paul that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Science has demonstrated the fact that solids and liquids—things which are seen—may be converted by chemical processes into things which are not seen. When wood is consumed or water evaporated nothing is destroyed, but by cohesions the visible is simply changed into the invisible.

All things living which are seen, must, by the law of their being, cease to exist in visible form, but they are not thereby annihilated. They are simply disembodied by death, and go back into the unseen elements of which they were composed. These unseen elements may enter into and become the constituents of other visible forms, and so the change goes on, from the visible to the invisible and from the invisible to the visible, with never-ending succession and variety.

St. Paul was writing about spiritual things when he wrote what I have quoted above, and it is evident that the uppermost thought in his mind was that God and His attributes are eternal. We are told that God is a spirit, which to our human comprehension means an invisible being, or a being without a visible body, and we know, as a matter of fact, that no one in this world has ever seen

or can see God.

Whatever else may be thought or said upon the subject, it must be admitted, and is an indisputable fact, that all people of all ages and all countries, have recognized the existence of a superhuman power. This is not proof conclusive, but it is cogent and convincing evidence that such a power exists. Some persons, calling themselves Agnostics, say that they do not know that there is a God, and therefore have no belief upon the subject. Every intelligent person knows, whatever he may profess, that the universe is governed by an invisible power or force, from the law of gravitation that holds the planets in their orbits to the law that produces life in a blade of grass. Herbert Spencer says that of one thing there is an absolute certainty, and that is, "We are ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed."

To speak of this as Nature, or the laws of Nature, is only to reject one name and to adopt another. The question is, does such a power exist, and if it does it is just as easy and just as reasonable to call it God as to give it any other name. Whoever observes the order and harmony of the universe, and reasons upon the subject, must reason himself into a conviction that they show intelligence and power. There is no more difficulty in such reasoning than there is in reasoning from the existence of a steamship to the existence of a builder.

We are accustomed to say that the finite mind cannot comprehend the infinite, but this is only true in a limited sense. We cannot comprehend infinite space, but we can comprehend the immense distances between the bodies of the planetary world, and astronomy is constantly adding to our knowledge upon this subject. Whether the human

mind is finite or not depends upon the meaning we attach to the word finite. There is no fixed limitation upon the expansion of the human mind in this world, to say nothing of another. Every new acquisition of knowledge, especially of things invisible, is a step in the direction of the infinite. We are constantly learning more and more of the things which are not seen, and no one can tell when this will stop, if it ever stops. I cannot differentiate life, mind, soul, or spirit from each other, but subject to the limitations of animal nature, it seems to me they must be considered as a unity—the one invisible, spiritual and eternal man. That there is both a physical or material world and an invisible or spiritual world, admits of no doubt. We do not know what is in the spiritual world as we know what is in the physical world, but the revelations of science and the teachings of human observation and experience constitute premises from which we may argue with reasonable certainty as to results.

This is only applying to spiritual things what we apply every day to the practical affairs of life. We accept as true a thousand things which are only inferentially or argumentatively true. No man knows that he will be alive tomorrow, but from existing conditions he argues that he will, and acts upon this conclusion with as much confidence as though he had actual knowledge of the fact. No one has seen or can see the law of gravitation any more than he can see the Supreme being, but the belief in this law is universal and its existence is demonstrated by argument from other facts. Take the nebular hypothesis which is, that when the earth was without form and void it existed in an ultra gaseous state. This theory, which I understand is now quite generally accepted by scientists and which relates to conditions millions of years ago, is nothing more than an argumentative conclusion, based chiefly upon observations made by Herschel since he propounded the theory in 1811. Illustrations of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely. I refer to the foregoing to make this point—that it is just as logical and just as reasonable to establish conditions in the spiritual

world by argument or reasoning as it is to establish in the same way any fact or condition within the realm of human knowledge or belief.

Assuming that matter is indestructible, as all scientists admit, or in other words, the invisible elements of which it is composed are indestructible, is it not perfectly logical to argue that life is indestructible? We cannot see life any more than we can see electricity, but we can see physical objects animated by life. Manifestly life emanates from the same source from which all other unseen and eternal things emanate. There seems to be no good reason why one affluence of the Deity should be everlasting and not another. When a tree or an animal dies its life loses its identity in the great storehouse of life, just as a drop of water loses its identity when it falls into the ocean. Its individuality is gone, but its existence is not destroyed.

How, then, is it with the life of man? Has man a conscious, individual existence beyond the grave? This is not an easy question to answer outside of revelation. Men and the lower animals have so many things in common that it is argued, with some force, that the difference between them is one of degree and not of kind. This argument, however, is unsatisfactory in many particulars. Everybody knows that there is a manifest difference between man and the brute creation. This fact is so self-evident that it may be taken without discussion as the basis of an argument.

The question, then, is, what is the difference, and from what source or cause does it proceed? I believe it to be reasonably certain without reference to Bible authority, that the difference is this: Man has a spiritual life or body not possessed by the lower order of animals. I submit, in support of this proposition the almost universal conviction of mankind that such is the fact. Buddha, Plato, Jesus and Mahomet taught, and their followers hold to, this doctrine, and even the untutored savage has an idea of an after life in his happy hunting grounds. Nobody will claim, I presume, that beasts, birds and fishes have any such consciousness. How did this idea originate if there is nothing in the universe to cor-

respond with it? Every other aspiration of human nature implies the possibility of its attainment. Man's capacity to comprehend and reason upon abstract propositions is a fact of great weight in this connection. Bacon, Newton, and Shakespeare had something in them which all men have to a certain extent, but which the beasts of the field do not have. This is a difference of kind and not of degree. Religion of some sort is a universal characteristic of man. There are no degrees of difference between men and animals in this respect. The difference is radical and absolute. Self-knowledge alone is sufficient to show that man is something more than an animal. No man can divest himself of the conviction that he has something in him more independent, more intelligent and more enduring than mere animal instinct. There are two theories extant as to the origin of spiritual being. One is that it was imparted by the giver of all life, and the other is that it is an emanation from the animal through the process of evolution. I believe in evolution to a certain extent, but I do not believe that life was evolved from inert matter. I do not believe that a stick or a straw can of itself generate life. Darwin, the great apostle of evolution, was forced to admit that life was imparted by the "Great First Cause" to a filament of matter and upon this primary fact he constructs his whole system of evolution. Assuming this to be true, and I have no doubt that life was imparted and not evolved, I hold that when man appeared upon the earth by direct creation or otherwise, the Great First Cause imparted to him spiritual life, and this is what makes man man and differentiates him from the brute creation. I claim that it is just as reasonable and just as logical to argue that God imparted spiritual life to an animal as it is to argue that God imparted life to inanimate matter. Some one may ask here, what about those people whose lives are but little above the animals? My answer is this: Take a juvenile savage, no matter how wild he may be, place him in good society and under educational influences and he can be taught at least the rudiments of science and re-

ligion, and the principles of morality and justice, and may develop a high degree of mental and spiritual intelligence. No animal is susceptible of this, and I say that this proves not only that man is more than any animal, but that in every human being there is a germ of spiritual life which, under nutritious surroundings, may be expanded into the highest attributes of human nature. We know from experience that we have two kinds of life within us.

Every man, or at least every civilized man, knows that when he is tempted to do an act of cruelty or injustice there is something in him that antagonizes the temptation and remonstrates against the act. This is the spiritual man performing his legitimate functions. I know that this spiritual man may be dwarfed into a flickering existence by neglect and a long course of animal indulgence. Nevertheless, he is a natural enemy of the licentious and grovelling propensities of animal life and cannot, as it seems to me, be the outgrowth or offspring of these propensities.

If it is true that "the spirit lusteth against the flesh and the flesh against the spirit," and we know that it is, it is hard to believe that these enemies of each other are of common origin. Do all the virtues and all the vices of mankind spring from the same source? Do men gather figs from thistles, or grapes from thorns?

Assuming that God, or the Great First Cause, imparted spiritual to animal life, it cannot be supposed that this procedure in the Divine economy was without a purpose. Animals were intended to be inhabitants of the material world and spiritual beings to be inhabitants of the spiritual world. If a man dies as the beast of the field dies, the bestowment of a spiritual nature upon him would seem to have been a useless and purposeless act. Individuality is the law of life in the material world, and it must be the law of life in the spiritual world. I accept the teachings of the Scriptures upon this subject, but independent of these I hold that there is enough within human knowledge and human experience to justify the conclusion that

If a man dies, he shall live again.

The Home

LIVING ON \$25.00 A WEEK. (Concluded.)

The more I pondered the assertion made by Narcisse to the effect that no young man could afford to marry upon a salary of \$25.00 a week, the more firmly convinced I became that he was laboring under a delusion. And the determination grew upon me to prove to him, beyond all doubt and question, that no young man of the right sort, whose income amounted to that very modest sum, could afford to remain single, providing, of course, he could find the ideal of his dreams.

There is no use arguing the question with Narcisse. Though of a most rare and lovable nature, he will persist in usurping the time-honored prerogative of woman, the last word, I usually let him have it without protest, thereby saving breath and patience. One charming thing about him, however, is the readiness with which he yields when confronted with facts, recognizing their stubbornness, probably. Obviously, the thing to do was to find the facts that would prove my position, and present them.

I knew very well that there were numbers of people of culture and refinement, whose daily lives were a happy refutation of Narcisse's idea, and I meant to discover them. It was not difficult when I took the time and went about it seriously. Indeed, the evidence was so overwhelmingly in my favor that I began to be rather sorry for Narcisse. But it was so clearly a duty to society to give an unprejudiced statement of the facts in the case, that I must not allow my sympathy to bar their publicity. In the first place, then, not to go away from home, there are the Van Klyes—I call them that because their name is something else. The Van Klyes are young, they are married, and they live, not board, upon an income of seventy-five dollars a month, which is something less per week than the amount mentioned by

Narcisse, and this is how they do it.

To begin with, they are people of refined tastes, accustomed, up to the time they left their respective parental roof-trees, to a mild degree of luxury. They were, according to their own confession, sufficiently in love with each other to disregard the advice of friends and relatives, who dismally declared, individually, and in chorus, that the step involved social suicide.

"We were not particularly interested in society just then," admitted my young hostess, with a charming smile, and a faint deepening of the rose in her cheek. "But we had no intention of being forgotten by our friends, or of giving up anything we really cared about keeping. And in spite of the fact that everybody regarded us as a pair of heedless, headstrong idiots, we gave our future very serious consideration. Jack knew that it meant the relinquishing of many of his luxurious habits, for he had never looked upon his salary as means of defraying his expenses while under his father's roof, and he rather doubted whether two people would be able to exist upon far less than either of them spent singly, per month, for clothes. He even suggested waiting till he had his salary raised. But I—I suppose I was born with the housewife's instinct largely predominant. I simply love to keep house. My mother was always a sensible woman, who insisted upon her daughters learning how to cook and sew and sweep. I took to it all so naturally that my sisters used to say I ought to marry a poor man and do my own washing. Yet," she looked up smiling, "do you know, when I wanted really to do it they all lifted their hands in horror. Inconsistent, was it not?"

"But tell me," I said, glancing about the tastefully furnished, low-ceiled room, "how do you manage all this on \$75 a month?"

"Oh, that is simple enough. Any girl could do it if she tried, and I know ever so many who would like to try, but—"

"But, what?"

"Well, you see, there are not many young men like Jack. Most of them want to begin where their fathers leave off."

"I have heard that statement made from the other side, but go on, please."

"Oh, I was going to tell you how we managed, but you musn't write anything that will lead people to identify us. In the first place, this house belongs to Jack's uncle. It was an old, tumble down sort of place, but the neighborhood is not desirable and the rent low. So we leased it for three years with the privilege of buying if we could ever afford it. When Jack's uncle saw what an untenable place it was he said we could have it rent free for a year providing we succeeded in making it habitable, or he would put it in order and let us have it for \$7 per month. We decided upon the latter, when we found he would make any changes we wanted within a certain limit. There are only six rooms, you see, not counting the bath and pantry and closets. There were originally two more, but we had the partitions torn out, giving us a wide hall with the fire place at the end—really the pleasantest of all. We both have legions of relations and they were sensible enough, knowing the situation, to select the wedding presents with a view to our needs. I received household linen, blankets, bedding and so on, enough to last a life time, and Jack's uncle looked after the china closet. My father gave me a check, and I had something left over with which to start a bank account when the house was furnished. I am almost ashamed to tell you how little it all came to, but you can judge for yourself whether I sacrificed taste and comfort to economy. Of course, I have a gas range. No kitchen is complete without one. The ordinary cook stove is a tyrant which no self-respecting woman, whether mistress or maid, ought to submit to. Besides a gas range saves the price of a servant."

"Surely," I exclaimed, "you do not do all your own work."

"No," she replied, "though I could easily, if it were necessary. I have a woman who comes in every day for a while. She prepares and serves the dinner, does the laundry work, washes the windows and floors, and makes herself generally useful."

Here are January's bills. As it is a fair average, I will read it to you. First, there is the rent, \$7. Have you got that down? Very well, then:—

Rent	\$7 00
Help	8 00
Wood, for furnace and fire- place	4 00
Water tax	1 75
Light	1 50
Gas for range	2 00
Milk	1 50
Cream	1 75
Butter	1 30
Bread	1 00
Butcher's bill	2 50
Sugar	1 50
Salt	15
Olive Oil	85
Taragon vinegar	35
Cereals	25
Coffee	50
Tea	35
Chocolate	35
Vegetables	1 50
Fruit	3 00
Confections	1 25
Soap	25
Pearline and ammonia	20
Wood alcohol for chafing dish	40
Cornstarch	15
Laundry	1 25

Total.....\$44 60

"You see, there is something left over for theaters, and concerts, car fare and church contribution," she said, when I had counted it up. "Jack will need a new suit in the spring, but I shall manage to get along this year with what I have."

"You are not able to add anything to that bank account," I said.

She smiled. "A penny now and then. But I assure you, we could live very nicely on much less than we are in the habit of spending. It is all a matter of habit, you know."

Perhaps she was right. Anyway, I think that I have evidence enough to convince Narcisse that he, or any young man in his very exclusive and aristocratic set, may safely marry on an income of \$25 a week, providing the girl of his choice knows how to keep house.

Books

CONDUCTED BY DAVIS PARKER LEACH.

THE SON OF THE WOLF.

By Jack London.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

There is always a strange fascination in tales of the Arctic zone—of the desolation and immensity of its frozen fields, its grandeur, its mysteries and its horrors. The spell of the wonderful north-land, so vividly set forth by Joaquin Miller and Hamlin Garland, was upon the author when he wrote these nine stories of the Yukon and Northwest Territory.

Mr. London has been by some compared to Kipling. This is a manifest injustice, for, young as he is, he has never been accused of anything so atrocious as "The Absent-Minded Beggar." He is above all things original, *sui generis*, with a terse, vigorous style combines realism and romance in a most effective manner and condenses worlds of meaning into a few sentences.

Fresh from the University of California, he joined the great army of Argonauts who in 1897 invaded the icy wastes of the North in search of the Golden Fleece and in these powerful sketches he has given the world thrilling glimpses of the comedy, tragedy and romance of that far-away land, as seen by him. His description of the "White Silence" is an example of the rare genius of his word-painting: "Nature has many tricks wherewith she convinces man of his finity—the ceaseless flow of the tides, the fury of the storm, the shock of the earthquake, the long roll of heaven's artillery—but the most tremendous, the most stupifying of all, is the passive phase of the White Silence. All movement ceases, the sky clears, the heavens are as brass; the slightest whisper seems sacrilege and man becomes timid, affrighted at the sound of his own voice. Sole speck of life journeying across ghostly wastes of a dead world, he trembles at his audacity, realizes that his is a mag-

got's life, nothing more. Strange thoughts arise unsummoned and the mystery of all things strives for utterance. And the fear of death, of God, of the universe comes over him—the hope of the Resurrection and the Life, the yearning for immortality, the vain striving of the imprisoned essence—it is then, if ever, man walks alone with God."

It is said that the author has used real people as the material for the romances, and that Malemute Kid, Bettles, Lou McFane, Father Roubean and others are well known along the Yukon.

One's previous impression of the Indian of the North will undergo a decided change, and instead of the stolid, phlegmatic savage usually described, here he is shown to be capable of heroism, loyalty, enduring and romantic affection. This phase of his character is especially brought out in "The Odyssey of the North," which is perhaps the strongest of the sketches, although the gruesome tragedy, "In a Far Country," is the most horrible recital since Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of His Natural Life," published about a quarter of a century ago.

* * *

MYTHOLOGY FOR MODERNS.

By James S. Metcalfe.
Life Publishing Co., N. Y.

If the man is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, then he who brings a laugh where none existed must be classed as a philanthropist. To this latter class belongs James Stetson Metcalfe, and his "Mythology for Moderns" will banish gloom from even the sick-chamber if not taken in too large doses. Few there are who can render the classics into modern, slangy speech, and since Eugene Field one almost resents the attempt as something like sacrilege. The author has shown rare skill in the adaptation, how-

ever, and the myths are told but little changed from the original, except as to the locality and language. The wit is subtle and often brilliant, and, with the exception of an occasional lapse into coarseness, Mr. Metcalfe is very entertaining. This quotation from "Echo and Narcissus" gives one an idea of the author's style: "Poor Echo wandered through the hills day after day and night after night, her only companion the wild beasts and men who were engaged in painting 'S. T.—1860—X' in conspicuous and inaccessible places. She became as thin as the civil-service reform promises of the Republican party, and at last faded away entirely, so that there was nothing left of her but voice. She should not, on this account, be confounded with Colonel W. J. Bryan, who is afflicted in the same way. Echo still lives, and today she may be heard among the hills, if any one calls her. Ever true to her sex, she always gets in the last word."

Humor is often used to illustrate facts or history, and has been found effective. It is an old joke about the boy who could not remember his Sunday school lesson, but had no trouble in repeating page after page of "Mother Goose." Even adults might forget that in common law it was not permissible to try a man twice for the same offense, but when one reads in the "Comic Blackstone" that it would not be right to hang a man the second time for the same crime, it becomes firmly fixed in his memory.

The book is artistically illustrated in the classical style by Gibson, "Chip," Herford, Johnson and others.

* * *

THE GREATEST GIFT.

By A. W. Marchmont.
F. M. Buckles & Co., New York.

The author has opened the story with a startling tragedy, and having set the pace feels bound to keep it up until near the finish. There are a succession of events of such intensity of interest that one's breath is almost taken away in trying to keep up with them.

The plot rests upon the dutiful obedience of the heroine, who, from a sense of gratitude to her uncle is about to marry her cousin, a being deformed in

body and mind, and but for his infirmity and helplessness would incite one to almost hope for his "elimination." How Mr. Marchmont solves the difficult problems presented in his volume of nearly four hundred and fifty pages, is best found out by the reading of it, where the patient or impatient reader will find enough plot and incident to keep him occupied until the end is reached.

There is a sudden letting-down of the author's high-strung diction toward the close and one wishes he had written like this all through. Some passages of the book show careful workmanship and skill, but on the whole it is too hurried and over-drawn, reminding one of a mixture of Bertha M. Clay and Archibald C. Gunter. This defect in style is due not so much to the lack of ability as it is to Mr. Marchmont's estimate of what the reading public demands. He may have had in his mind, however, the singer in one of Hood's poems, who, when remonstrated with for raising the roof and the neighborhood with his stentorian voice, retorted that he was "singing for the million."

* * *

SOME PEOPLE WE MEET.

By Charles F. Rideal.
The Abbey Press, New York.

The tendency of the American publishers of today is toward attractive and artistic bookbindings, and this little book from the new firm named above is a gem in the way of elegance, with its heavy calendered paper, clear-cut type and fine illustrations.

The author, who, by the way, is one of the firm as well, has here given us some character sketches of the "great metropolis" which will be recognized as very true to life and not exaggerated in the least. "The Saleslady," "The Man 'Wot' Golfs," "Mr. Levi Vindermenderheimer" and "Mrs. Whirlinggay Whiz," are brought vividly before us and one has the impression that these types can be found nearer home than New York; perhaps a little modified by climate and environment, but essentially the same.

Miss Jessie A. Walker has furnished the drawings, which are admirable.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

THE WHEEL OF PROGRESS.

If the phenomenal speed of the wheel of progress increases as it has in the recent past, the revolutionary forces at work must needs, ere long, have made their power felt through every nerve fibre of every institution. And dizzy as the speed is, problematic as is its outcome to our race, we can but welcome it from whatever standpoint we are disposed to view it. The speed of progress, however, has not been one of general harmony so far. Its vantage ground it has evidently found to be in the field of scientific discovery and of practical inventions, while in sociology and in a general application of scientific truths it is yet comparatively sadly in the rear. The wheel of progress has yet many a turn to make before the last powers of darkness have been made to yield up their strongholds, and light and truth and right have been lifted to the throne-seat of universal reign. Let progress hasten on its winged mission, then, for it is a mission of mercy and of justice in the end.

From the shores where heavy fetters compelled their feet to walk in the narrow grooves of unjust laws and foolish customs, those of independent spirit fled to seek a place of refuge beneath the friendly outstretched wings of the American Eagle, and they sought it not in vain, all but in one thing. For also here, in this beloved land of freedom, traces of despotism are sometimes found. There is one phase of our social life that, perhaps, more conspicuously than any other, bears the semblance of the "Old World" despotism, and on its sinister, ignoble brow displays the mark of "old time" ignorance more glaringly than any other. This ugly

blemish on the fair face of liberty is compulsory vaccination.

The little vicious point with virus on it followed the strangers who fled to our gates for refuge from the bondage of their native lands, followed them on board the steamer and across the sea, on board the cars and every where they went like a menacing shadow of the evils they left behind. If this is not a trace of despotism, nay more, an ignoble brand of slavery that tyranny is forcing on free men, what is it? If the welfare of the commonwealth avowedly demanded such a sacrifice as this of individual conscience and liberty the situation would wear a less grotesque appearance. But so far from there being a rationally demonstrated necessity for the legal enforcement of this strange rite, the fact in the case is that authorities have differed from the first till now as to whether vaccination is, indeed, a boon to mankind, or whether it is not rather one of the greatest curses inflicted on our race in modern times.

After a century of heated controversy on this point, the bone of contention is present with us still. The black cloud of doubt is hanging yet over the practice of vaccination and the questioning minority of mankind that always refuses to accept as truth anything so long as it is not proved beyond a doubt, has rallied its forces against this practice, convinced from diligent research in the disputed field of the pernicious nature of it, and their avowed purpose is to rout it, root and branch, from our land. It is an earnest and strong minority, adding to its forces men of scientific standing and physicians of honest names and able brains everywhere its bugles blow. It

is not likely to stop its fire until the day is won, and the little vicious point with virus on it has been brought into general contempt and relegated to the region of oblivion to keep company with its kin and predecessor, the pernicious practice of small-pox inoculation.

Inoculation of small-pox virus, previous to vaccination, was brought from Turkey by Lady Worthley Montagu, in 1721. But after this inoculation became the fashion, the ravages of small-pox increased, often showing great virulence. For nearly a century and a half this practice flourished in spite of its disastrous effects, until in 1840 it was made a penal offence to practice it in England. In 1798, Jenner invented vaccination as a substitute for inoculation with small-pox. He made great claims for it, and won royalty and nobility for his supporters. That settled it in England. In spite of the medical profession, with whom Dr. Jenner did not stand particularly high, vaccination became an established practice. In gratifications of the king's wish Jenner was awarded £30,000 out of the public purse for his invention. In this wise was the birth of the practice of vaccination—despotic monarchy was its god-father and an over-awed scared-into-acquiescence medical profession stood sponsor as god-mother to the babe.

For seventy-five years or so the arm-to-arm vaccination was the mode of operation commonly in vogue until the outcry against it became so great that at last it was practically discarded and bovine virus, as a rule, made to take its place. It is to get rid of this last phase of this unspeakable abomination that the fortresses of vaccination are now assailed with heavy fires all along the line of battle.

Virus is animal corruption. It is broken-down tissue—pus. When pus has entered into the stage of putrefaction it becomes the most deadly of poisons. To poison their arrows, the savages used to thrust them into dead bodies and the least scratch with such an arrow was sure death. If the vaccine virus was not taken from the cow before it reached the putrid stage, it would produce wholesale and immediate

slaughter of those who are subjected to its inoculation. "Pharmaceutical Notes" says: "Vaccine virus is a most delicate and perishable product—in warm weather it deteriorates very fast." That is, it becomes putrid, and, as such, poisonous in the extreme. Jenner declared that in order to be a prevention for small-pox, cow-pox had to be horse-grease cow-pox; that is, the virus with which the cow, from which the vaccine virus was obtained, was inoculated, had to be virus taken from the corrupt exudations of sore horse heels. "Grease" of "farcy" in the horse is in the nature of mange, and is allied to "glanders." Glanders is a filthy, contagious disease of the mucous membranes of the horse, and is of a scrofulous character. Horse grease sores on the cow is called cow-pox, from their allied appearance to the classical pox in man, and the sores and general symptoms in man, when he takes the disease direct from this first source, bears so strong a resemblance to those of the pox proper that even the ablest specialists have found it all but impossible to distinguish between the two. It is proven conclusively that the bovine race does not have pox except the disease be inoculated in them from a foreign source. Virus obtained from calves inoculated with small-pox virus is liable to start epidemic outbreaks of genuine small-pox—has been known to do so. Virus *a la* the horse-grease route, is liable to cause epidemic outbreaks of zymotic diseases of the most loathsome and horrible character—often does so. Swine-pox cow-pox, sheep-pox cow-pox and different other pox cow-pox have been tried in the search for some kind of pox that would surely prevent small-pox in man and do him as little harm as possible alongside of the preventive. Whence the first source of this virus that comes from the cow at present no one has been able to discover. It is a secret with those who produce it.

Tuberculosis is a scrofulous manifestation. Cows have it frequently. Before a calf is chosen for the use of producing vaccine virus, it is subjected to the tuberculin test. That is done to prove whether it has tuberculosis or not. If it does not have it before the test, it is

bound to have it after, for the tuberculin test consists in implanting into a living animal system the germ of tuberculosis. Thus vaccine virus is a mixture of scrofula from various animal sources when it is not something worse. Vaccine virus is preserved in glycerin and glycerin is a highly poisonous and detrimental article in itself when inoculated into the animal system.

It is supposed that when people have been made duly sick with the inoculation of this compound poison and corruption, and properly dented with the scars of the sores it makes, then they are immune from small-pox, but a careful survey of the statistics in the aggregate convey a very different impression. Thus there were more small-pox in England in 1860 than in 1850, and more in 1870 than in 1860. In 1863, 1864 and 1865, after compulsory vaccination had been introduced, England, France, Germany and Sweden suffered from small-pox to an unusual extent. In Upper Bavaria 1346 persons had the disease in its malignant form, 90 per cent of whom had been vaccinated. In the great small-pox epidemic of 1871-72, the same phenomena prevailed of the small-pox's evident preference for vaccinated people—to prey on them. It often attacks them first when it visits a place and handles them the roughest. You can prove this for yourself by a moderate amount of unbiased investigation. There is not space in the present article to enlarge upon any particular phase of the question.

The Great Creator made man of a higher order than any created being below the heavens. But man, always busy seeking out inventions for his own de-

struction, and not content to lower the standard of his superiority by mixing his life-blood with the blood of created orders lower than his own, must needs vilify himself to the extent of impairing his bodily integrity by inoculating into his veins the decayed tissues of diseased beasts. For shame on such indignity! It is nothing short of a beastly blot on our humanity. Therefore, let the wheel of progress swiftly turn, let the forgotten and obscured light of the infinitely wise hygienic laws of Leviticus be focussed on this masterpiece of medical and social nonsense to show its ignoble visage and to teach us how to escape the ravages of a disease of a zymotic character, at least. It is a genuine marvel that a practice with such a history as vaccination has, has been able to survive the numerous and bitter assaults that those who saw its fallacy have directed against it for so many decades of time. In order to understand such a measure of vitality in a false principle it is necessary to remember that

"Faith, fanatic faith once wedded fast,
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

As a matter of fact, when custom once has lent authority to a practice, be that practice what it may, it is almost impossible to get rid of it again. It matters not what the field of its propagation is, or how ridiculous or how mischievous an error it may be, it is there to stay, unless vigorous and tireless warfare is waged against it to the bitter end by those who know its real value.

For references, see Dr. Crookshank's, Dr. Creighton's, Dr. G. W. Winterburn's, Dr. Alexander Wilder's works on vaccination, and the works of many others besides them.

Thought.

We breathe into the Universal Ear,
When e'er we think, or utter speech,
Who hears our thoughts we may not know,
Or gauge its bounds, or utmost reach.

Thought spans the ages, knows no bar;
And reaches those to whom 'tis kin,
Who, hearing it with reverence whisper,
"A heavenly voice that speaks within."

Thought is spirit, words its symbols,
Impotent to express the whole—
'Tis the inner ear that listens
To the language of the soul.

Oh, mighty power of human thought,
Embracing time, and distance far—
Truly we are the "Sons of God,"
We know not how divine we are.

Delphine Johnson.

The Idler

A DEPARTMENT OF MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHAT.

M. Rostand's new play, "L' Aiglon," is pronounced by the dramatic critics in Paris to be one of the greatest ever produced by a Frenchman, equal to, if not surpassing, in power and passion the wonderful "Cyrano de Bergerac." That was an interesting moment just before the curtain went up at Sara Bernhardt's theater on the evening of the first presentation of "L' Aiglon." Every celebrity in France was there, but not one in all that critical audience had the faintest notion of what the play was to be, so carefully and well had the author guarded the secret of its construction. And never in the history of theatrical productions was there such an eager interest manifested by a mystified and expectant public. "L' Aiglon," poor little King of Rome, the pity and the sport of Europe, not in all his brief and weary life did he receive a tithe of the attention and applause that greeted the great Sarah's presentation of Rostand's ideal—Duc de Reichstadt.

* * *

Edmond Rostand is just thirty-one years of age. Honors come to some men early, and he is so young that the world may well regard

"That which he has done, but earnest of the things he shall do."

* * *

Maude Adams is to appear in a new comedy written for her by Barrie. Speaking of Barrie recalls a remark made by a brilliantly clever man recently, to the effect that Barrie would die of softening of the brain sometime.

"Oh; do you really think so?" I exclaimed in surprise. "I do," he replied. "I regard 'Sentimental Tommie' as the first symptom of the disease."

Maude Adams, by the way, is bidding farewell to large and reluctant audiences, as "Babbie" in "The Little Minister."

* * *

Seigfried Wagner, who recently achieved a musical victory in Paris, that

light-minded, pleasure-loving city that would, a few years since, have nothing to do with his father, has announced his intention of coming to America in the near future. Seigfried, the son of the great Wagner, is said by those who are competent to pass an opinion, to be "a musician more by the grace of perseverance than that of heaven." It is also predicted that he will become an orchestral conductor who will rank with the greatest of his time. His success is really surprising when one remembers that he has had but five years of study in music.

* * *

Calve has given out that she will never again sing in America, and Mr. Grau is wondering where he will find another "Carmen" and another "Marguerite." After Emma Calve who is there among the operatic stars who would not seem lacking? This greatest of lyric actresses, who is a daughter of the people, is adored by the children of the village near her chateau where she spends her summers. She confesses to a fondness for cats, and considers them the most independent of created things. Calve does not care for jewels. Diamonds do not tempt her. The perfume of the wild verbenia clings to all her belongings, but carnations are her favorite flowers.

* * *

Bostonians have at last made up their minds to part with their long-loved Music Hall, and the last Symphony concert has been given there.

* * *

What Is Life?

A dream in the darkness of night ;
A look to a fanciful shore ;
A wave from eternity's tide;
Behold, and the dream is no more.

A ship on the river of time,
Bent upward against the swift flow,
But downward it floats with the tide,
To sink in the ocean below.

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Andrew Fransen.

The Month

In Politics—

The Spectator does not hesitate to criticise the speech made by the Minister of Commerce, M. Millerand, at the opening of the Paris Exposition, and accuses him of making assertions that are "not even rhetorically true." It is more kindly disposed toward M. Loubet, who is characterized as "being a man with eyes."

* * *

In the dispute between the American government and the Sultan of Turkey, concerning the satisfying of the Armenian claims, it is generally conceded by the English press that the money will be paid to the last penny, because the Sultan has read of the Spanish war, and furthermore, he is afraid of any shot fired on the Asiatic coast being "heard in Mecca."

* * *

The amicable feeling between France and Russia is strongly in evidence at the Paris Exposition.

* * *

The Nation, speaking of General Harrison's address at the Ecumenical Missionary Council last month, says: "Such plain speech is possible only in the case of a man who has won his liberty at the great price of having been President, and having ceased to be a candidate for re-election." Among other things the ex-President made some statesmanlike suggestions regarding an international agreement restricting the liquor traffic, which the Nation declares no man would dare to utter were he President, or a candidate for the Presidency:

* * *

"The report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections in the case of Senator Clark, of Montana," says the Nation, "is an overwhelming indictment of the methods by which he obtained his election. No charges of direct bribery

were made against him, none were needed. His agents were guilty of bribery and of attempts to bribe, and Mr. Clark is responsible for their acts, whether he was personally cognizant of them or not."

* * *

In spite of the resolution on the subject of America's Eastern possessions, to the effect that "The insurrection in the Philippine Islands has been overcome," which resolution was adopted by the Republican state convention in New York a week since, the press dispatches continue to report fighting and bloodshed in Luzon.

* * *

The House has passed a resolution favoring the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people.

In Science—

In the 1000-mile trial trip of the automobiles which started from Hyde Park, London, under the auspices of the Automobile Club, 75 vehicles were entered. The journey was not a trial of speed, but a test of the "utility and endurance of the vehicles."

* * *

The telephone has invaded Egypt, and a company, with headquarters at Cairo, has branches in Alexandria, Port Said and other towns. No women are employed, and the men who take their places must be able to speak English, French, Italian, Arabic and modern Greek.

* * *

The discovery of a new planet, a small one, by Herr Schwassmann, at Heidelberg, was announced last month.

* * *

The meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held at the Columbian University in Washington in April and among other interesting business transacted was the awarding of the Barnard medal to William Conrad Roentgen

for his discovery of the X-rays. This medal is given only once in every five years, and always to him who has made "the most important contribution to physical science during that period."

* * *

Dr. Agassiz offers to give five thousand dollars to the National Academy of Sciences as the "beginning of a building fund" to be used in erecting a home for the society in Washington.

* * *

It is a scientifically demonstrated fact that butter, packed in glass boxes, hermetically sealed and placed in a thin layer of plaster of paris, is not effected by heat, atmospheric changes, or the lapse of time. The cost of packing for shipment in this fashion is not more than two cents per pound.

In Literature—

Theodore Thomas has announced his decision to will to the Newberry Library in Chicago his collection of music. He has made provision that the library shall have the scores now in his home and the complete musical programmes which mark the milestones in the history of music in the United States for the last forty-five years.

* * *

Count Leo Tolstoi's new book, the title of which is, "What Is Art?", is attracting much attention. It is to be expected that a man like the great Russian would take a serious view of the subject, and he does. Art to him represents intellectual power and emotion, the highest and truest ideals of the race revealed in form or voiced in music song and story, and must touch the heart and stir the soul to sympathy. He is unsparing in his denunciation of "so-called artists and art patrons." Art must be real and earnest or it is, he contends, a dead and useless thing.

* * *

In Shakespearian Literature, Mr. Samuel Butler has just given to the world a new "exegesis" of the Sonnets. Mr. Butler thinks the Sonnets, most of them, were written in the year 1585. At that time William Shakespeare was but twenty-one years of age. The rest of these fascinating, and ever perplexing poems, he believes, were produced in

the three years following, though there are a few to which he seems unable to assign any definite date. The "Temple" edition of Shakespeare has been recently issued in twelve volumes instead of forty, as originally. The second series of W. H. Fleming's "How to Study Shakespeare" is just out, and includes "As You Like It," "King Lear," "Henry V.," and "Romeo and Juliet." The twelfth volume of the "New Variorum" edition of Shakespeare is now ready for the public.

* * *

Alice Morse Earle, in her "Child Life in Colonial Days" draws pictures that the children of today have only to look upon to be thankful that they were not born a hundred years and more ago. In those days it was considered a sin on the part of the parents to spare the rod. Children were severely punished for the slightest fault.

* * *

"Among the Syringas," is the title of a new book by Mary E. Man, which is to appear in the autumn. It is a tale of English country life, and the heroine is the daughter of a poor clergyman.

* * *

Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Gentleman from Indiana," is being well received in London, where it and stories of its kind are much preferred to the American historical novel.

In Art—

The first of what is to be annual exhibitions of paintings at the Corcoran Art Gallery was held in April. Only the pictures of Washington artists were admitted.

* * *

The critics pronounce the pictures hung this year in the Paris Salon "nothing very extraordinary," and Arsene Alexandre says of them: "Where is a single one that shows that its creator either loves or understands his art?" And yet Constant's work is there, and Jean Paul Lauren's and others of the better known in the world of art.

* * *

American artists are winning honor in London this spring, at the New Gallery and the Royal Academy. Sargent's portraits are attracting attention, and

Shannon's, also. The latter paints, nearly always, beautiful pictures of beautiful women.

In Religious Thought—

Mgr. Francisco Marchetti, who has been appointed auditor to the delegation to succeed Mgr. Donatus Sharretti, is a young man for so important a place, not yet having reached the age of thirty. He is new to America and, it is said, that he cannot speak English.

* * *

The ecumenical council meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, was the most important religious conference ever held by the Protestant Church. Delegates to the number of two thousand, and representing every denomination, coming from every quarter of the globe, conferred together concerning the work of missions and the progress of that work during the past century. It afforded an opportunity for summing up the achievements of the missionary fields everywhere for a whole hundred years. The council was neither legislative nor executive in character. Nevertheless, it was not without practical results. From India, from South Africa, Madagascar, and China and Japan, from the frozen regions of the North, and from the burning tropics, they gathered, those men and women who have given their lives to the fulfilling of the command, to report, to confer, to listen and to learn. Many of the names that appeared upon the programmes are famous the world over. It proved, as was anticipated, to be the greatest and most important event the religious world has ever known.

* * *

There are seven great missionary societies, four in America and three in Great Britain. There are three hundred and forty-three smaller organizations operating in foreign mission fields. The Church Missionary Society of London is the largest single organization of this kind in the world. The next largest is the American Methodist. The other five are the American Presbyterian Board, the London Missionary Society, the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the American Board, Bos-

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ton, and the American Baptist Missionary Union, Boston. But while four of these seven are American, the three British societies have larger annual resources than have the four American ones. Not only so, but two of the British societies are organizations in the Church of England, while all of the four American represent different religious bodies.

Leading Events—

March 24.—The new Carnegie company is incorporated at Trenton with a capital of \$160,000,000.

March 25.—English losses to date are 16,418 killed, wounded, and missing.—Coal famine in Germany.

March 26.—Strength of Boer army is estimated from 15,000 to 30,000 men.—Court of Inquiry on wreck of Charleston exonerates the officers.

March 27.—New Philippine commission holds its first meeting in Washington.—General Joubert dies in Pretoria from peritonitis.—Boers take up aggressive warfare again.

March 28.—Ex-Consul Macrum repeats his charges before house committee that his mail had been tampered with by British officials.

March 29.—Delagoa Bay tribunal announces its award condemning Portugal to pay 15,314,000 francs to British and American claimants.—England dissatisfied with award.

March 30.—Botha succeeds Joubert as commander-in-chief of Boer forces.

March 31.—Kearsarge double turrets prove a success.—Cambridge defeats Oxford in annual boat race.

April 1.—Boers capture convoy and six guns.

April 2.—Wm. H. King is chosen Representative in Congress to the seat from which Roberts, of Utah, was excluded.—Signor Colombo is re-elected President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

April 3.—The Senate passes the Porto Rican tariff bill.—Premier Schreiner is attacked by a mob of English residents at Cape Town.

April 4.—Admiral Dewey announces his willingness to become a candidate for the Presidency.

April 5.—Delegates to the National Democratic convention from Pennsylvania are instructed to vote for Bryan.

April 6.—The Kentucky Court of Appeals sustains the action of the Legislature in the election of Gobel.

April 7.—General Otis is relieved of command in the Philippines. General MacArthur succeeds him.—The dam across the Colorado river near Austin, Texas, is carried away by flood with great loss of life and property.

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April 7.—President McKinley signs an order tending to the Navy Department Dry Tortugas Island, for a fortified naval base.

April 10.—General Buller's forces are attacked at Elands-Laagte, Natal.—The seat of Senator Clark, of Montana, is declared vacant by Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections.

April 11.—President McKinley issues an order consolidating the departments of Havana and Pinar del Rio, Cuba, under command of General Fitzhugh Lee.

April 12.—The President signs the Porto Rican tariff bill, and appoints Charles H. Allen, civil governor of the island.

April 13.—A resolution favoring the constitutional amendment for the popular election of United States Senators is adopted by the house.

April 14.—General Cronje and other Boer prisoners arrive at St. Helena.—Paris Exposition is formally opened.

April 16.—The appeal in the Kentucky governorship contest is filed in the United States Supreme Court.

April 17.—Governor Roosevelt is chosen a delegate to the National Convention by the Republicans of New York.—The British war office criticises General Warren.

April 18.—President McKinley names Frank W. Hackett as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in place of Chas. H. Allen.

April 19.—Cuban census figures are made public at Washington.—A crisis is reached in diplomatic relations between the United States and Turkey because of the latter's failure to pay indemnity for destruction of missionary property.

April 20.—The situation in South Africa practically unchanged. The Boers are still holding their ground.

April 21.—Boers and British are engaged near Elands-Laagte.—Ecumenical conference opens in New York.

April 22.—The Porte replies to American demands, stating that Turkey will pay the indemnity.

April 23.—Boer peace commission not received at Vienna.

April 24.—The British suffered a repulse near Dhaghm Kap.

April 25.—General French takes possession of DeWits Dorp.

April 26.—British are beaten back from Bultfontein.

April 27.—General Roberts reports to war office.—Treaty with Spain ratified by U. S. Senate.

April 28.—Examination of General Merriam continued at the Couer d'Alene investigation.

April 29.—Members of the Boer peace commission sail from Rotterdam for America.

April 30.—Lord Roberts falls in his efforts to capture Boer forces.

May 1.—The Porte at Constantinople issues a circular to the embassies for increasing customs duties.

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The Financial World

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The great argument in favor of holding a presidential election once in six years instead of four—viz., the disturbance in financial and commercial circles—is likely to be emphasized by the coming election. While the money question has been practically removed from political consideration by the enactment of the financial bill, politicians will make the most of the money question, and doubtless there will be some flurries of more or less importance.

"Wall Street is less enthusiastic regarding the walk-over which McKinley will have for re-election. Doubts of the renomination of Bryan are coming to the surface, and Admiral Dewey's candidacy will receive more serious consideration. Uncertainty is the bugbear of stock speculation, and political uncertainty we shall have with us until after the Democratic candidate is nominated on July 4. Shrewd observers confidently predict a sharp rally in the stock market prior to the Republican Convention in June, but it is likely to be of a "soda water" character. Trusts and combinations will be the fighting plank in both platforms, and the industrial properties will be under fire from the beginning to the end of the campaign. There is no good reason, therefore, to look for any improvement in this class of securities other than what may result from covering operations on the part of an unwieldy short interest."

Gold exports are beginning to attract attention again, and it is estimated that the amount to go out in this movement will range from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000. The movement is accounted for by the higher rates in London."

An advance in money rates will prove the one preventive check to gold exports, and the suggestion is made that the Treasury draw on its deposits in National banks to an extent that would

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force an advance in rates. This is improbable, and I understand that Secretary Gage is practically committed to the redemption of the outstanding \$25,000,000 of old 2 per cent bonds in the event of any stringency in the money market. The governing factor of gold exports and the money market will be the war in South Africa. At the rate of progress now made by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts the war will be brought to an end by July 1, and resumption of operations at the Rand mines would then follow. This is the great bull card in the speculative situation, and its development will stand close watching."

Railroad earnings have gone on piling increase on increase for the past two years, but I believe we have reached the turning point and that earnings will now begin to fall off. Industrial inactivity means reduced freight tonnage, and consequently smaller earnings. The railroads have been preparing for this by making large expenditures for improvements and additions to equipment, in order to reduce cost by increasing freight density, and earnings should reflect this by showing proportionately better than gross."

The output of gold from Cape Nome, the Klondike and the Eastern Oregon gold fields will doubtless considerably increase the world's supply, and may be the means of equalizing conditions that were created by the shutting down of the mines in South Africa. If reports are to be believed, Cape Nome will far surpass the Klondike, both in the extent of its diggings and the output, and Eastern Oregon is rapidly coming to the front as a mining region of considerable importance.

* * *

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.
—Phillips Brooks.

* * *

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.

Francis W. Bourdillon.

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Mining

Never in the history of the Northwest has the subject of mining been more eagerly discussed and more earnestly studied than at present. Mining, in all its phases, has taken on renewed energy and vigor, and interest in this industry will doubtless continue to grow until it will be acknowledged the leading industry of this part of the country.

The rush to the Cape Nome gold fields today is paralleled only by the exodus to California in the 40's, and great as the discoveries in Alaska have been in the last few years, I may say that the great mineral wealth of that country is as yet undiscovered. New sections of the country are yet to be opened up as camp after camp is established, and the real wealth, both in minerals and commerce, is better understood, and the hardships that have hitherto stood in the way of the explorer are overcome. There is today a great demand for skilled and professional experts in mining in its various departments, and employment is furnished for thousands of our people. This demand will be still greater as new discoveries are made and new fields are opened up. The wealth already brought out from these gold fields is but a drop as compared with that yet to come.

Some five years ago, in a letter to the Oregonian, I predicted that Baker, Grant and Union counties would be where the greater mining operations of the future would be conducted, but at that time I little expected in so brief a period to find such a wonderful transformation of a primitive mountain forest into a mining district of such thriving energy, with millions of dollars of capital invested and millions more ready to be invested as soon as a favorable showing is made.

Railroads are projected, mining towns and villages are springing up in almost every gulch and canyon, and yet Oregon is only on the threshold of more and greater developments of these mining industries which will be sure to come, when she shall take on the proportions

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of a greater and more opulent commonwealth. Oregon has already passed the transition period of her existence as a gold-producing state, and her mining is taking new forms and methods for the future which will be as staple and the results that follow as sure as are her mountain chains which hold her vast mineral wealth.

The old methods of extracting gold have become obsolete, and are now giving way to new modes and new processes for the treatment of ores which cannot fail to save the gold which was once lost by crude methods. The history of the world's mining demonstrates the fact that all the great fissure veins and most profitable mining districts that have been discovered and worked are in close proximity to, or within a few miles of the junction of the primitive with the secondary formation; sometimes in the former, and sometimes in the latter, and frequently in both strata at the same time and place. This principle applies more palpably to the older and less distributed regular formation. This is especially the case in Baker, Grant and Union counties.

What developments so far that have been made in this district establish the fact that the mines carry their value as depth is attained equal to those of Grass Valley in California, which have been large and steady producers of the precious metals for the last thirty-five years.

It is advantageous and characteristic of a mineralized district when reefs of various compound rocks interlace and distort the primitive transition and secondary formation curvatures, "heaves" and "slides," and more so when they give evidence of different ages. A moderate amount of stain of the oxide of iron generally disseminated throughout the stratum and mixed with the sulphurets of iron, is an excellent guarantee of the presence of nearly all the metals and minerals, especially gold and silver. These things, together with the fact that extensive beds of copper ore have been known to exist in the Seven Devils country for the last thirty years, make it a conservative statement to say that the future of the Eastern Oregon mining district is unusually bright. *J. H. Fisk.*

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Chess

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Antiquity of Chess.

The latest excavations on the pyramid field of Sakkara have led to an extraordinary discovery as to the origin of chess. Hitherto it was assumed that the ancient Indians had invented the game. That it was introduced from India to Persia in the sixth century, and that by the Arabs, in consequence of the Crusades it spread from east to west. This theory was substantiated by the fact that an Indian, Persian and Arabic influence is traceable in the character of the figures at present used, and in some of the words connected with the game, such as "shah" (check) and "matt" (mate). Now, north of the pyramid of King Tetu or Teti, two grave chambers have been discovered, which were erected by two high officials of that ruler. Their names were Kabin and Mernker, called Mera. The grave-chamber ("mastaba") of the former consisted of five rooms, built up with limestone. Its walls are covered with exceedingly well-preserved bas-reliefs and pictures representing various scenes. The other grave-chamber, that of Mera, is the most valuable. Up to now no fewer than twenty-seven halls and corridors have been uncovered. There are beautiful grave-columns; in the chief room there is in a niche a tinted statue of the departed, about seven feet high, with a sacrificial table of alabaster before it. Among the many wall-paintings in this and other rooms, hunting and fishing scenes, a group of female mourners, the three seasons, Mera and his sons, holding each other by the hand, and Mera playing chess, are to be seen. King Tetu belonged to the sixth dynasty, and his reign was assigned by Professor Lepsius to about the year 2700 B. C. Professor Brugsch, correcting this chronology, puts it back to still greater antiquity, namely, the year 3300 B. C., so that chess would have been known in the once mysterious land of Mizraim something like 5,200 years ago.—British Chess Magazine.

A Great Problem.

Until the solution was shown them, some of the great chess experts pronounced this problem unsound. It holds probably the highest rank among chess problems, and is the work of Joel Fridlitzins, of Sweden. It is a marvel. The solution will be published in a subsequent number.

WHITE—K on K B 2; Q on KR8; B on Q B 4; Kts on K 3 and 7; R on Q Kt 4; Ps on K 2 and Q B 7.—Eight Pieces.

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BLACK.—K on K B 5; Bs on K sq and Q Kt sq; Kt on Q 2; Rs on Q Kt 2 and 3; Ps on K 5, Q 6, K B 6, Q R 3.—Ten pieces.
White to mate in four moves.

* * *

A Beautiful Game.

French Defense.

VOIGT. White.	McCUTCHEON. Black.
1. P—K4	1. P—K3
2. P—Q4	2. P—Q4
3. Kt—Q2	3. P—Q B4
4. P x B P	4. B x P
5. Kt—Kt 3	5. B—Kt3
6. P x P	6. P x P
7. Kt—B3	7. Q Kt—B 3
8. B—K2	8. B—K3
9. Castles	9. K Kt—K2
10. P—B3	10. Q—Q2
11. B—K B4	11. Kt—Kt3
12. B—Kt3	12. P—B4
13. K—Kt Q4.	13. P—B5
14. Kt x B	14. Q x Kt
15. B—Kt4	15. Q—Q3
16. R—K ch.	16. Q Kt—K4
17. B—R4.	17. Kt x B
18. P—B4	18. K Kt—Kt3
19. Q R—B	19. B—B2.
20. P—B5	20. Q—K B3
21. Q x P	21. R—Q
22. Q x P	22. Castles
23. B—R3	23. P—B6
24. Q x B	24. P x P
25. R x P	25. Q x P ch
26. K—R	26. K Kt—B5
27. R—K Kt	27. Q Kt—Kt5
28. Q—K7	28. Q R—K
29. Q—K Kt5	

Black announces mate in three moves.

* * *

The Chess-Masters.

The London Times publishes the following interesting table:

Albin, Adolf.—Born 1848, in Bucharest, aged 48.

Bardeleben, Curt von.—Born 1861, Germany, 35.

Bird, Henry E.—July 14, 1830, West England, 66.

Blackburne, Joseph H.—December 10, 1842, Manchester, 54.

Burn, Amos.—December 31, 1848, Hull, 48.

Englisch, Berthold.—July 9, 1851, Austria, 45.

Gunsberg, Isidor.—November 2, 1854, Budapest, 42.

Janowski, D.—In 1868, Wolkowisk, Russia, 28.

Lasker, Emanuel.—December 24, 1868, Prussia, 28.

Marco, Georg.—November 29, 1863, Czernowitz, 33.

Maroczy, Geza.—March 3, 1870, Szegedin, 26.

Mason, James.—November 19, New York, 47.

(Concluded next month)

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Albert H. Tanner

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Drift

Roosevelt on Courage.

Governor Roosevelt writes in the May St. Nicholas of the qualities we expect to find in the young American. A boy needs both physical and moral courage, he says. Neither can take the place of the other. When boys become men they will find out that there are some soldiers very brave in the field who have proved timid and worthless as politicians, and some politicians who show an entire readiness to take chances and assume responsibilities in civil affairs, but who lack the fighting edge when opposed to physical danger. In each case, with soldiers and politicians alike, there is half a virtue. The possession of the courage of the soldier does not excuse the lack of courage in the statesman, and even less does the possession of the courage of the statesman excuse shrinking on the field of battle. Now, this is all just as true of boys. A coward who will take a blow without returning it is a contemptible creature; but, after all, he is hardly as contemptible as the boy who dares not stand up for what he deems right against the sneers of his companions who are themselves wrong. Ridicule is one of the favorite weapons of wickedness, and it is sometimes incomprehensible how good and brave boys will be influenced for evil by the jeers of associates who have no one quality that calls for respect, but who affect to laugh at the very traits which ought to be peculiarly a cause for pride.

There is no need to be a prig. There is no need for a boy to preach about his own conduct and virtue. If he does he will make himself offensive and ridiculous. But there is urgent need that he should practice decency; that he should be clean and straight, honest and truthful, gentle and tender, as well as brave. If he can once get a proper understanding of things, he will have a far more hearty contempt for the boy who has begun a course of feeble dissipation, or who is untruthful, or mean, or dishonest, or cruel, than this boy and his fellows can possibly, in return, feel for him. The very fact that the boy should be manly and able to hold his own, that he should be ashamed to submit to bullying without instant retaliation, should, in return, make him abhor any form of bullying, cruelty, or brutality.

A Louisville gambler on one occasion thought he had a good thing when a stranger who looked as if he had plenty of money came along and suggested a friendly game of poker. The game ran along smoothly for a while, and at last, when the opportune mo-

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ment came, the gambler dealt to the guileless stranger four queens and gave himself four kings. The betting became interesting right away, and after all the cash was up and it came to a show-down the Louisville man laid down his four kings, and the stranger showed four aces. "Take the money, mister," gasped the astonished Kentuckian, "take it, if you have the heart to do so; but I'll be darned if that was the hand I dealt you."—Argonaut.

* * *

Reliability in Toilet Preparations.

Naturally everyone wishes to possess a good complexion. There is no more legitimate ambition; and that in seeking to attain it the aid of cosmetics should be sought is not a matter for surprise. It is not, indeed, the use of cosmetics that is to be condemned, but want of care in selecting a cosmetic which is at once effective and harmless. What the physician, in common with the hygienist, demands, is that very great discrimination be used by all who have occasion to employ toilet preparations. If only the kind which is known to be both non-injurious and a true specific for the complexion should succeed in securing patronage, then sanitary publications would have no need for printing articles upon the subject.

The scores of positively injurious toilet preparations which trade upon popular credulity and succeed in imposing upon a sufficient number of people to make their manufacture profitable, should be considered without prejudice to the genuine and innocent article whose use actually does promote the beauty of the complexion. We will promptly condemn in the one case and praise in the other. Having ascertained all the essential facts about any complexion specific, we direct our course accordingly, without any prejudice whatever, as in the case of Wisdom's Robentine, offered by S. Heitshu, of Portland, Oregon. We are prepared to endorse its claims that it removes blotches, pimples, freckles, tan, sunburn and all facial blemishes, and makes the skin soft, white and clear.

In pursuit of the truth concerning the article now under consideration, we accepted no statements of any interested parties, but undertook ourselves the task of examination. The samples of Wisdom's Robentine which were subjected by us to the proper chemical tests, we purchased in the stores, and thus obviated any possibility of being deceived by samples specially prepared for the inspection of analysts. And we are therefore able to say conscientiously that this preparation is one which, having fully satisfied us with regard to the nature of its composition, as well as the practical efforts produced by its use, may be patronized by all who are in search of a specific for all conditions which it so thoroughly cures.

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of really fulfilling their purpose, always receive at our hands fair and above-board treatment. It cannot inure to our advantage, in any way, to act otherwise in regard to them. Nor is the toilet article which falls in proving its claim to our approbation treated any the less frankly. We forthwith characterize it as unreliable. Wisdom's Robertine has won its claim to hygienic approbation or it would have sought that approbation in vain.

It is highly important that the public should not take risks in the matter of toilet preparations, because the health of the skin is vitally concerned, no less than the acquisition of increased personal beauty. It follows that the absolutely reliable and trustworthy toilet preparation, of which Wisdom's Robertine is an example, should meet with hearty recognition from the hygienist, in view of its value both as a specific and as a safeguard.—American Journal of Health.

* * *

It is a Mistake.

To sleep exposed to a direct draught at any season.

To work when you are not in a fit condition to do so.

To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become.

To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better.

To take off heavy underclothing out of season simply because you have become overheated.

To think any nostrus or patent medicine is a specific for all the diseases that flesh is heir to.

To go to bed late at night and rise at day-break and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more they study the more they learn.

To give unnecessary time to a certain established routine of housekeeping when it could be much more profitably spent in rest or recreation.

To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better—as alcoholic stimulants—is good for the system, without regard to the after effects.

To eat as if you had only a minute in which to finish the meal, or to eat without an appetite, or to continue after it has been satisfied merely to gratify the taste.

To expect a girl or woman to be handsome when the action of her lungs is dependent on the expansive nature of a cent's worth of tape.

* * *

"Little Cupid shot a dart
That pierced my hard and stony heart;
Sad, indeed, but what is worse.
That same dart it pierced my purse."



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The Nicaragua Canal—Its History, Advantages and Obstructors.

By H. B. METCALF.

The Pacific Monthly

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JUNE, 1900

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(From a Republican Standpoint.)

By O. F. DAXTON.

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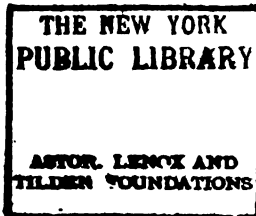
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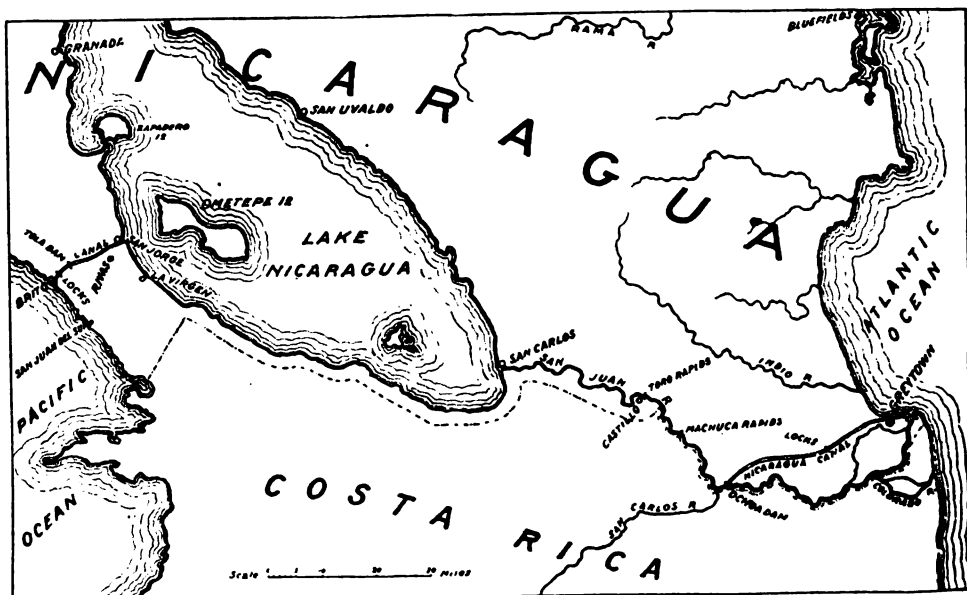
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Map of Proposed Line of Nicaragua Canal.

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. 4.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 2.

The Nicaragua Canal—Its History, Advantages and Obstructors.

By H. B. METCALF.

EVER since the discovery of America there has been hidden in the deep recesses of the human mind, the instinctive notion that some how or some where, there is or ought to be a connecting link between the two great bodies of water that encircle the globe. How near this intuition came to being true is measured by the distance at the narrowest point in the Isthmus of Darien, that separates the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The great navigator to his dying day, notwithstanding his futile efforts to discover the "straits" that connected the two oceans, continued to believe that they would be found. It has been shown that they do not exist; but ever since the discovery of the Pacific ocean, there has been a prevailing belief among navigators, that there should be some way by which vessels could pass through the narrow strip of land that joins North and South America.

It is one of the marvels that confront the thinking man of today, that notwithstanding the absolute necessity, universally recognized, of such a canal, the comparatively insignificant obstacle that has cost commerce untold millions of dollars, lies today the same barrier that it did when Columbus was vainly searching for the "straits" in whose existence he had such implicit faith. Nobody has ever questioned the necessity for a bridge of water across this narrow strip of land; but strange to say, no nation or company has ever had the enterprise or

money to build it. One or two abortive attempts have been made to accomplish the end, the most notable of which was the DeLesseps Panama canal in 1888, which, after millions had been spent on it, proved a failure.

I doubt whether it would be too much to say that a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, would be of more value to the world of commerce than all the other great canals combined. While it would be impossible to make even an approximate estimate of the advantage of the Nicaragua Canal, it has been adjudged by competent authority that it would develop the trade of the United States with the Orient to such an extent that the volume of business in a single year would exceed the entire cost of its construction, to say nothing of the benefits it would confer on other nations by giving them better commercial facilities.

The American people, with all their reputation for energy and enterprise, are very conservative, and not until the urgent necessity of action in any particular direction is forced upon them, can they be constrained to act; but let a circumstance as convincing as the late war force upon their attention the fact that a certain thing, as the building of the Nicaragua Canal, should be done, and they spare no time, or energy, or money until it is accomplished. This would be the case in the matter before us, were it not for the political mountebanks at Washington who block the way and thwart

the will of the people for personal gain. That the canal is a public necessity is universally acknowledged, except by the bond-holders of the great transcontinental railways. These corporations, through their tools in Congress, may for a time delay the work, but public opinion will eventually override the obstacles that the obstructionists place in the way of this national undertaking.

Various applications have been made to Nicaragua for concessions, but the importunities of the applicants, as a rule, have met with a cold reception, as the country that the canal must traverse, very wisely wanted to deal with none but responsible parties. Seventy-five years ago, Nicaragua realized the importance of such a canal, and so anxious was she to have it built, that she asked the United States to undertake its construction, and from that time till the present, the little state has been favorably inclined to the great Republic. While Nicaragua is not large or important from a geographical or political standpoint, the better classes of the inhabitants are well informed through travel and attendance at foreign institutions of learning in which many of them are educated. Their intelligence is such that they fully appreciate the value the canal would be to their state, and the United States can count on their endorsement of the enterprise, and on any aid that they can render.

As far back as 1849, Commodore Vanderbilt made a tour of inspection through Central America for the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility of constructing a canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. After satisfying himself that it was practicable, a concession was granted to him by Nicaragua during the same year. He at once engaged competent engineers, who surveyed the route and prepared plans to carry out the work. The name was to be the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company. But even the enterprise of a Vanderbilt could not get capital enough interested to warrant him in going on with a venture of so gigantic proportions. His concession finally lapsed and the work was abandoned.

April 19, 1850, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty between the United States and

Great Britain was signed, looking to the construction of the canal, and it seemed for a time that the end so ardently desired, was about to be attained. This treaty provided for the absolute neutralization of the canal in the following words:

"That neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the canal or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy or fortify or colonize the same, or assume to exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have to or with any state or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortification, nor any alliance that either may possess with any state or government, through whose territory said canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring any rights or advantages which shall not be offered on the same terms to the other."

In another clause it is provided that the contract shall be entered into without delay. There is no provision for the "United States securing by its own forces the defense of its interests and the maintenance of public order," as there is in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, that is now hung up in Congress, in the interest of the great railroad corporations. Through procrastination and delays which can best be explained by those who caused them, and later through the intervention of the civil war in this country, the canal was lost sight of until after the fratricidal struggle had ceased. Just then the United States government was not in a condition financially to expend money for any thing that could possibly be postponed. At any rate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was never carried into effect, and it was finally considered abrogated by the United States at least. It was claimed by the United States that when Great Britain took possession of the Bay Islands, she violated the clause providing that neither of the contracting parties should assume any dominion over any part of Central America, and that this put an end to the treaty. After several ineffectual efforts to have Great Britain abrogate it, President Arthur made what is known as the Frelinghuysen-Zavala treaty with Nicaragua, providing for a canal to be constructed by

the United States and owned by the two countries jointly. The treaty was sent to the Senate, but was never ratified. It was pending when President Cleveland went into office, and he withdrew it, it is said, on account of a clause which obligated this country to defend the territorial integrity of Nicaragua.

In 1872, President Grant sent a commission to inspect a route for a canal, and commended "An American canal, on American soil to the American people." In 1880, President Hayes, in his message, called attention to the importance of the canal. President Harrison advised Congress to hasten its speedy construction. In 1894, President Cleveland, in his message, made it a point to impress on the minds of Congress the necessity for the canal, for the people were clamoring for it, and their demands had to be heard. There has been no division on the subject along party lines. Both of the great political parties have recognized the necessity for it. Prominent men, both Republicans and Democrats, have expressed themselves as strongly in favor of it; but somehow, some occult force has had the power to throw obstacles in the way that have successfully prevented its construction. Who is it or what is it, that thus defeats the will of the people? Who or what is it, that has a motive for so doing? The answer to the last question will be the answer to the first.

In 1895 the matter was brought before the Senate, and vigorously debated. Finally a bill was passed, but it found its grave this time in the lower house. In this way various propositions for building the canal have been made, but none of them have accomplished anything in the way of beneficial results. What the Hay-Pauncefote effort that is now pending, will do, remains to be seen. This treaty was made last winter, and at the time of this writing, it is still before the Senate. It is substantially as follows:

"Article I. It is agreed that the canal may be constructed under the auspices of the government of the United States," etc.

"Article II. That the contracting parties desiring to maintain and preserve the general principle of neutralization established in article 8, of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty,

adopted the following rules substantially as embodied in the convention between Great Britain and certain other powers at Constantinople, October 19, 1888, for the free navigation of the Suez Canal."

"First—The canal shall be free and open in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and of war, of all nations on terms of equity, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens in respect to traffic or otherwise.

"Second—The canal shall never be blockaded, nor shall any right of war be exercised nor any act of hostility be committed in it.

"Three—Vessels of a belligerent shall not revictua, nor take any stores in the canal, except so far as may be strictly necessary, and the transit of such vessels shall be executed with the least possible delay," etc.

"Fourth—No belligerent shall embark or disembark troops, munition of war, etc., in the canal except in case of accidental hindrance," etc.

"Fifth—The provisions of this article shall apply to waters adjacent to the canal, within three marine miles of either end. Vessels of war of a belligerent, shall not remain in such waters longer than twenty-four hours at any one time, except in case of distress," etc.

"Sixth—The plant and establishments," etc., "shall be deemed part thereof, for the purposes of this convention," etc.

"Seventh—No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent. The United States however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal, as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder."

A bill known as the Hepburn bill, ratifying this treaty, passed the House on May 3, by a vote of 225 to 35.

An amendment was drawn up by Senator Davis, of Minnesota, chairman of the sub-committee on foreign relations, to be added to Section 5 of Article II, as follows:

"It is agreed however, that none of the immediately foregoing conditions and stipulations in sections 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 of this act, shall apply to measures which the United States may find it necessary to take for securing by its own forces, the defense of the United States and the maintenance of public order."

The amendment contains the same provisions that are found in the Suez canal treaty, though the conditions are not at all similar, as Turkey owns possessions on both sides of the Suez canal, while the nearest possessions of the United States to the proposed Nicaragua canal, are hundreds of miles distant. Senator Davis' amendment was supported by the entire committee with the ex-

ception of Senator Morgan, of Alabama, who strenuously opposed it, chiefly on the ground that, in his opinion, any effort to amend the treaty, might result in its defeat. The president is also opposed to the amendment, probably because the treaty is virtually his child and he is said to be very proud of it. There is no doubt that it has many opponents even in the Republican party, and among Republican newspapers, on the ground that, while there is peace now between the United States and Great Britain, it is not absolutely certain that the olive branch will always wave as it does today, and many object to the United States paying for a canal which it does not control. Some even advise the purchase by the United States of the territory through which the canal will pass, or at least securing by treaty, the consent of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, to the absolute control of it.

The Review of Reviews pays Mr. Hay rather a backhanded compliment, when it says, "There is certainly nothing ignoble about this last treaty of his, and if the world were a hundred years nearer the wished-for period of disarmament and perpetual peace, the treaty would be as safe in practice as it is fine and magnanimous in theory." There is little doubt that the author of Little Breeches was overreached by Lord Paunceforte. Men are not born diplomats; they are made such, only by long years of training in diplomacy, and when taken from any of the business walks of life, the office, the counting room, or the study of the author, and arrayed against those whose lives have been spent in acquiring the artfulness, the cunning, the craft, in short the subtlety of diplomatic circles, they are no match for the latter, and it is not strange if they are outwitted.

While the canal has long been recognized as a great commercial necessity, its absolute indispensability in time of war, had never been demonstrated until our trouble with Spain taught us the lesson. The voyage of the cruiser Oregon around Cape Horn, in order to act with our fleet in Cuban waters, demonstrated the importance of the canal in the most effectual manner.

It is superfluous to go into details as

to the value of such a canal to the Pacific states. The single fact that no part of the great wheat crop of these states can find a market in the East, on account of the cost of shipping it by rail, is proof positive. Not a stick of lumber, nor an ounce of ore from the prolific West, can be sent East profitably, for the same reason. The long and tedious voyage around Cape Horn is out of the question. The same voyage could be made in two weeks if we had water communication across the Isthmus. Just as long as this state of facts exists, the population of the otherwise rich and populous Pacific states, will be few and far between. A saving of 10,000 miles from San Francisco to New York is no small item and ought in itself, to be a sufficient spur to urge the completion of the canal, and to show without further argument how badly this part of the country needs some cheaper means of transportation.

Many people very naturally wonder why the great states of Oregon and Washington, with their practically unlimited natural resources, together have less than a million of inhabitants, when the city of Chicago alone has twice that number. It is not necessary to look far for the answer. There is no inducement for people to come to a country, no matter what it produces, when they cannot sell their products, without paying all they are worth to get them to market. This is exactly the case with the Northwest; and just so long as this state of things continues to prevail, the population of the Pacific states will be numbered by thousands instead of millions.

That the construction of the canal will cost a large amount of money, there can be no doubt, but we had \$20,000,000 to give to Spain, and if we had that much to give for nothing, we can afford to pay the \$133,000,000 that the canal will cost, especially when it is estimated that the increase in trade in one year will offset the expenditure. This is the highest estimate that has been made, but it is probably the most correct, as works of a public character always cost more than original estimates.

Several commissions have been sent to look over the ground and they have

all reported favorably, though there has been some difference as to details. The last commission that reported recommended that a canal of greater dimensions than had been contemplated, be built, in order that the largest battle-ships could pass through it. This, of course is a very important consideration, and if the canal is to be built at all, it should be able to accommodate the largest ships afloat.

The route proposed is about 240 miles north of the famous Delesseps failure at Panama. Since the parties that are interested in obstructing the building of the canal have discovered that the people are in earnest about it, they have been trying to re-open the Panama question, and are, or have been, endeavoring to stimulate American interest in their pet scheme; not that they care any thing about the route, except as they can use it to oppose the construction of the canal at any point.

There are two or three things in favor of the route proposed. One of them is the fact that the mountain range that reaches from the northern extremity of the continent to the southern extremity, is at this point depressed to an altitude of only 150 feet above the level of the sea the lowest anywhere between the Arctic Ocean and Cape Horn. Another advantage is the proximity of Lake Nicaragua, a large body of fresh water, ninety-five miles long by thirty-five miles wide. This lake could be made available for ships a distance of fifty-six miles, as the canal route would extend through it about that distance, to the San Juan River, down which vessels can pass a distance of sixty-five miles, making one hundred and twenty-one miles through a lake and river, leaving about twenty-six miles to be constructed through excavations and twenty-one miles through basins, aggregating a distance of one hundred and sixty-eight miles from ocean to ocean.

The time necessary for a vessel to pass through the canal under ordinary circumstances, it is thought, will be about twenty-eight hours.

Comparisons with the business done by the Suez canal lead to the conclusion that the volume of trade of the Nicar-

agua canal will be about 8,000,000 tons a year; but it will require time to accomplish this. During the first year that it was in operation there was transported through the Suez canal 436,000 tons. In 1895, twenty years after, the volume of business had grown to 8,440,000 tons. One advantage that the Nicaragua route will possess over the Suez canal is that the former will be available for sailing ships, as well as steamers, which is not the case with the latter, on account of the dead calms that sometimes prevail.

The Nicaragua canal will not only give life and vigor to the productive energies of the Pacific Coast, but it will enable the Atlantic states to compete with European countries in bidding for trade with the Orient. According to Captain Mahan, Liverpool and New York are about equi-distant by water from all points on the west coast of America from Valparaiso to British Columbia. This is due to the fact that to go through the Straits of Magellan, vessels from New York and Liverpool must pass in close proximity to Cape St. Rogue on the eastern coast of Brazil, which is about the same distance from each. With the Nicaragua canal utilized, the line on the Pacific equally distant from the cities mentioned, would touch Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Melbourne, or pass along the coasts of Japan, China and Eastern Australia—Liverpool, in this case, using the Suez canal and New York that of Nicaragua. In short, the line of equi-distance would be shifted from the eastern shore of the Pacific to its western coast, and all points of that ocean east of Japan, China and Australia—for example the Hawaiian Islands, would be nearer to New York than to Liverpool.

This, of course, would detract from British trade, and at the same time be a benefit to the United States. With such advantages as have been mentioned, and they are only a few of them, in favor of the construction of the Nicaragua canal, it is difficult to see how any man or set of men claiming to be Americans can systematically set about to obstruct and prevent the carrying out of the great enterprise. It begins to look as if there is

some truth in the remark that, with the exception of Spain, the United States is the most corrupt civilized government in the guise of a Christian nation in the world. No public benefit is too great to be turned to the advantage of the spoilsman; no public disaster too overwhelming to be used for the benefit of the political demagogue; no national enterprise too vast to be changed from national good to private gain. Corruption seems to permeate public life in all directions,

"And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

As it is, the Pacific states are isolated from the whole world by a great continent on one side and a vast expanse of ocean on the other. Build the canal and

give this immense and comparatively uninhabited territory an opportunity to market its products, its grain, its lumber, its fruits, its ores, and there will be an influx of people to this prolific region that will cause its resources to be developed, its plains and valleys and hills to be populated, and its fertile fields to blossom as the rose. With the canal in operation, the railroads cannot exclude this coast from the markets of the East, by compelling the people to give them the entire products of their land for the price of hauling it to market. Unfortunately, however, the relentless ego holds on with the tenacity of desperation; so that, as far as actual progress is concerned, we are no nearer the great consummation today than we were ten years ago.

Petite Rannes.

By ANDREW FRANZEN.

IN my travel through continental Europe I stopped a few days in the Vosges mountains just long enough to refresh myself with mountain air and mountain scenery, and then followed the course of a rapid stream, intending to descend into the lowland of Lorraine and study there the customs and characteristics of its inhabitants.

The road which I took was quite well kept, but tortuous, following the short windings of the stream which my pocket map showed was one of the sources of the Moselle River. The soft, fragrant air, the cool shade of the giant oaks and the twittering of birds in their branches brought my mind into a buoyant mood: my steps quickened unconsciously while I revelled in the sweet expectancy which comes only to the traveler on unexplored ground. Gradually the hills receded and the ground became level. The wild roaring of the stream was subdued to a

sleepy murmur. Then the forest trees disappeared and green fields of rye began alternating with the dark green vineyards stretching along the sunny slopes. I had traveled about an hour through this delightful piece of Europe, when I came to a guide-post, with one of its arms pointing forward and bearing the words, "Petite Rannes, 15 minutes." Hours and minutes are here used as measures of distance and correspond with the time required by a moderate walker to travel the same.

It was more than an hour before sunset, and as I cared little for reaching Petite Rannes before night, I concluded to rest. The stream here came close to the road on my left, and from its greatly increased size I inferred that it must have taken up a tributary which had escaped my notice. To the right my view was obstructed by large beech and elm trees. All was quiet now. The current of the

stream was sluggish and without a sound; not a breath of air stirred the grass or leaves. But after I had stretched myself upon the carpet of daisies and dandelions I heard the distant murmur of falling water. As I raised my head it came more distinctly and as if it proceeded from the grove. Knowing well that I could not rest contentedly until my curiosity was satisfied, I entered the wood. It was clear from undergrowth and looked much like a park. About three rods from the road I saw a jet of water thrown up from the apex of a pyramid, about six feet in height. The water evidently had its source on a hill, for it squirted with great force high above the structure before it fell into a gutter-like channel, whence it made its way to the river. Upon one side of the pyramid was deeply carved in ancient letters an inscription which, translated, would read

"In memory of the village, Petite Rannes, annihilated by the black death in 1449.

Opposite this inscription was a long wooden seat with a back artistically wrought in twined hazel rods. Eager to make further discoveries I walked deeper into the grove where I espied the outline of a building which, on coming nearer, proved to be a church with belfry and a sharp-pointed steeple. There was not a path nor the sign of any human habitation around, and the grass grew rank as in a meadow.

Curiosity led me to peep through one of the windows and I perceived at once that it was a Catholic place of worship. There was an altar with a niche containing the crucifix. Before it was a row of candles across the breadth of the frame. Indeed there seemed to be all the belongings of an altar—tassels, drapery, and even a misal, as if ready for mass. Aside, near the wall, was another altar, smaller but more richly ornamented. In its niche stood a Madonna, richly gowned, and with a glittering crown on her head. Near the door, elevated on a pedestal, stood a huge masculine saint, grotesque in appearance, with tonsured head, and holding a book in the one hand, while the other was elevated, as if bestowing a benediction. Behind the church were tombstones, but no graves

could be seen. The monuments leaned in rude order against the wall. They varied in size, style and material, but all were withered by age.

I went back to the fountain and paced up and down beside the wooden seat. I read the inscription again and thought of the inconsistency between "Petite Rannes, 15 minutes," and "Petite Rannes annihilated in 1449." All sorts of surmises chased through my head, until I reproached myself for wasting brain tissue on a problem which the first child I might meet was able to solve.

Scarcely had I dismissed the harassing reflection when I was startled by approaching steps from behind, and, turning around, I saw a man before me. He was tall, athletic and young. The greater part of his swarthy face was covered with black, short beard, and from under his dark brows pierced a pair of black, importunate eyes. His ragged straw hat was thrown back, thus exhibiting a wealth of black, curly hair and a high, intelligent forehead. His clothing was much patched, and one of his shoes worn and buckled, while the other one was laced and almost new. This mean attire, however, could not hide the man's singular beauty of face and frame. As he stood before me I would have given a considerable part of my fortune for the possession of such a splendid physique. While I thus surveyed him, he was evidently intently engaged in studying me, and, as I became aware afterward, with far deeper penetration.

"Good day;" and without waiting for my response he took the tin cup which was fastened to the stone, filled it with water and offered me the first drink, which I declined, pleading that I had drunk before.

"I do not wish you to think me overpolite," he said, "I acted in accord with the customs of my country. But you are a stranger in these parts, are you not?"

"Yes;" I answered, "may I ask you how you came to know this?"

"To know this is easy. We know the birds by their feathers, and men we know by their dress, their manners and their language. Your dress and accent are foreign, English or American."

I felt very stupid and humbled at the idea that in traveling to study people I gave them equal opportunity to study myself.

"I am an American," I said, while we both seated ourselves on the bench.

"And I am a European," he replied.

"We are different in nationality, and, to all appearance, in fortune; yet we have much in common that lies deeper than all these differences which are only outward, and are to a man's character what his clothes are to his body. We are both men, and our motives and actions are based on our common human nature. Perhaps we both have come to this place for the same purpose."

I should have admired his philosophy had there not been something artful and ironical in his looks and voice. "I came here for mere curiosity," I said.

"And I came to quench my thirst. I see my mistake."

"We all are liable to mistakes, since we are human," I said, looking at his face to see what effect my wise remark had made upon him. But there was nothing but a half-suppressed smile.

Irritated at his lack of appreciation, I continued: "It was curiosity that brought me here, but it is not yet gratified, and I have a burning thirst for information regarding these strange sights around here. As you are the only person available, I hope you will not think me impertinent if I inquire of you."

"You met the right man," he said, "and you shall have your thirst for information quenched as freely as I have quenched my thirst for water. But first I must appeal to your charity. Your need of information is not more pressing than my need of a pair of new shoes. I am a poor, destitute man—a child of misfortune."

"And what are your misfortunes," I asked.

"My first misfortune was in being born of poor parents. Another and equally sad misfortune befell me when they died before my training for a vocation was completed. They intended to make a priest of me, but after their death I had not sufficient funds to continue my studies, and now I am a poor creature,

unable to fit myself to any place, with too much Latin for a peasant and too little for a priest."

"Your condition is very sad, indeed," said I, much touched, and handed him a five franc piece. I looked again at his face, expecting it to shin with joy and gratitude. But there was the same ironical smile. Then he began fumbling in his coat-pocket, as if trying to grasp something from among a miscellany of things, and finally brought forth a short-stemmed clay pipe, then the stub of a cigar, and he began fumbling again.

"Do you wish for a match?" I asked, and without waiting for an answer, handed him a few.

He grasped eagerly at them and said, "You are kind, sir; very kind."

His face was radiant now, perhaps from gratitude, or more likely from anticipation of the nicotian pleasure. Then he began:

"It was in the year 1449, as is written in the chronicle of Petite Rannes, when in the said place a man fell ill suddenly and died in a few hours, and his body turned black in blotches. On account of this circumstance, coupled with the circumstance of his having lived a very unholy life the villagers whispered of "Divine punishment for his sins." Next day two men died of the same malady and, as the legend says, they were those who first alluded to Divine punishment. Two weeks later all the inhabitants of Petite Rannes were dead, excepting Father Perdu, the village priest, upon whom devolved the task of digging many of the graves and interring the dead with his own hands, as no outsider could be had for love or money to enter the doomed village. From the fact that the priest was the only survivor, the people of the neighboring towns looked upon the scourge as the judgment of God for the people's impiety, of which, of course, a priest could not be accused. A year later the village was torn down, excepting the chapel yonder, and this fountain. About twenty years later another village, which was given the same name, was built fifteen minutes farther down.

"Now, the people of old Petite Rannes have been dead for several centuries, but

the spirits of some are still haunting these surroundings. It is said that some spend part of their time in purgatory and part hovering about this fountain and the old church, sometimes appearing before belated travelers, and imploring them, with hollow, unearthly voice, for their prayers, which help towards lessening their pain and shortening their exile in purgatory. One spirit is recorded to have been seen at various times ever since the days of the plague. He appears as an old man, carrying a field-stone on his shoulders. During his life he formed the habit of secretly moving the boundary stones between his field and that of his neighbors, thus stealing some of the latter's ground. When he first appeared his long robe was black, almost as the earth which he stole. As years passed it grew lighter and when he is seen now there is only one dark spot on his breast. When this last stain of sin is removed he may enter heaven. The most remarkable point about these apparitions is that they seldom speak until accosted. If not addressed, they continue to appear, night after night, until their request is known to the living.

"Some years ago, a mail-carrier who, in the discharge of his duty, passed here every night at a late hour, was surprised by a ghost. Upon being asked for his wishes, the ghost in pitiable tones implored him to have seven masses said for the peace of his soul, as he was suffering great torture in purgatory. The mail-carrier being a poor man, and masses at five francs apiece, was shocked at this strange petition, and sought to avoid the apparition and the obligation imposed on himself, by making his way home the following evening by a path through the open field. But disembodied souls have neither understanding nor pity for earthly trouble, and so this spirit in question pursued the poor mail-carrier wherever he might be at that time of the night, until the masses were said."

"Have you ever seen any of these ghosts yourself?" I asked, desirous to get a ghost story first hand.

"I have never seen a ghost in my life," he answered, "and I am glad of it, for my nerves are weak, and the sight of one

would frighten me out of my wits. But one evening I saw something that cannot be explained by anything natural. One night I walked in the road here when, suddenly, such a brightness came from the windows of the old church yonder, as if a thousand candles were ablaze within."

"And did you investigate the matter?"

"No," he said, "I took to my heels."

"If I had been in your place I should have knocked at the door, or peered through the window," said I.

"A man never knows what he would, or what he would not do, until called to test," said my new acquaintance.

"Are you sure it was not a hallucination?" I asked.

"I can confirm by oath the truth of my words," he answered.

"I say nothing against your truthfulness, but you must admit there are conditions of mind in which our senses take the imprints of the imagination instead of perceiving the real things around. I have heard people older and wiser than I am say that we cannot always trust our own senses."

"But," he answered, "if we cannot trust our own senses, what or in whom can we trust? I am a man of belief; I believe my senses, and I believe more; I believe in the supernatural, in spirits and in apparitions. Are not all our religious systems based on the supernatural, the Christian, the Hebrew, the Mohammedan? Is it easier to believe the miracles of two thousand years ago than the apparitions and other supernatural manifestations of the present day, attested by living and trustworthy persons?"

He stopped, as if waiting for my reply. But I said no more. Though convinced of the speciousness of his reasoning, I did not dare combat him in argument. I knew that I could not maintain my position, however sound, against his subtlety of thought and power of expression. He also remained silent. I threw a side glance at him and my eyes met the same artful, ironic look, which I now thought was the natural expression of his countenance in his calm mood. Presently I heard a sharp whistle from the road, whereupon he took another drink at the

fountain, relit his pipe, and after wishing me "Good day" walked away. When he had gone so far that I could no longer hear his steps I looked after him, but instead of one I saw two men walking toward the road.

Now that man who, perhaps, had left me with the satisfaction of having enlightened my opaque mind to a better understanding of the supernatural, had veiled my eyes with a darker gloom of mystery. And the most incomprehensible was he himself. He was more unreal and puzzling to me than the ghost with the dark spot on his breast. When I brought his sharp, penetrating look and ironic smile before my mind's eye, I hated him; when I recalled his handsome face and stately form, I admired him; and when I thought of his shabby dress and peculiar misfortune, I pitied him. At all events I was glad he had the price of a new pair of shoes in his pocket. But did he really believe the ghost stories himself? I thought, if he did he was certainly superstitious, if he did not he was devoid of honor and principle. Or did he purpose to frighten me like a boy, with the ghosts for his own amusement? This would have been no more than a frivolous joke, but a sad reflection on his estimate of my intelligence. The whole affair began to look disagreeable, and I resolved to cast it from my mind and go on to Petite Rannes.

Perhaps it was the idea of walking that made me conscious of fatigue. I looked at my watch and saw that it was more than an hour before sunset, and Petite Rannes only fifteen minutes distant. And what a delightful place of rest—the murmuring water, the lispings leaves, the chirping crickets, and I stretched myself on the seat and fell asleep.

Awakening, I felt the chill of night. It was dark. Only a gleam of faint light streaked the western horizon. The water was purling, but there was something weird in its sound. Now a gust of wind rustled the leaves of the trees and the ivy that clambered along the back of the seat. I thought of ghosts. All objects seemed spectre-like. Only the chirping of the crickets inspired me with a sense of

reality. I looked toward the church and—a shudder ran through me—there was a faint light visible. I started toward the road, but from there came a tall, white bearded man. He was clad in a long white robe and—O horror—on his shoulder he carried a stone, and on his breast was a dark spot. Soon he stood before me. He said nothing, and I was too frightened to speak. Then the man's words that ghosts must be addressed first, came to my mind, and I asked, "What do you wish of me?"

"Follow me," he said with a hollow voice.

As he stepped past me I followed, feeling that an attempt to run away would bring an awful consequence. He led the way toward the church and, strange to say, all fear vanished from my mind and I followed him with the attachment of a pet lamb to his little mistress. I felt myself in another world, and becoming part of it. As we approached the church the light in the windows had a fascinating attraction for me, and I walked almost in advance of my leader. The door was wide open and a beam of light fell into the wood. As we stepped inside, the door closed itself behind us. All the candles on both altars were ablaze; yet, despite the brightness, all objects were indistinct and seemed to flare into one another. The great saint who looked so hideous by daylight was beautiful now, and had a halo around his head. The ghost walked to the high altar, knelt down at its foot and crossed himself three times, while he murmured Latin prayers which seemed to be a most humble supplication to the Deity from one even lower in his sight than mortals. At length he rose and beckoned for me to come near. When I stood before him he raised his eyes heavenward, and said with a voice deep and grave, "My prayer has been heard by the ruler of heaven and earth and purgatory, seven masses will bring me to paradise. Wilt thou help?" I thrust my hand into my pocket, in which were two purses, one containing gold, the other silver. Indiscriminately I took one to hand it over to him; but he made an averting motion with his head, and pointed to the contri-

bution box which was near the altar. I placed the purse on its cover and the ghost said solemnly: "Now go in peace, my son, and God be with thee." I walked out of the church thinking only of obeying his command. From the road I looked back. The church was dark, but before me gleamed the lights of Petite Rannes.

The following afternoon I woke from a heavy sleep at the village inn. I had not slept a wink the previous night, and my slumber had begun in the morning. I felt miserable, but my misery was mitigated by the consolation that I had given only the purse with the silver. I hastily dressed, breakfasted and went down to the bar-room to raise my sunken spirits

with a glass of brandy. Before the bar stood my friend of the ghost stories, but he had reached a state of intoxication which made it impossible for him to recognize me.

"I tell you lad," he said to a man with a most brutish countenance, "I tell you that American was the softest fellow I ever fleeced, he had no more sense than a chicken."

"You must have exercised your hypnotizing powers over him," said the other.

"Whatever you are pleased to call it; but it was a success."

I left the bar-room without a drink. Two weeks later I was on the Atlantic on my way to New York.

Do Our Colleges Train Thinkers?

By JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

THE American college is a great institution. It is the Mecca alike for the ambitious student, and for the aspiring athlete. To attain highest honors in mathematics or on the football field, is ample reward for years of arduous toil. In these days, to undervalue a college education is the mark of a hard-headed worshipper at the shrine of commercial interests, or of an unmerciful and unsympathetic iconoclast. From an educational standpoint, the present writer can lay claim to neither of these titles. Yielding to none in love for his own alma mater, and recognizing the many valuable features of our other colleges, he would tear down nothing but the rotting rafters of conservatism, which demand replacement by better timber.

For years our colleges have been the subject of much just criticism. Unbounded praise has been blended on the immense industry, visible in the educational centers, and yet something has seemed ever to be lacking. Many of their graduates come forth to take high rank in the world of action—but many

more, and these often the most promising, prove mere flotsam and jetsam on the stream of life. Somehow the generation feels itself cheated, tricked out of that which it had a right to expect. And the unsentimental business man reflects sarcastically on the "lack of practical training" that our colleges afford. It is an awkward fact that the college graduate, once thrown on his own resources, finds it an enormously difficult task to earn a good living. Why not tell the secret plainly? It has been whispered about for many days.

Wherein does the trouble lie? The answers received are of the most diverse kind. A favorite theory with some palacophobists (if I may coin a term), is that all the mischief lies in the ancient languages. Banish Latin and Greek from the curriculum, teach the youthful seeker for wisdom to despise the past and ignore his debt to it, and you render him in some mysterious way amply qualified to solve the deepest problem of practical life. Others declare that the fault lies wholly with the preparatory schools, and

with the failure of the students to master the refinements of our own tongue. What can four years of university training do for a wrong-headed young fellow who reads Dickens with avidity, and scrupulously avoids Jane Austen? What place can there be in the world for the student who commits the gravest solecisms with never a blush? These, however, are friendly admonitions. The business man would slash away nine-tenths of the courses given, and set every man in the college at work keeping books and learning the routine of commercial life.

The great trouble with all these criticisms and suggestions is that they do not touch the heart of the matter. We have no cause to complain that our students do not learn enough, nor even that they do not learn the right things. The evil lies deeper, far deeper, and is not to be cured by any mere changes in the curriculum. Furthermore, is is an evil which is likewise manifest in the public schools and which sorely afflicts the entire generation. It is an evil strongly encouraged by the most of the leading institutions of the day, and in the diverse spheres of education, economics, social intercourse, politics, ethics and religion. Traces of exemption from the curse are manifested in the kindergarten, but in few other corners of society. Let us speak right out, and tell the plain truth—that our colleges bow to the conventional thought of the day. They teach facts and theories in abundance, but they do not train men to think for themselves. The one thing needful is the one thing neglected.

The full force of the indictment is not manifest to the casual observer. It will even meet with over-hasty denial on the part of those who form their judgments from surface indications. An unpalatable truth is ever hard to inculcate. When Wendell Phillips, splendid exception to the general rule, smote the bulwark of college conservatism in his great Phi Beta Kappa oration, he addressed an audience capable of according him courteous and liberal treatment, but wholly unable to enter into his realm of thought. The selfishness of academic culture is the most impenetrable armor against new truth. There is more genu-

ine apprehension of the nature of social progress in one of the much berated trades unions of the present day than in the average college class in political economy. The better educated man fails to be the more broad-minded. It is a pitiable confession, but it is a true one.

One must not underestimate that which our colleges actually accomplish. All knowledge is helpful, in a greater or less degree. Our colleges facilitate the acquisition of knowledge and inspire the longing for more full attainment. By virtue of necessary association with other earnest minds, they develop a certain measure of kindly toleration, and a large degree of external politeness. A sense of honor, frequently increasing, soon springs up in such congenial soil. A student may be idle, dissipated, licentious, selfish, dishonest, or cruel, but he scorns to be a sneak. This is meritorious, as far as it goes, but it is little more than the crude beginning of ethics. The same conception of honor is found the world over, wherever the rudimentary notion of decency has entered the human mind. The expression may vary widely enough, but the principle is the same. Our colleges are utterly unfit to claim the leadership in ethical life. The lawless freaks, so readily condoned as the work of students, would even seem to show a public acceptance of the view that college ethics must be classed as below the ethics of the average citizen. The most substantial acquisition which the average student carries away from college with him are a mass of partly-digested facts from the class-room, and an external polish, which makes him a somewhat more agreeable member of society.

On the other hand, too, little attention has hitherto been paid to the positively injurious results of collegiate training, the cultivation of arrogance on the one hand and the conventionality on the other. Our colleges can, unfortunately, not to be acquitted of the tendency to create an intellectual aristocracy. The apparent *raison d'être* of such a caste principle of course removes it from the wretched folly of an aristocracy of lineage and from the higher banality of an aristocracy of money. None the less, it is

built on a false basis, and fraught with serious perils to democratic institutions. It tends to harden the incrustations which tighten around class distinctions in this theoretically classless country. It is too apt to draw the scholar from civic duties, and to narrow his sympathies and interests. It makes him more of a gentleman, but less of a man.

Most serious of all, our higher institutions of learning seem to lose sight of the fundamental principles of education. The important axiom of Comenius, that all education must be from within out, apparently means little to them. The influence of Rousseau, Froebel, Pestalozzi and other great educational reformers is felt in the kindergarten with wonderful results, but the inspiration has hardly penetrated to our great colleges. There have been immense advances, it is true, but all within the narrow ruts of ancient ideas of education. The real keynote has not yet been struck. Harvard and Yale have made gigantic strides, but they have not discovered the simple fact that education involves the unfoldment of all the faculties of the whole man. Today, if one should attempt, even on paper, to found a university on true lines of education, he would be overwhelmed with ridicule, or buried beneath an avalanche of obliquity. It is doubtful whether an article dealing constructively with the subject could find place in any magazine in the country, so far are we from the right line of thought. Nevertheless, a few hints may be given here.

The fault with present methods is their utter repugnance to the laws of Nature. In place of freedom, our colleges furnish restraint, while spontaneity gives place to artificiality. Hedged in by rules on every side, the student is encouraged in the vicious habit of mental indolence. Out of the many faculties of the mind, only one is subjected to thorough training—the memory; by which abnormal process a premium is placed on pedantry. True, certain lines of work call for the use of the power of deduction; but in nearly every case, this beneficial process is rendered of little value by the preliminary necessity of accepting an unproven assertion as starting-point. As

for the infinitely more valuable process of induction, scarcely a hint of it is given in all college life. That which should be first, is not even last, but wholly unrecognized. If proofs of these grave charges are desired they can readily be furnished. My present purpose is merely to indicate the general fact. Those who read below the surface will not deny it. To sum up the entire matter, our colleges do not do at all that which they should do most of all. The higher education should train men to think for themselves. A college diploma should mean more than the mastery of any number of set courses. It should employ a mind capable of discerning the true from the false in all the relations of life. The scholar should be a man of special discernment in religious and philosophic thought, and in civic life. He should be incapable of bowing to party, or kneeling blindly at the foot of ecclesiastical authority. The fiat of Mother Grundy should have no terrors for him, and he should no more dream of following an irrational custom, than of perpetrating a grammatical solecism. His sympathies should be broadened, and his power of adaptation to circumstances immeasurably increased by his collegiate training. Established usage should not blind his eyes to folly or injustice. He should have formed the habit of using his impartial and independent reason in all matters, whether great or small.

Above all, under a rational system of education, the college graduate would learn that education and life were not two things, but one. His college training should be a real preparation for the practical duties of life. Realizing development, or self-expression in the highest sense, as the aim of his being, he would have learned to seek Truth for her own sake. This would make him a better workman with his tools, a better architect with his plans, a better doer of every duty of life. Seeing a real motive in existence, he would not fritter away his energies in the pursuit of false ideals. He would be neither an unreasoning Conservative nor a blind Iconoclast, but would challenge the old and the new alike, accepting only what could stand the test of an enlightened reason. It is the dis-

grace of any college to send forth men who cling still to out-worn dogmas, to irrational race and caste prejudices, to meaningless customs and traditions, and whose minds remain subject to whatever happen to be the prevailing sentiments around them.

Has the case been misstated? Will any champion of established usage maintain that our colleges of today are doing their full duty? Can any assert that my ideal of the true scholar is an unworthy one? If the position here taken is, as I deem, unassailable, how long must we wait for the development of a true system of education? The task is not a hard one, though it will involve some radical

changes in college work, not entirely in the curriculum of regular courses.

To avoid any possible misapprehension, let me add that the use of the masculine pronoun throughout has been purely for convenience. As applied to female education, even more might well be said. Not a woman's college in the country even approaches a rational idea of education. The subject is worthy of an entire paper; but I may simply say here that the higher education of the future must involve co-education, with precisely similar methods of instruction for both sexes. Truth belongs to man and woman alike.

The Rivers of Oregon.

III. The Rogue.

By GEORGE MELVIN.

THIS stream, which rises in Klamath County, in the vicinity but a little to the northward of Crater Lake, finds its own way to the sea. From the most remote and almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Cascades it flows southwest and south to somewhere near the center of Jackson County, that land of gold, and almost constant sunshine, when it turns suddenly and sharply to the west, and races straight toward the place of the setting sun till its way is blocked by the rugged spurs of the Coast Range and it is compelled to make another right angle, this time to the north. It follows the North Star till it discovers a broad and beautiful pass through the hitherto obstructing mountains, to the heaving wastes of the boundless deep.

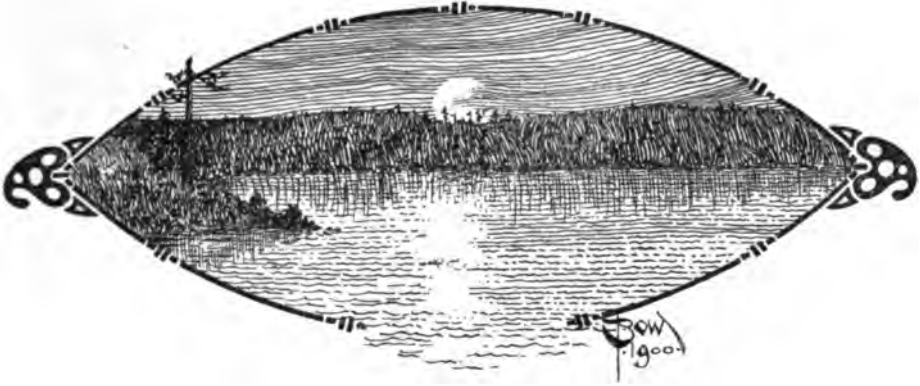
Unlike other rivers on the Oregon coast, the Rogue does not broaden into a bay at its mouth, but pours its strong current directly into the ocean. Its journey is a lonely one, for the most part,

and its banks are not always clothed with verdure. There are desolate miles of sage-brush, there are bald buttes and levels of waste lands. Yet, these same barren stretches could be made to blossom as the rose if properly tilled and irrigated.

Jackson County is perhaps one of the richest in minerals in the state, not even excepting that in which Sumpter is located. The wealth taken from the mines mounts up to the millions, and other millions yet remain untouched. But it is not altogether in metals that this region is rich. There are no finer fruit lands anywhere than are to be found in the vicinity of Ashland. The grapes of Southern Oregon are condensed sweetness and sunshine. The peaches are ambrosia steeped in the nectar of the gods. In short, the orchards and the vineyards that are watered by the Rogue river and its tributaries rival those of the far-famed Sacramento Valley in productiveness and beauty.

The valley of the Rogue River has been the scene of some sanguine Indian encounters. In the early settlement of the country it was held in possession by the tribe commonly spoken of as the

Rogue River Indians, a people vindictive and little to be trusted in their dealings with the white invaders of their territory.



Elise.

A Sequel to "The Voice of the Silence."

Chapter VI.

L EONA, Leona de Vere! Where had he heard that name before today? But even as he asked himself that question, he was remembering, as one looks at the pictured pages of a book long closed, and suddenly and unexpectedly opened, so his mind reviewed the forgotten incidents of one beautiful spring, spent in the country, years ago. There were pleasant loiterings along a lonely lane in the dusk of evening, and a vision of his companion on these walks beneath the pale twilight stars, flashed back upon him. A sweet, fair-haired girl, a girl whose ready laughter was like water, rippling in the sun, and whose cheek was as pink as the wild rose blooming in the hedges. He had half-fancied himself in love with her, and she—he shrank from recalling how trustingly and frankly she had given her heart. Of course he meant nothing—men of his stamp never do, but poor little girl! She was slow to understand this, and how she had wept when he had told her good-bye. He had

a faint recollection of having promised to return, but that was solely to soothe her. He could never see a woman weep unmoved, and he may have said a number of hopeful things which he did not mean. However, it was all years and years ago, and was only one of many affairs of a similar nature. She had doubtless soon consoled herself for his loss with some country swain. Being so young and so pretty she could not have long lacked for comforters. And now some one who bore the name of Leona de Vere was dying, and they had sent for his wife. It was an odd occurrence. Could there be two Leona de Veres? It could not be possible that this was the girl he had kissed good-bye one evening in May, in that country lane, so long ago!

Meantime, having nothing in particular to do this morning and not wishing to disturb Elise, he decided to go in her stead to the bedside of this dying Leona de Vere. His wife would be pleased, perhaps at this evidence of his interest in her work. For, he took it, that this was

one of her "charity cases," and he was seized with a sentimental fancy, as unaccountable as it was sudden, for going to see this girl.

Elise was still sleeping as he tiptoed into her room, and he kissed her softly without waking her. She looked very pale and tired in the dim light. He told himself, as he went out, that he must not, really must not, allow her to spend so much of her time in the debilitating atmosphere of Reese Alley.

Colonel Randolph had ample time to consider the possibilities of the situation in the drive across the city from his own handsome residence on the Upper Avenue to the humble suburban cottage where the widow lived. The boy, silent, swallowed up in the rapture of that swift flight, had no eyes nor mind for anything but the horse.

The Colonel, glancing down, caught the expression upon the lad's face. Prompted, perhaps, by some lingering memory of his own boyhood, he divined the tingle in the eager palms, and laid the reins in them, and felt the little figure proudly brace itself to meet the welcome tug and strain. He forgot, in watching the exultation of his small companion, the troubled recollections awakened by the name of Leona de Vere, the thoughts that were beginning to sting. It was a new experience, this, and he found himself marvelling that it should be such a simple and satisfactory thing to make a child happy.

And the child! In all his dreams he had never approached a joy to equal this. And at that moment he would not have changed places with the President of the United States, or even with the mounted policeman who rode in the park, and who was at once a terror and the admiration of all the small boys with a penchant for lolling on the grass.

Meantime, these two, the child of the people and the gentleman of leisure, were, side by side, moving swiftly toward the house, where, in an upper chamber, Leona de Vere lay dying, and both had forgotten, for the time, that it was death that hurried them. But all earthly pleasures pass, and with a sigh the youthful driver relinquished the reins and pointed out his mother's gate

in a quiet lane not far from the beginning of the river road. It was a cheerful enough looking place, set well back from the highway in a nest of shrubbery that was wearing a faint suggestion of vernal spring. There was nothing about it to indicate the presence of "the angel with the amaranthine wreath." And yet, but a moment before, beneath that lowly roof there had been

"Whispered a word that had a sound like Death."

The widow met them at the door.

"It is too late," she said when the Colonel made known his identity and explained that he came in Mrs. Randolph's place because she was not well. He was surprised at the ease with which he made this explanation and the readiness with which it was accepted.

"It is no wonder she is sick," remarked the widow. "Mrs. Randolph has just worn herself out looking after the poor girl upstairs. She has watched at her bedside night after night. I've seen, for some time past, that the strain was too much for her. But she made me promise to send for her if there was any change, and I did. She will be glad to know that the end was peaceful. The dear child just fell asleep—and—and I can't help thinking she has waked up in heaven in spite of all her troubles and temptations here. She surely suffered enough in this world without being punished in the next for sins that were only half her's."

The widow paused to wipe away the tears that persisted in dimming her eye-lashes.

"Would you like to go up and look at her?" she asked, and taking the Colonel's silence for affirmation, led the way to the darkened room where all that was mortal of Leona de Vere lay white and still, the thin hands crossed upon the pulseless breast, and the long lashes sweeping the pale cheeks. Death had been kind. When he took away the soul he restored the body to the beauty and innocence of youth and effaced all marks of time and trouble and transgression. It was the face of the girl he had known in that long-forgotten springtime upon which Colonel Randolph gazed as he

paused by the narrow, white bed.

"She had a hard life, poor little girl," he heard the widow saying, "a hard life, but it's all over now and she's free from pain, at least. Ah, me! The misery there is in this world!"

She seemed to take it for granted that he was acquainted with the whole pitiful story and went on to speak again of his wife's unvarying kindness and devotion. And the man listened and understood as he never had before, and as the full meaning of the situation dawned upon him he felt himself in the grip of an unspeakable fear. He hardly knew how he got out of the place or came to be driving furiously down the river road in the afternoon sunshine, but there was nothing vague or indistinct about the fact that he was having a bad hour with himself when he once more gained control of his reasoning faculties.

He had not been conscious of the process, nevertheless, his whole moral nature, during the years that elapsed since his marriage, had undergone a change. Subjected to the subtly-refining influence of a pure and loving woman, his attitude toward life had, by imperceptible degrees, been entirely reversed, and he had insensibly grown to see all things in a different light—to look at the world through her eyes. It must be admitted that he had not suffered any inconvenient qualms of conscience concerning his former mode of life. Indeed, he seldom or never thought about it. Absorbed in his present happiness, adoring his wife and secure in her love, he had neither time nor inclination to recall past experiences, pleasant or otherwise. But this!—this was thrust upon him, and he could not escape. It was something that had to be faced, and for the first time in his, by no means, brief existence, he was confronted by himself—and was compelled to realize what manner of man he had been. And Elise! He felt himself turn cold and his pulses all but cease to beat at the bare possibility of her having come so near this ghost of an early sin. What if she had found him out—what if she had even suspected—but he could not believe that she had. He made no effort to disguise from himself the knowledge that

without her affection and respect life would be unbearable, and the mere suggestion of what she must suffer if it came to her that he had been responsible for the wreck of a woman's happiness, was enough to madden him. But he told himself, over and over again, that Leona de Vere had not betrayed him. It was something to be thankful for—the one gleam of light in this sudden darkness that engulfed him, though it in no wise lessened his sense of guilt—rather but served to deepen it.

It was late when he finally drove up to his own door and turned his horse over to the wondering groom. That worthy remarked to the stable boy a few minutes later that he "never see a horse worse used up."

Mrs. Randolph had risen shortly after mid-day and, having breakfasted, ordered the carriage and gone out, leaving no word as to where or when she would return. The Colonel, longing, yet dreading to meet her, went into the library. Sitting there in the gathering twilight, he thought of many things. He had never confessed to any religious convictions of his own, though maintaining an attitude of good natured indifference toward the church and an outward show of respect for the convictions of others, but he came as near praying as a man of his temperament and training could in that dark hour, while waiting for Elise to return. She came straight to the library, her face drawn and white with sympathetic anxiety. She had been to the widow's cottage and learned of his visit there earlier in the day. She would have spared him this, but fate was too strong for her, and now it was only left her to comfort him and to conceal from him her own knowledge of his misdeed.

"He shall never know that I know; never, never!" was her unspoken resolve, and yet when she came to him there in the semi-darkness, and found him with his head buried in his out-flung arms upon the table, his whole attitude eloquent of suffering and remorse, she fell upon her knees beside him crying, "My love! my love!" and the cry was an unmeant confession.

He gathered her close to his heart and felt the soft rain of her tears and the

tender clasp of her arms. His own cheek was not dry, but he realized at last something of the depth and divine compassion of a woman when she loves. It was revealed to him that a man might be dragged back from the mouth of hell by the power of love, and lifted to the level

of the blest. No word was spoken. Explanations were impossible—besides, there are times when speech is not required. In that supreme hour, heart beat to heart and they, two, became one in spirit as they had long been in the flesh.

(To be concluded.)

A Tale of Arcadia.

I.

When piping Pan in Arcady
Made on his lute sweet melody,
To hear him play, from far and nigh,
Came fairies gay, and wood-nymphs shy.

II.

And Bacchus, too, soon came along,
With all his laughing, merry throng.
"A dance! a dance!" cried Bacchus gay,
"Now let us dance a roundelay!"

III.

And Pan played in a lively strain
While Bacchus and his merry train,
Took up the witching melody,
Throughout the night in Arcady.

IV.

But when the moon began to doze,
Old Pan thought it was time to close.
"Let's crown," they cried, "our god divine,
Let's crown him with Wild Grape vine!"

V.

No word spoke Pan,—but dropped to rest,
His chin upon his shaggy breast;
While Bacchus' shining brow divine,
Was being crowned with Wild Grape vine.

VI.

Then, Pan took up his pipes again
And played and played a minor strain;
So wondrous was this melody
That sleep fell o'er all Arcady.

VII.

Then sly old Pan, half goat, half man,—
Said he, "Ho! I'm the same old Pan!"
And, snatching Bacchus on his back,
He scampered off while night was black.

VIII.

And stramping, tramping, all the night,
He came to where a mountain white,
Looked o'er the distant horizon—
"Ha, ha," said he, "'tis Oregon!"

IX.

Then in a forest dark and deep
He laid his burden, still asleep.
"Ha, ha," he laughed, "sweet little man—
This trick is worthy of Old Pan.

X.

Where Bacchus tossed his curly head,
In restless sleep upon his bed,
Of ferns, beneath a giant pine,
Now grows and grows the Wild Grape vine.

XI.

No longer pipes his melody,
Old Pan in lonely Arcady.—
Arcadia is in Oregon,
The Wild Grape has immortal grown.

Muriel Gray.

Our Point of View

The Stability of the American Republic—

Although the American form of government is patterned after the ancient democracies and has endured for more than a century, it has been, and still is, an experiment. For one hundred years this experiment has proven the most remarkable and successful of the kind that the world has ever seen. This, in spite of the fact that the government, from its inception to the present-day, has been subjected to almost every possible test of its strength and stability that untoward conditions could produce. The perils which threatened America in the critical period after her independence had been won can hardly be overestimated. The government was to be made or unmade by the methods of procedure which those years should create, and the great minds which guided the helm at that time and steered the ship of state with such remarkable wisdom as to astonish the world, have been responsible for the ideals which have brought about the steady progress of this nation, and made it a stable government respected by the entire world. We can never honor Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and the other great lights of that time too much. The debt of gratitude we owe them can never be repaid, for the work they did can never be duplicated. The machinery of democratic government was started, and started rightly by them. The task of others has been, and still is, to follow the high ideals that they created, and men in this nation have a high or low place in the ladder of righteous fame as they have followed or deviated from these ideals. Not that the sum total of human knowledge was possessed and given out by these men, but there were certain self-evident truths that they enunciated for the first time. There was a certain foresight possessed by Washington, at least, that no other man that this nation has produced seems to have possessed, and largely through his wisdom the young nation was not

only brought through the shoals which threatened to wreck the ship of state on every hand, but he cautioned and advised against policies and expedients which he foresaw would tempt the Union. The men who succeeded Washington and his contemporaries builded almost equally wisely and well. They had the daring to undertake and win a war against the most powerful nation on earth, and thereby strengthened the young Republic immeasurably in the eyes of the world. Democratic government, to the utter amazement and confusion of the potentates of Europe, among whom still lingered the belief in the divine right of kings, was proving a success. Great problems in economics and finance that taxed the minds of the greatest men of the age were being placed before the people for the first time, and the people were rising to the occasion. The strides that the young Republic took, up to 1860, in population, in every line of progress and in the development of its resources, cannot be equalled in the history of any other nation in the world. The burdened and oppressed classes of Europe saw their salvation in the one word, America! It was to them the land of refuge and equality. It meant everything dear to the human heart that was denied them in Europe, and they flocked to this country by millions. The marvelous thing about it is that these peoples were readily assimilated; that instead of weakening the government and undermining its institutions by segregating themselves and assuming a hostile attitude, they became Americans and strengthened the Republic. The dreadful curse of slavery brought upon the government what the future may come to regard as the supreme test of its stability. Four years of probably the most fearful and destructive civil war recorded in history racked the land, but by that war the integrity of the Union was forever settled. Through it and the causes

which produced it there arose the splendid, gigantic figure of Lincoln, no less than a second Washington, to guide and direct the people by his inherent genius and common sense. So that the war, terrible as it was, has not been without its compensations. It produced the second birth, the regeneration of the American Republic, and though it appears to have separated sections, or to have produced sectionalism, in reality it has had a unifying effect, both as to social and governmental conditions. The tendency of the South, before the war, had been a drifting away from the Union and democratic ideas. The war was necessary, not only to change this tendency, but to establish beyond controversy that the American Republic was an indestructible union, in name and in fact. From this standpoint, therefore, the war was a necessity, for the question of the right of states to secede was one that would inevitably come up for decision sooner or later, and the sooner the better. Hence the war strengthened the nation. In the eyes of the world it virtually established America as a nation among nations, and it compelled them to accord us that respect and consideration which only a united and cemented union of powerful states commands. In short, it established the stability of the Republic. Since the war the processes of unification and solidification have gone steadily forward, and today we are a great nation with seventy-five millions of people whose hearts beat with patriotism and pride in our strength and glory. Our strides during the century have been gigantic and marvelous. From an insignificant collection of states whose existence was looked upon with doubt and distrust by the nations of the world, and which was considered by many men of wide experience and learning as a doubtful experiment at best, we have grown to be a world power, wielding an influence over the affairs of men, the full significance of which we can scarcely realize. Our commercial expansion has been the greatest in the history of the world. Our contributions to science, our broad system of education, our free institutions, our development in all that makes for the broader, freer, more intel-

ligent and advanced man, command the admiration of every thinker, and should fill us with humble pride and gratitude that a great nation has sprung from the young Republic, nurtured by the blood of our forefathers, whose fostering care, self-sacrifice and great devotion to the cause of liberty, made possible the results which we are enjoying today. Their efforts have been crowned with success, and success far greater than they could ever, in their wildest dreams, have imagined. But this very success is likely to be our greatest peril. For, as we feel our loins, like a young giant confident in his health and strength, we look about disdainful of the pitfalls that mark the hills of the future. We are likely to overestimate our strength, and by so doing fall prey to the insidious evils created by the nature of our institutions. We are apt to think that because we have endured for one century that we must endure for all time, and hence to disregard the voice of warning that, disregarded, may some day read "Mene, mene, tekell, upharsin." We are likely to forget that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and, forgetting it, awake to find that the powers of government have been usurped by the "bosses" whose sole aim is personal gain and aggrandisement, and that our elections are farces that might better be dispensed with. The outlook, however, is not a pessimistic one. The tendency of the times towards "bossism" has already been checked, and the feeling against it is rapidly growing. The danger to our institutions from political corruption, we believe, has reached its maximum point. The people are thoroughly alive to the evils, and steps have been taken to correct them. The Australian ballot system, registration of voters and other such methods of insuring that the result of the elections has been the will of the people, have had a marked and salutary effect. It is along these lines that popular government is to be made secure, and our nation a bulwark of liberty. It is only by being eternally vigilant that our government can be kept "of the people, for the people and by the people," and one that "shall not perish from the earth."

Men and Women

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN—

"Than this," says the Master of Life, "that a man lay down his life for his friends."

And cannot we add—"for a theory?"

The bubonic plague, threatening this Coast, will bring vividly to the minds of many the heroic death of some students by this pestilence in Vienna. This happened only a year or two ago. When I was in Italy, some twenty years since, I remember the thrill with which I read of the martyrdom, self-imposed, of an Italian physician. He was dissecting the body of a man who had died of the plague—this same Black death—near some sea port, perhaps Brindisi.

In examining the corpse to learn what he could about the disease he wounded himself with the scalpel. He knew, or felt, that it was certain death—made his arrangements calmly and rapidly—and went to work, in an isolated room, to describe the progress of the malady in minutest detail, putting his successive notes, most valuable memoranda, into a jar of vinegar until oblivion stopped his hand. I had just come from the monuments or graves of Huss and Jerome, Servitus, and Giordano Burns, and I said, "Here is another one of the blood Royal—that wonder of wonders in our world—a man dying for the sake of his friends—a man doing more to prove human nature is good and divine and immortal than do all the volumes in the Vatican or Bodleian Library, or all the tests of science."

And here comes another instance—a story that ought to thrill the telegraphs and fill the papers, until its final chapter is written. The story is going on now, or will be soon, in the Campagna—that deadliest spot in the world, it is said—just outside of Rome. The heroes are two physicians, Sambon and Lowe, one all English, the other of an Italian father and English mother, the latter, by the way, a cousin of Charles Dickens.

What are they going to do? They are

going to live there—on the Campagna—where one single night is often enough to fix incurable disease in the veins—to live there six months—without medicine. Going to lay down their lives—for a theory—and for a hoped-for solution which may save a million lives—may help to make habitable hundreds of provinces of tropical lands.

The theory—which has been well-tested in laboratory practice—is no less a one than that malaria, especially the tropical malaria (which under one form or another kills its tens of thousands where consumption kills thousands)—is conveyed solely by mosquito bites. That the poison can only be carried by injection, and that the mosquito is the fearful "go-between," receiving first into her own body the "entozoon," or disease germ, and then, by his minute surgery, planting it for as sure culture, in the bodies of the unsuspecting victims.

These doctors are simply going to live in a mosquito-proof house. For an employment of their daytime they will study the life habits of the mosquito himself, and test his poison-conveying power under differing conditions. They are going to raise a colony of mosquitos and send them to England to be studied and experimented with there. If they prove the theory, by coming out healthy men, they will have put into the hands of the profession the most potent knowledge against disease that the world has yet reached.

If they die—

I, for one, say, whether they die or live, let their names and memories be written in the glorious roll of martyrs—and taught to the school children. Let their own profession exult in them—indeed, is not every good physician taking his life in his hand, sometimes for days and weeks together, as bravely as any soldier in a battle? And when we grow ashamed of being human, as sometimes we do, because of the multitudi-

nous beastliness, the cruel selfishness and inordinate prides of men and women in hordes—when we are pessimistic, and even wonder whether there is a God, or “maybe He is asleep”—let us turn to the golden roll-call, not only of the heroes of the past, but of the men and women of our own world, perhaps of our own neighborhood, who are laying down their lives for the sake of their friends—yes, and of their enemies, and yet, once more, laying down life for theories even—mad dreams, sometimes—and all in order that this may be a better world for you and me to dwell in!

T. L. Elliott.

Lullaby.

Marshland and meadowland,
Upland and low,
All into shadowland,
Blended are now.

Scarce stirs the evening breeze,
Scarce can be heard
From yon dusk forest trees,
Insect or bird.

Slowly pale lights break through
Just overhead,
Phoebus, grown weary too,
Lights him to bed.

And on the mountain stream,
Glisteningly white,
Falls here and there a gleam
Of candle light.

Lie the world at rest,
Labor all done;
Now on thy mother's breast,
Sleep, little one!

Hilary Neil.

Sing on! sing on! let the dull grow young,
Let elemental things take form again,
And the old shapes of beauty walk among
The simple garths and open crofts, as
when
The son of Leto bare the willow rod,
And the soft sheep and shaggy goats follow-
ed the boyish God.

Sing on! sing on! and Bacchus will be here
Astride upon his gorgeous Indian throne,
And over whimpering tigers shake the spear
With yellow ivy crowned and gummy cone,
While at his side the wanton Bassarid
Will throw the lion by the mane and catch
the mountain kid!

The Home

QUEENS AT HOME.

Twenty years ago the private life of empresses and queens was but little known. The European press was not yet emancipated from the notion that all personalities were indecent, and it would have been a bold editor who would have dared to indulge in gossip concerning his reigning sovereign.

These things were left for the authors of volumes of memoirs, to be published after the sovereigns had gone their ways out of this world, and very often after the authors of the memoirs themselves had departed to the tomb. But nowadays it might be said that women fortunate enough to be born to power or marry into the possession of it rather like than dislike the gossip of the press and public. It is a well known fact that royalty never sues for libel, and consequently there are now and then ill-bred people who invent queer stories about queens and imperial women, but these are only contradicted and forgotten.

With one or two exceptions the royal and imperial ladies of our epoch are strangely free from scandal and lead exemplary lives, both as wives and mothers. The education of a princess is very severe, and perhaps develops the character more symmetrically than the modern boarding-school instruction, or even that of the convent. The sacrifice of self, the devotion to the interests of others, thoroughness in learning everything from languages to embroidery, careful restraint of all caprice, and even of coquetry, are so ingrained in the princess' character that even if she be willful and full of caprice by nature these things are rooted up and cast away. Probably the best feature of royal education is that which inculcates self-sacrifice. It gives to the character a tendency which it never loses, even amid the indulgence and the luxury of courts. The disdain of luxury and the devotion to household duty and to the care of children is con-

spicuous in the life of the present Empress of Germany. The old Empress, wife of the King of Prussia, who, by Bismarck's aid became the first Emperor of United Germany, was little less than a saint. Her kindnesses and her manifold charities are remembered throughout the world. When the present empress came to the throne she knew that much would be expected of her, and she worked so hard that she quite injured her health. In addition to the routine of court life, which is in itself exhausting, an empress has a dozen little duties which take time and labor.

The Empress of Austria, Victoria, for instance, keeps an elaborate private journal, a tradition in the family requiring her to do so, on account of the exalted position to which she has been called. This takes an hour or two of her time each day. The journal is kept in neat little books made expressly for the work, and it is furnished with a golden clasp and a lock, for which none but the empress herself has the key. Not even her husband ever glances through these intimate pages, which contain, as they are designed to do, a history of the court life of the period quite different from the cut and dried official records. Other similar duties, combined with the care of six or seven children, keep the Empress Augusta Victoria pretty busy, and it is not strange that she sometimes has to call in the aid of her husband, who knows a little of everything, to help her choose and design dresses for the great festivals. The Emperor, it is said, would have been a capital man milliner and likes nothing better than a talk on ribbons and flounces, puffed sleeves and court trains, pages in waiting, and the etiquette of those queer old dances which are still kept up in the palace of the Hohenzollerns. One of the fads of the German Empress is the personal embroidery of all the baby clothes for her

children. This she considers and believes a solemn duty for every mother, and she has gone through it in the case of her seven children with exemplary patience and fidelity. She also keeps a keen supervision over the cookery of the imperial table. The Emperor himself is not finical in matters of eating, but likes the rough ways of the camp, with a tall glass of beer and a slice of wurst, even at the lunch table. But for dinner he is more particular and delicate, even when there are no guests, and the daily consideration of the menu takes an hour or so of the Empress' time.

So much has been written and said of the private life of Queen and Empress Victoria that the public can hardly expect anything new. Yet in these later years a new phase of the palace life of the Queen is noticeable. It is her increasing love for the theater and the opera; and as queens, at least in England, do not appear in private theaters, although they think it perfectly proper to do so in other European countries, the old lady spends hours of her time in superintending the invitations of large parties to enjoy with her in her private theater the talent of Irving, of Albani, of the dainty genius of Duse, or an evening with the comics, at whose antics she laughs as heartily as any of her subjects. As the concert-rooms of Windsor Castle are not especially adapted to modern theatrical performances the old lady has to pay pretty roundly for the privilege of seeing the opera and comedy under her own roof. But it is also understood that beyond a fixed sum she will not go, so theatrical companies generally find themselves considerably out of pocket by a visit to the Queen. The prestige which they derive from the visit, of course, brings them a golden share of profit in return. As one by one the Queen's daughters have left her, she has given to her grand-children, who are getting to be very numerous, the affection which she once bestowed upon her own girls. Each year she seems to change her mind and have a new favorite grandchild, but this is probably done with a delicate desire not to arouse any jealousy, and to make them all happy. Each grandchild

in turn is promenaded at the castle at Osborne during the season, and receives a great number of grandmotherly attentions.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the venerable Queen seen to so great an advantage as in her little summer pavilion at Osborne during the season, where she seems to get a new vivacity from the breezes which blow continually across the Isle of Wight. This little summer house sees distinguished company every season. To it, in the beautiful, soft morning, come cabinet ministers, bishops, ambassadors, and whole processions of royal visitors from across the continent. There, seated in her easy chair, with her cane handy in case she wants to take a walk, the Queen holds what may be called her summer court, which is not at all frosty with etiquette, although it has some of the restrictions which are more conspicuous at the English court than at others. A good deal of important business is done here in a quiet way, and people who fancy that the Queen of England has no voice in public affairs, and that she is the humble servant of Parliament, would find their notion corrected if they could sit in the summer house at Osborne for an hour or two. Queen Victoria has greatly enjoyed the many visits of her widowed daughter, whose fate on the whole has been so hard—the ex-Empress Frederick, as she is called in Germany. She would be more than mortal if she could support without some disappointment the trials which have fallen upon her, the snatching away by death of the imperial crown of her husband after he had it only a few days, the supplanting of herself at her son's own court, and the many bitter political and personal quarrels which have made her life sad and sometimes wearisome.

At present the ex-Empress Frederick finds her role in Germany a little easier. Her magnificent country palace in the Thamus mountains has been filled with everything that a vast fortune can buy of luxury and art to make it a lovely paradise, and now and then she there receives the visits of her imperial son, who, however much he may rage about English influence at times, never forgets his filial

devotion. Queen Victoria has shown a strong desire to keep her widowed daughter much with her of late years, and the daughter's visits to England grow more frequent and longer every year. That the ex-Empress is ambitious there is little doubt. She is a keen student of political science and a liberal patron of other branches of scientific research. It is her well known ability in politics which has made the Germans a little shy of her. Perhaps they are afraid. At any rate, she has never been able to get her notions accepted by any of the state counsellors who serve her son.

The private life of the Queen of Spain is always interesting, and never more so than at present, when the iron-bound etiquette which prevailed for centuries seems to have relaxed. The quiet Austrian lady who keeps the regency, and who is nominal Queen while she is bringing up the boy King to his difficult position, has never been gossiped about in the fashion that Queen Isabel used to be. Pious and laborious, modest and shrinking, it was at first feared that she would not be sufficiently brilliant for the central figure of a court which contains perhaps three hundred of the most beautiful women in Europe. But it was by virtue of her very simplicity and modesty that she obtained and kept complete control. While she always recognizes that it is her son alone who is to have supreme power, she manages in many quiet ways to exercise great influence upon Spanish affairs, and her advice in many critical circumstances is much valued. She comes of an old family, fond of formality and display, and has for generations held a conspicuous place in Austria, but she seems to work with determination to break down the old-fashioned etiquette of Spain, and substitute for it some of the simpler and lighter ways of modern democracy, which she has studied to advantage. She has shown considerable talent for

finance, and one of her recent and most conspicuous triumphs is the bringing over to the support of the royal house no less a personage than Castelar, the first president of the abortive Spanish republic. It is needless to say that she sees but little of her royal mother-in-law, although he is very fond of the daughters of Isabel.

One of the happiest of European queens is Queen Olga, of Greece. She is a Russian and cousin to the Czar, but is rather German in her ways. For many years she has led a quiet and pleasant life in the simple palace at Athens, interested in the gradual uplifting of Greece after its centuries of oppression by the Turk, always first in any movement for national culture, and fond of bringing about her the bright people from all parts of the world who come to study in Athens or to visit the romantic hills and dales of the historic little country. The queen is very proud of her sons, one of whom, the duke of Sparta, recently visited America and spent a laborious day in studying the Brooklyn navy yard. He is a sailor and hopes to do much toward the rebuilding of that Greek navy which twenty years ago was able to give the Turkish tyrant a shock that he has not yet forgotten.

No queen could be more careless of her crown than Queen Natalie of Servia at present is. Although restored to her queenship by the annulment of the divorce once declared against her, and although her husband has gone back to Belgrade and buried himself with politics there, and despite the fact that her son is King and likely to remain so, she still lingers by the Spanish mountain seaside of Biarritz, busying herself with beautifying her home on the cliffs and with literature, of which she is passionately fond. It does not look as if during the life time of her husband she would care to return to the Servian capital to be known as the Queen mother.—New York Journal.

Books

CONDUCTED BY DAVIS PARKER LEACH.

OUR FOES AT HOME.

By Hugh H. Lusk,
Doubleday & McClure Co.

Macauley's New Zealander, sitting on London bridge and mournfully contemplating the ruin of England's metropolis is no longer considered an impossible figure, as formerly. The great progress that the Australian countries have made of late years have caused them to be of special interest to every one looking for living examples of model commonwealths. 'Tis here we find the best land system in the world, with the possible exception of China, and the division of products and resources are so justly divided that strikes and lockouts are regarded as relics of barbarism—as they deserve to be. In the older countries custom becomes law and any innovation is fought by the conservative majority, who would rather endure the ills they have than risk "flying to those they know not of." It is, then, to the new lands and young blood that we must look for the highest ideals in citizenship and government, and when Mr. Lusk, who is an ex-member of the New Zealand parliament, presents a series of essays on political science in this volume, one feels bound to give him a respectful hearing.

He sketches the rapid progress of the United States in its first century of existence; a progress unparalleled in the history of nations. With thousands of miles of sea-board, a perfect net-work of railroads and canals, joining lakes to gulf and ocean to ocean, it has grown to be not only the richest country on the globe, but one of the recognized great powers.

In spite of his admiration for the United States and its people, the author regards our systems of politics and law-making as faulty; even highly dangerous. He points out the probable future

tyranny of concentrated capital, the evil results of leaving the farms and herding in cities and the apparent apathy of the American citizen to the corrupt methods of partisan politics, with its tendency to practical disfranchisement. How this disfranchisement is effected is best told in his words: "In politics the people have ceased to rule. In each city and town a little ring of interested persons manage everything, and the mind of the people is never expressed. In each state, as a rule, there are two bosses who, with their followers—men who live on the people and generally grow fat upon corruption in politics—make legislation a trade and sell seats in the legislature and other offices even more important, to the highest bidder. The share of the people of America is to do the shouting and voting."

In the fifteen chapters of this interesting volume the different problems are taken up and handled in a masterful manner. The author is hopeful of the future, but is astounded at the negligence of the citizens of the United States in allowing the evils to have grown to such proportions.

The book should be read by every voter in this country who has heretofore believed our systems infallible, and by comparing them with the more advanced ones of New Zealand and Australia, he will become somewhat thoughtful. To think is usually to act. When the American people are roused to action there need be no fears of the result.

* * *

THE REDEMPTION OF DAVID CORSON.

By Charles Frederic Goss.
Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

"Hidden away in this worn, care-encumbered world, scarred with its frequent traces of a primeval curse, are spots so quiet and beautiful as to make the fall of man seem incredible, and

awaken in the breast of the weary traveler who comes suddenly upon them, a vague and dear delusion that he has stumbled into Paradise."

This opening paragraph of Mr. Goss' romance gives the keynote to the whole work. It is the old story of Eden, man's fall and his final redemption through faith and love. The author is well known to the reading public by his inspiring works, "The Optimist" and "The Philopologist," but this is his first venture in fiction. With the exception of some glaring crudities in style (which will disappear in practice) and a tendency to "preach" where the moral is obvious, the writer is to be congratulated upon his success in furnishing so enchanting a romance, based upon a great ethical question. It might be called a tragic idyl, or perhaps an idyllic tragedy, and throughout it breathes the breath of the woods, brings one into the very heart of nature and combines the art of John C. Van Dyke with the elegant simplicity of John Burroughs.

The characters are drawn with a strong hand; the peripatetic quack doctor, Paracelsus Aesculapius being especially life-like, "Pepeeta, the Queen of the Fortune Tellers," a heroine of whom Helen might have been jealous; the dissolute judge, and last of all David Corson, the young Quaker—full of the greatest possibilities, either for good or evil, as his nature swayed him.

There are three classes who will read this book with pleasure; those who will enjoy the love story; those who love the communion with nature in her ever-changing moods, and that class, which, while apparently beyond the reach of the pulpit, get help and inspiration from their reading.

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THE TRANSVAAL TROUBLE. An address by John Hays Hammond. 12 mo. Pp. 37. New York. The Abbey Press.

LAIRD & LEE'S VEST-POCKET STANDARD ENGLISH-SPANISH, SPANISH-ENGLISH DIRECTORY. 16 mo. Chicago. Laird & Lee.

THE JURY TRIAL OF 1900. 12 mo. Pp. 294. Chicago. Laird & Lee.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS FOR THE CHILDREN: A mother book. By E. Frances Soule. 12 mo. Pp. 162. New York. Fords, Howard & Hurlburt.

DORSEY, THE YOUNG INVENTOR. By Edward S. Ellis. 12 mo. Pp. 297. New York. Fords, Howard & Hurlburt.

* * *

BIRD WORLD.

By J. H. Stickney.
Ginn & Co., New York.

This neat volume from Ginn & Co., is in the line of the latter-day education. The familiar birds in the work are described in a clear and interesting way, with fine half-tones and many colored plates to help identify them. The scientific side is presented in simple language and cannot fail to arouse an interest that will bear fruit later in the thorough study of this fascinating subject.

These methods of instructing the young in bird life and other lines of natural history are very effective, cultivating a love for the songsters, and a more humane feeling for animals in general.

Many of the drawings are by that talented artist, Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, whose portraits of our feathered friends are wonderfully life-like and beautiful. The colored plates are the best we have seen printed by the new process of photography in colors.

* * *

Literary Notes.

The most interesting literary letter from abroad is by all odds that from W. L. Alden, in London. He is a most delightful iconoclast and in addition to giving all the news he usually finds time to smach a few idols or burn a literary fetich or two in the flames of ridicule. He keeps one always guessing what he will do next.

* * *

It is stated that Fiona Macleod has written another book which will be issued soon. This will be good news to the many admirers of the gifted Celtic authoress whose books are too few and far between.

* * *

Miss May Devereux has written a romance of the colonial era, "From Kingdom to Colony," which is receiving high praise from all who have been fortunate enough to read it.

The Idler

A DEPARTMENT OF MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHAT.

There is a man in Mexico whom I should like to know. A man who is brave enough to say what he thinks about the piano. We always enjoy meeting the people who think as we do, and this man—but let him speak for himself. It is enough for me that he knows what music is, and that it needed but Paderewski's visit to the city of Mexico to give him voice.

I take no part; I am not attuned to the harmony of sweet sounds; not from a polished wooden box with a typewriter keyboard. The violin, yes; that is, indeed, a musical instrument. A great orchestra is superb; but to pass hours listening to the greatest of pianists. Adios! I, too, take horse for Guatemala. Sweet, passing all words, is the voice of the singer accompanying himself on the guitar as we glide over the waters of Lake Chapala on a moonlight night, the Andalusian "coplas" filling the ear with their magic of tenderness, piquancy and amorousness. Something of the haunting melody of desert songs, ardent passion of the lover under the balconies of Sevilla or Grenada; that is music. It blends with the lake breeze; it finds its way into the reconciling corners of the heart; it is the essence, the exquisite essence, of old romance. But a stuffy theatre, a gymnast pounding piano keys. That is nightmare.

From lonely huts one hears at times the strains of a melancholy music, as of some exiled race, recalling its old home; then there is the homely music of the primitive fifiers and drummers with instruments of Aztec origin, as heard in front of ancient Mexican churches in little towns remote from our modern life. You hear it once, and are haunted forever after. The musical cry of the "sereno," or night watchman, in a little pueblo, "Ave Maria purissima; son las tres y ser-e-e-no-o-o!" Hall purest Mary; it is 3 o'clock and fine weather! That cry smites your ear in the darkness of the night, and years after there comes back to you the mind picture of the quaint little Mexican town, the rustling night wind, the sense of foreignness of surroundings, and you glide again into enchanted days and happy nights. The restful middle ages return. Now, that is music, that strange cry from out of the infinite, bringing tears to the eyes, suffusing one's being with a pity for one's self, exiled here far from the celestial region whence we all came.

A new play by Sydney Rosenfeld is a comedy called "Master and Pupil." And Mr. Wilson Barrett, with the consent of Sienkiewicz, is engaged in dramatizing "Quo Vadis." There is, indeed, no dearth of new plays to be. Lorimer Stoddard is putting F. Marion Crawford's latest story, "In the Palace of the King," in form for the stage, and Francis Hastings has dramatized James Lane Allen's beautiful novel, "The Choir Invisible." Also the "Van Bibber" stories are being arranged for dramatic production by Clay M. Greene. The "Only Way," which is Dicken's "Tale of Two Cities" adapted to meet the requirements of the drama, is said to be one of the most touching and heroic plays ever put upon the stage, and worthy, in every way, of the master who wrote to the heart instead of to the mind of his public.

It is a delightful arrangement, that of some eastern theatres of producing "The Prisoner of Zenda" and following immediately with the sequel, "Rupert of Hentzau."

* * *

Jessie Bartlett-Davis, so long the chief attraction among the Bostonians, will make her re-appearance this fall as leading contralto with the Grau-Savage English Opera Company. Without her during the past season the Bostonians were woefully lacking. Nordica, who is now in Europe, returns to sing with Maurice Evan's Company next year, but as arrangements now stand, she will be heard only in the West.

* * *

It is a little surprising to learn that Madame Sembrich made at least thirty thousand dollars more than Calve this year. Ninety-five American dollars go to swell the sum total that Sembrich carries back to Europe with her this month.

* * *

One thousand times Francis Wilson has given the performance of Cadeaux in "Erminie."

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

NEW ELEMENTS IN THE NATIONAL POLITICAL SITUATION.

By O. F. PAXTON.

As a result with the war with Spain, the United States has acquired Porto Rico and the adjacent islands in the West Indies, the Philippine group and the island of Guam in the Pacific. The questions of governmental power and national policy that have arisen with reference to these possessions and their government are the principal new elements in the present national political situation.

Two classes of questions have arisen. The first class may broadly be said to include two questions—(1) Has the United States power to acquire, hold and govern the islands, and, (2) conceding that power, Does the Constitution, of its own force extend over them so that its limitations and restrictions apply to them without congressional action? or does Congress possess the power to govern the islands at will and provide different regulations for each, according to their peculiar conditions and needs? These are questions of governmental power.

Questions of policy constitute the second class. How shall the new possessions be best governed? To what extent are their inhabitants qualified to participate in their local governmental affairs? How shall revenues be raised necessary for the support of their municipal governments, for the establishment and maintenance of schools and for the construction of highways and other necessary public works? The questions of power being determined, these are questions of policy only.

Although the subject of fresh debate at the present time, the power of the United States, as a sovereign nation, to acquire by conquest or treaty and hold and govern new territory, is really not a new question; nor can that power, in the light of our national history, be successfully denied. That power has been assumed and exercised by the United States from an early period. Louisiana was acquired by the United States from France by treaty in 1803. Florida was ceded to us in 1819 by Spain. The Texas territory was annexed in 1845. California was acquired in 1848, by treaty, the fruit, like the treaty of Paris, of successful war. In 1853 the Gadsden purchase was made. Alaska was acquired from Russia in 1867, and in 1898 the Hawaiian islands were annexed. The government of these new territories was provided for by Congress as they were in turn acquired. In the light of these historical precedents, the power of the United States to acquire and govern the islands cannot be denied.

It is contended upon the part of some that the Constitution, by its own force, extends over all of the territory that we acquire, without any congressional action, just as Calhoun contended that slavery extended to all the territories by virtue of the provision in the constitution protecting slavery. This question as to whether the provisions of the Constitution *ex proprio vigore* extend to all territory acquired by the United States has never been directly decided by the Supreme Court,

but the practical exposition of the Constitution has ever been against that contention. "The Constitution follows the flag," is a fine-sounding phrase, but such has never been the construction given to the Constitution, and such does not seem to have been the intention of its framers, for they provided, in Section 3, of Article IV, that "The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property of the United States." Congress and the people have always understood that the restrictions and limitations of the Constitution do not apply to newly-acquired territory until they are extended over it by appropriate congressional action. Such was the view in the case of Louisiana. The government of that newly-acquired territory was provided for by Congress, according to the peculiar needs of the territory, and irrespective of the Constitution. This course has been followed in other cases. Taking the expressed declaration of the Constitution and the construction given it for nearly a hundred years, it would seem to be well settled that the United States may govern the newly-acquired islands in such manner as the wisdom of Congress shall determine, and without regard to restrictions contained in the Constitution, until such time as Congress shall extend the provisions of the Constitution to these territories.

The conditions which surround these last-acquired possessions are different from the conditions which surrounded any territory previously acquired by the United States. It is out of these different conditions that the questions of National policy, which are the really new questions confronting us, arise.

The case of Porto Rico well illustrates the peculiar conditions and the difficulties which surround the establishment of governments in the islands. Porto Rico has a population of about one million people, of whom three-fourths or more are unable to read or write and own no property. They are without experience in self-government and unacquainted with the spirit of our institutions. The cost of governing the islands under

Spanish rule exceeded \$6,000,000 per annum, and nothing was done for schools, roads, or public improvements. It is estimated that the government of the islands will cost, under American sovereignty, \$3,000,000 annually, and an additional \$1,000,000 per annum should be provided to establish schools and construct highways and necessary public works.

The raising of these funds is a problem of much difficulty. The total value of the property of the islands is about \$150,000,000. Two-thirds of this actual value, or \$100,000,000, is a fair valuation for the purpose of taxation. To raise the \$4,000,000 per annum necessary for the proper government of the islands by direct taxation upon their property would necessitate a tax of four per cent per annum, a rate which no community could bear, and which Porto Ricans are unable to pay. In all territories previously acquired by the United States funds for their local government were raised by direct taxes upon the property of the territories, and, in addition, those territories paid all of the internal revenue taxes and tariff duties paid in other parts of the United States. In Porto Rico this is out of the question. Some other method had to be devised.

Congress has lately passed an act for the government of Porto Rico. It has been the subject of much discussion, and I think that neither the difficulties surrounding the case nor the provisions of the act have been well understood. It was first proposed that full tariff rates should be collected on all imports into Porto Rico from countries other than the United States, and that full internal revenue taxes should be collected within the islands, but that all these tariff duties and internal revenue taxes so collected should be paid into the local treasury of Porto Rico to be employed in defraying the expenses of the government of the island, so as to relieve the people of the island from direct taxation upon their property. It was found, however, that not exceeding \$2,000,000 per annum could be raised in this way, and that it is but half enough. To provide the addition-

al necessary funds Congress has enacted that tariff duties, but only 15 per centum of the regular rates, shall be levied upon the commerce between the United States and Porto Rico, but that all of these tariff duties, both those collected in Porto Rico and those collected in the United States, shall go to the benefit of the Porto Rican government.

The act is a temporary one and continues in force for less than two years; namely, March 1, 1902, and it provides, further, that the tariff duties upon commerce between Porto Rico and the United States shall cease before that time if the revenues from other sources become sufficient to support the insular government.

Some provision had to be made for funds to carry on the government of Porto Rico. The people of the island could not contribute it by direct taxation upon their property. It would seem unjust to the people of the United States not only to relieve the inhabitants of Porto Rico from all taxes upon their property, but to relieve them as well from all tariff duties and internal revenue taxes, and, in addition, pay the expenses of the insular government and of establishing and maintaining its schools and constructing its public works out of the treasury of the United States. Requiring the Porto Ricans to pay a small per centum of the ordinary tariff duties upon imports into their island as a contribution towards the expenses of maintaining their government, while exempting them entirely from direct taxes upon their property, and turning over to the insular treasury all the internal revenue taxes collected within the island, would seem to be a very liberal and generous arrangement, and quite beneficial to the people of Porto Rico. Under this arrangement they bear but a small portion of the expenses of their local government.

Such were the conditions surrounding the establishment of government in Porto Rico, and such is the method adopted by Congress for the present, of providing for the expenses of that government.

In the Philippines the insurrection must be quelled and order established before we are called upon to decide questions concerning their local government. When quiet is restored, suitable civil government will be established, and in the local government the Filipinos will share according to their capacity. To what extent they may be fitted for local self-government trial only can determine. Upon this question much difference of opinion exists. A supreme court with a majority of native judges has already been created at Manila. There are some who assert that the United States should establish order in the Philippines and then turn them over to the native tribes, but that the United States should maintain there a military and naval force sufficient to preserve order and protect the islands from European encroachment or seizure. There are, too, some who liken Aguinaldo to Washington! I have no sympathy with such vagaries. The American people can and will govern the islands better than the native tribes. The Filipinos will have security, liberty and happiness under the sovereignty of the United States, which they never had under the dominion of Spain, and would not have under native rule.

Whatever individual views we may hold as to how the various newly-acquired islands should be governed, one fact is clear and certain. The new possessions are ours. They will remain ours. The American people will no more surrender or abandon the islands than they will retrocede the Louisiana purchase to France, surrender California to Mexico, or restore Florida to Spain. The Stars and Stripes wave over the islands and will wave there forever. Expansion is our national policy, and new territory has ever added to our dignity and power. Possession of these islands will enlarge our markets, increase our commerce, and add to our wealth. The United States has dealt justly with the inhabitants of every new territory acquired in the past. I have confidence in the justice and wisdom of my countrymen. I believe they will deal justly and wisely with the inhabitants of the islands, and extend to them the

blessings of civilization and free government.

All of these are political questions, and it is important to note the attitude of the political parties toward them. The Republican party proposes to retain the new territories, to govern them justly, according to their needs, to give their inhabitants at all times the largest share of local self-government of which they are capable, to educate and teach them the morals, arts and industries of Christianity and civilization, and to develop the resources and commerce of the islands for the general good. The Democratic party may be fairly said to have no policy regarding the new possessions. It merely opposes whatever the Republican party advocates or does. Democratic platforms and orators declaim

against imperialism, but there is no imperialism. No imperial policy is proposed. They grow eloquent in denouncing the enslaving of the natives, as though extending our civilization and liberty to the Filipinos were to enslave them! A curious thing about the Democratic position is that they do not seem to question the power to acquire and do not oppose the retention of Porto Rico. They oppose the retention of the Philippines, but offer no alternative. Whether they propose to withdraw our forces and leave the islands to be plundered by the native tribes or turn them over to some European power seeking to rival us in the commerce of the East, I do not know. I am certain, however, that neither will be done.

Measure by Calms and Gales.

Is success the measure true
 Measuring you?
 If a field of ripening grain
 Molds beneath a summer rain,
 And no harvest thou wilt find—
 Bear in mind
 It is not a measure true
 Measuring you.

Is success the only weight
 We create?
 He who faithful is today
 Has within his heart the pay,
 Though his harvest is the mold
 And not gold;
 Think not they are never great
 Who may wait.

If a gallant vessel sails
 In the gales,
 Though by seamen bold 'tis manned,
 Guided by a skillful hand,
 It may yield before the stress—
 Ah, success,
 Measure by the calms and gales
 He who fails.

Valentine Brown.

Mystic Memories.

Had my spirit birth in some mystic clime,
 Where softly falls the silvery chime,
 Of hours, that mark no flight of time?
 The air, perfumed by unseen censers swung,
 Steals softly through my waking dreams,
 Until my waking, dreaming seems,
 And I hear songs by unseen singers sung.

Ah, have I not in days before,
 Oft heard those melting strains sung o'er
 Upon some starry-lighted shore?
 Why should I tremble? should my pulses
 thrill
 With vague regret, as tho' in days,
 Long vanished into purple haze,
 There lived sweet hopes that lure me still?

And oft I hear when sad and lone,
 In cadence sweet, a minor tone
 That stirs my heart, as tho' I'd known,
 And heard it in some far-off summer land;
 I feel the air grow faint and sweet,
 And hear the fall of noiseless feet,
 And clasp in mine an unseen hand.

Delphene Johnson.

The Month

In Politics—

The Supreme Court of the United States has rendered a decision upholding the constitutionality of the income tax.

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The Nation holds that "the administration of the postoffice in Cuba clearly requires investigation by Congress, and not by the Department alone."

* * *

The armor-plate controversy still goes on in Congress, likewise the wrangle over the ship-subsidy bill. And the hopelessness of reducing the pension payments of the United States is shown once more by the passage of the "Grand Army Bill."

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The American voters in Hawaii are distressed by the fact that they constitute a hopeless minority. The natives and the Portuguese out-number them many times over.

* * *

Mr. Dooley, in commenting upon the candidacy of Admiral Dewey for the Executive of the United States, says, "The reason a sailor thries to ride a horse is because he niver rode wan before. If he knew anything about it, he wouldn't do it."

* * *

Mr. Elihu Root is reported to have said at the dinner of the Grant Memorial Association, "No man who carefully watches the signs of the times can fail to see that the American people within a few years will have either to abandon the Monroe doctrine or fight for it."

* * *

The United States Supreme Court has handed down a decision in favor of Beckham, Democratic governor of Kentucky, and ex-"Governor" Taylor has given up the combat.

In Science—

The waterworks of Dawson City are unique. The water is pumped from a well in the river valley into a tank holding about 8000 gallons. The tank is enclosed in a house and heated by a stove, maintaining a temperature of 50 deg. Fahr. The water as it comes from the well is about 36 deg. Fahr. From the tank the water is pumped into hydrants, from which it is drawn as required by the consumers. These hydrants are all housed in wooden shelters heated by stoves and having double walls, the space between being filled in with sawdust.

* * *

By alloying aluminum with tungsten, M. H. Pratin has obtained a metal having a specific gravity of 2.89, and a tensile strength of about nine tons to the square inch. This metal, rolled, has a density of 3.09, and a tensile strength of twenty-two tons per square inch.

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The bacterial treatment of sewage is something new, but has already been proven practicable, and in all the experiments it has been demonstrated without a doubt that there is hardly any organically-polluted liquid which cannot be successfully purified by means of this bacterial treatment.

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Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy was recently submitted to a further test at Lavernock. The test was in all ways satisfactory.

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The Imperial Court of Japan is now partly illuminated by electricity, the Mikado having permitted the introduction of a limited number of lights as an experiment.

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Prof. Percival Lowell, and Prof Todd have left New York, equipped with astronomical material, to observe the eclipse of the sun in Algeria.

In Literature—

The Dial, of Chicago, has celebrated its twentieth anniversary. It was founded May 1st, 1880, by its present editor, Francis F. Browne, who, in his review of the twenty years just concluded, gracefully remarks, "We already owe much to our friends, but will be glad to acknowledge a still greater debt." The reading public, or at least that part of it given to intellectual pursuits and a healthful and refined taste in literature, owes a "still greater debt" to The Dial and Mr. Browne.

* * *

Amelia Barr, whose last novel is her best, if one is to judge by its popularity, is getting together material for another, which shall be of the time of Cromwell, and which, it is announced, will be published by Dodd & Meade. Amelia Barr has but recently finished the sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," that delightfully interesting romance which continues to sell steadily, though now in its sixth or eighth edition.

* * *

The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, edited by Prof. F. G. Young, of the University of Oregon, contains over a hundred pages of reading matter, and every page is crowded by valuable and interesting information. Through it all looms the heroic figure of Dr. McLoughlin, splendid and tall, the dominant character in the affairs of that early time when Oregon was yet a vast, undefined region, slowly taking form and demanding political recognition.

* * *

Prof. Thomas Condon writes of "The Process of Selection" in the early settlement of Oregon, and gracefully eludes the Whitman controversy, while paying the martyred missionary a high tribute. "The Genesis of Political Authority and of a Commonwealth Government in Oregon," by James Rood Robertson, is as entertaining as it is comprehensive and instructive. One reads it with a certain sense of satisfaction. The author has gone into his subject in such a thorough manner. He, too, acknowledges the influence of the dominant character of the time. He says: "The history of government for about twenty years is summed

up in the person of one man, Dr. John McLoughlin."

* * *

H. S. Lyman's "Reminiscences of F. X. Matthieu," is not only an article of great historic value, but it is most charmingly written.

* * *

The work which Prof. Young is doing for this commonwealth in the name of the Historical Society, is of inestimable value to Oregon.

In Art—

The beautiful drawings, illustrating a series of articles in Harper's Bazar, on "Women of the Bible," must certainly possess a deep interest for those who are watching the career of the young artist, Frank DuMond. They show a remarkable advance in conception, and though his method of treatment is perhaps unchanged, there is a masterly grasp of the subject that surprises as much as it delights. In other words the pictures are quite as "pleasant to the sight," as he could desire, and at the same time they speak to the spiritual and intellectual consciousness of the observer, which is a quality Mr. DuMond professes not greatly to regard, the object of a picture being, according to his theory of art, first and last, to appeal to the eyes. The face that looks out from the white folds of the virgin's veil, and that is darkly clear against the evening sky in the picture of Ruth, gleaning the fields of Boaz, is one that the people of Portland know well and hold dear.

* * *

There has been exhibited in Portland during the month, a painting by this same artist, which is most remarkable in its way, a striking and original piece of work that might puzzle even the critics. It is a night scene just outside the city of Paris, whose lights gleam with a weird and almost sensational effect in the background. In that dim hour which precedes the dawn a fisherman is going forth to set his nets, and with him is his little daughter. They carry a lantern and the warm, red glow it casts about their figures, vaguely outlined in the darkness, is the picture—the best part of it at least. There is quite enough in those soft shadows and that red glow

to make up an entirely satisfactory picture.

* * *

Miss Osgood's lectures are the features of the month at the Woman's Club. They are sermons as well, for she preaches the mission of art and artists, and teaches one to see not alone the beauty of the picture, but the meaning, of which beauty is but the visible form. Her presence here has awakened an interest in the fact that Portland possesses ample material in the way of 'photographic reproductions to keep the student of art busy for half a life time.

In Education—

Middlebury College is the recipient of a gift of fifty thousand dollars, to be used in erecting a new science building. Ezra Warner, of the class of '61, is the generous donor.

* * *

Forty-five thousand dollars left to Brown University by Augustus Van Wickle, is to be expended upon new gates and gate buildings.

* * *

There is a wide divergence of opinion regarding the merits of the historical novel as a means of instructing the youthful mind. One very able writer has recently expressed a belief in the historical novel as an aid in stimulating an interest in history and in awakening a desire to know more, to get at the facts in the case, while there are others, equally qualified to judge, who denounce such books as pernicious in effect, claiming that they vitiate the taste of the reader and unfit him for actual study.

* * *

M. Henri de Regueir, the French poet and critic, who is lecturing at Harvard and the leading universities in the east, has been invited to come to Portland. His subject is the origin, development and probable future of French symbolism.

* * *

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The conference of the Harvard Teachers' Association, decided that "examination should not be the end and aim of school work." Also President Eliot gave it as his opinion that teachers in the public schools had altogether too much to do. That one instructor could not deal successfully with fifty or sixty pupils in one room, and that unless some desirable changes were speedily made in the present system the private schools would take the children of parents who could afford to patronize them.

* * *

Yale has been provided with a fund to establish and maintain a school of forestry, and has also been presented with an ample forest.

* * *

Prof. Edward G. Bourne, of Yale University, in an address before the New England Teacher's Association recently, ridiculed the biographies of our national heroes. He said that we were given to deifying our dead heroes much after the manner in which the Romans deified their emperors, and also that, "In the histories of Marcus Whitman, and his alleged saving of the Pacific Coast to the United States, the writers have invariably seized upon the dramatic picture of the old man travelling across the continent on horseback, arriving in Washington, according to these authors, just in time to change the minds of the president and the committee on foreign relations, and thus prevent the Northwest from passing into British control. Now there is no truth in all this," said Prof. Bourne, "as is shown by a study of the diplomatic history of the time."

* * *

This association of teachers of history voted, at its spring meeting, to appoint a committee of six to prepare and submit a report on "practical methods of teaching history, with a view to informing that branch of learning in secondary schools.

* * *

Harvard's new boat house is in course of construction, and will be ready, it is hoped, for the fall rowing. It will be occupied by the Newell Club.

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WHEN WRITING OR PURCHASING, MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

In Religious Thought—

At the present rate of increase in foreign mission work there will soon be left no spot upon the face of the globe inhabited by man, which has not been illumined by the light of the gospel of Christ.

* * *

Mrs. Leland Stanford, who is not a Catholic, has presented the Bishop of Sacramento with the old Stanford home and an endowment of seventy-five thousand dollars. It is to be used as an orphanage.

* * *

The fifth meeting of the International Catholic Scientific Congress, which will be held in Munich, Bavaria, in the latter part of September, will be attended by a large delegation from America.

Leading Events—

May 2—Mafeking is closely invested. The situation in South Africa is practically unchanged. In Congress the Oregon Senators are working diligently for an appropriation for the improvement of the Columbia river bar.

May 3—Brandfort is taken by the British. Democrats in state convention at Des Moines endorse Bryan, and ignore silver.

May 4—Roberts' army is marching to Pretoria.

May 5—Admiral Dewey is enthusiastically received in St. Louis.

May 6—Governor Roosevelt accepts an invitation to be the guest of honor at the National convention of Republican Clubs to be held at St. Paul in July.

May—Towne is mentioned for vice-president on the democratic ticket.

May 8—Boers are steadily retreating before the British advance.

May 9—Roberts' army still advancing rapidly.

May 10—The National convention of the People's Party opens at Sioux Falls. Bryan is nominated for president, Towne for vice-president.

May 11—Fighting still continues in the Philippines.

May 12—Senator Clarke, of Montana, denies that he has intentions of resigning his seat in the United States Senate.

May 13—General Roberts captures the town of Kroonstad in South Africa.

May 14—Dreyfus arrives in Paris, to the consternation of the French government.

May 15—Senator Clark, of Montana, hands in his resignation.

May 16—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian church meets in St. Louis.

May 17—\$3 200,000 in gold leave New York for Havre, France, per steamer La Gascogne. Archbishop Christie, of Oregon, is invested with the pallium.

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The influences of the wheat market at Chicago have suddenly and radically changed within ten days. Following the government crop report on May 10, there was a break to the lowest price for many months, but there has of late been a recovery on the development of unfavorable crop conditions Northwest and Southwest. The interest at the moment centers in the spring wheat states, where drought conditions prevail. From the price of May 12 there has been a recovery of 2c a bu. That it is not merely an unreasonable scare over a brief lack of rain in the North is shown by the haste some of the cleverest of the bears have made in getting out of their contracts and by the terms in which some of the recognized authorities refer to the situation. The Northwestern Miller, has, for instance, declared the Dakota position "grave." The situation is complicated by some new unfavorable features in the winter wheat belt. Kansas has been getting a great deal of rain, and it is felt that this would be perilous if the temperature should rise. There have developed in Illinois and Kansas and Tennessee new troubles from insects. All these new losses are in addition to those of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, which were made last fall and which cost those three states about 50,000,000 bu. of their prospect.

The Northwestern drought situation would not be taken so seriously if there had not been the conditions through the winter which make lack of rain this spring and summer especially hazardous. Snows were few and light in the northern half of Dakota and Minnesota. The streams are low and many wells dry. The soil has not that reserve moisture, the Northwestern people say, which makes the great spring wheat crops certain and which would make a long wait for rain possible this spring.

So far the situation is not considered

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sensational. The spring wheat people themselves are as a class optimistic; the speculators here naturally pessimistic. The temperatures have of late been cool, and that has alleviated the lack of moisture. There is a half-admission from the Northwest that a high mercury would decidedly change the view up there. The dry weather has lasted long enough to now show a cumulative effect on the speculator. Each day from this on with no rain in the Dakotas and Minnesota will increase the vehemence of the drought motive. It has probably not yet gone to the length that a good rain would not put an end to the whole drought excitement.

Stocks are now in strong hands, and passing liquidation only entrenches securities more strongly in control of substantial capitalists. The outlook cannot be considered especially favorable for people who "go long" of stocks on small margins, but it is interesting to note that commission houses are not carrying many stocks for small traders, while the proportion of the stocks owned outright is larger than ever before recorded.

At the close of the week the rumors of a gas war settlement had a most favorable effect upon prices, and it is possible that the actual settlement of this trade trouble, which has now been brought about, will be followed by a further sharp advance in values.

The statement of foreign commerce for March proves conclusively that gold exports have not been due to international trade conditions. New York is the cheapest money market in the world, and gold is going abroad because foreign financial centers need the metal and can get it more easily here than in any place. Easy money is forcing it out of the country, and loans go begging at almost nominal rates. The bank statement for last week shows that gold exports have been offset by treasury payments and receipts from the interior, and the growing ease in foreign discounts suggests that future shipments of the metal will be too light to have any effect upon local bank holdings.

* * *

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MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTHLY WHEN PURCHASING.

Mining

Of the thousands who are rushing to Nome in the search for gold it is safe to say that nine out of every ten will meet with bitter disappointment and return poorer in pocket than when they left. So mad is the rush that many even risk their lives in venturing forth in rotten schooners that are overloaded with both passengers and freight, and are wholly unfit for any service, save, perhaps, that of carrying reckless adventurers to a watery grave.

There is no doubt, in my mind, of the vast wealth of Alaska, and as the country opens up and becomes more and more settled, its industries and commerce will receive more attention. In order to bring this about, emigration is, of course, necessary, but it also follows that "the faithful," as always in a new country, shall endure much. In my opinion this rush to these northern goldfields, so full of hardships for the pioneer, and which promise such slow returns for all the labor and talent and capital bestowed upon it, is unwarranted when one-fourth of the energy expended and capital invested in these expeditions to Alaska, put forth in developing the mines of Oregon and Washington, would yield more gold than will ever be realized from this frozen northern land. But even as a prophet is without honor in his own country, so are our home gold fields considered of small account in the estimation of many, when weighed in the balance with those that are so hard to work. It may be that herein lies the charm.

There is but one cure for "Nome fever," and that is Nome, itself. Those suffering from this malady remind one of a flock of sheep, in that they are more or less blind followers of leaders more or less blind. Some few have "struck it rich." Very few, however, as compared with the many who honestly tried and failed. But it is characteristic of mankind generally, that they must all rush to the scene of good fortune of the few.

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One man succeeds in catching a big fish in the Clackamas, and immediately every fisher sets sail for the Clackamas, only to find the fish gone, and themselves no richer, save in experience.

Of the thousands who go to Alaska many go to Tacoma and Seattle, thinking to save many days sea voyage by taking passage from these northern cities, when, as a matter of fact, Seattle is not one mile nearer Nome than Portland, and only a trifle nearer than San Francisco. A due course from these ports to Nome is but a little north of west to Dutch Harbor, where they all must pass.

Notwithstanding the many disadvantages of the country, many millions of dollars will be taken from the Alaska placers, but all such alluvial deposits of gold are short lived because it is in a more available form than in quartz veins, which hold the greater mineral wealth of Alaska, and which will be worked by large capital and great corporations for hundreds of years to come, not only for gold, but for silver, copper and lead as well. This will call for a large amount of skilled labor and a thorough knowledge of mining in general.

Oregon and Washington are equally rich in a variety of metals. At a point on the Cowlitz River there is a large body of lava rock that is worth from 2 to 3 per cent in metallic copper in fine grains. Many such samples have been brought to me for assays, and because it proves to be worth only 2 to 3 per cent copper it is discarded as worthless and not paying ore. This rock is the cause of the late excitement at Kalama. The rock was crushed and panned out and was said to be worth \$12.00 per ton in gold, when, as a matter of fact, it was not gold at all, but a fine-grained metallic copper assaying from 2 to 3 per cent, and equals about 40 pounds per ton. It requires but little knowledge of mining to prove this to be paying ore. An abundance of a 2 per cent metallic copper ore, worked by a 10-stamp mill crushing the rock sufficiently to pass it through a 40-mesh screen, will crush 20 tons of such rock in 24 hours. At this rate the ten stamps would yield 400 pounds of metallic copper every 24 hours.

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Chess

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A Gem of a Game.

The London Field says that in this game Mr. Steinitz made "only one indifferent move, 13 P—Q 4, but M. Janowsky exacted the full penalty for it." B—K 3 would have stopped White's 16th move, which was the winning move, and to which Black had no satisfactory reply.

Ruy Lopez.

JANOWSKY.	STEINITZ.
White.	Black.
1 P—K 4	1 P—K 4
2 Kt—K B 3	2 Kt—Q B 3
3 B—Kt 5	3 P—Q R 3
4 B—R 4	4 P—Q 3
5 Castles	5 K Kt—K 2
6 B—Kt 3	6 Kt—R 4
7 P—Q 4	7 P x P
8 Kt x P	8 P—Q B 4
9 Kt—B 5	9 Kt x Kt
10 P x Kt	10 Kt x B
11 R—K sq ch	11 B—K 2
12 P—B 6	12 P x P
13 R P x Kt	13 P—Q 4
14 Q—R 5	14 Q—Q 3
15 Kt—B 3	15 B—K 3
16 Kt—Kt 5	16 Q—B 3
17 R x B	17 Q x Kt
18 B—R 6	18 K—Q sq
19 Q x B P	19 R—K sq
20 Q R—K sq	20 Q—Q 2
21 B—Kt 7	21 R—Q B sq
22 B x P	22 B x B
23 Q x B ch	23 K—B 2
24 Q—K 5 ch	Resigns

The Chess-Masters (Concluded).

Pillsbury, Henry N.—December 5, 1872, Somerville, Mass., 24.

Pollock, W. H. K.—February 21, 1859, Cheltenham, 37.

Porges, Moritz.—March 22, 1858, Prague, 38.

Schallop, Emil.—August 1, 1843, Berlin, 53.

Schiffers, Emanuel.—May 4, 1850, St. Petersburg, 46.

Schlechter, Carl.—March 2, 1874, Vienna, 22.

Showalter, J. W.—Feb. 5, 1860, Kentucky, 36.

Steinitz, Wilhelm.—May 17, 1836, Prague, 60.

Tarrasch, Dr. Siegbert.—March 5, 1862, Breslau, 34.

Teichmann, R.—December 24, 1868, Altenburg, Germany, 28.

Tschigorin, Michael I.—October 31, 1850, St. Petersburg, 46.

Tinsley, Samuel.—January 13, 1847, in Hertfordshire, 49.

Vergani, Beniamino.—In Italy, aged (?) 40.

Walbrodt, Carl A.—November 28, 1871,

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Amsterdam, 25.

Winawer, Simon.—March 6, 1838, Warsaw, 58.

For some unknown reason the table does not include the name of Paul Morphy, the greatest master of chess that ever lived.

A Brilliant Game.

Queen's Gambit Declined.

JANOWSKY. White.	PILLSBURY. Black.
1 P—Q 4	1 P—Q 4
2 P—Q B 4	2 P—K 3
3 Q Kt—B 3	3 K Kt—B 3
4 Kt—B 3	4 B—K 2
5 B—B 4	5 Castles
6 P—K 3	6 P—B 4
7 B—Q 3	7 Kt—B 3
8 Castles	8 Q P x P
9 B x P	9 Kt—K R 4 !
10 P x P	10 Kt x B
11 P x Kt	11 B x P
12 Kt—K 4	12 B—K 2
13 R—B sq	13 Q—R 4
14 Q—B 2	14 Kt—Kt 5
15 Q—K 2	15 Kt—Q 4
16 P—K Kt 3	16 P—Q Kt 3
17 Kt—Q 4	17 B—Kt 2
18 Kt—Kt 3	18 Q—R 5
19 B x Kt	19 P x B
20 Kt—B 3	20 Q—Q 2
21 Kt—Q 4	21 B—K B 3
22 Q—Q 3	22 Q R—Q B sq
23 R (K B)—Q	23 K R—K sq
24 R—K sq	24 P—K Kt 3
25 R x R ch	25 Q x R
26 R—Q sq	26 Q—Q 2
27 Q—K 3	27 R—K sq
28 Q—B 3	28 P—Q R 3
29 Q—Q 3	29 P—Q Kt 4
30 P—Q R 3	30 Q—B 2 !
31 Q—B 3	31 Q—B 5 !
32 Kt (B 3)—K 2	32 R—K 5 !
33 R—Q B sq	33 B (B 3) x Kt !
34 R x Q	34 Q P x R
35 K—B sq	35 B x Kt P
36 P—K B 5	36 P—Q R 4
37 P—Kt 4	37 P—Kt 5
38 R P x P	38 R P x P
39 Q—K Kt 3	39 B—K 4
40 P—B 4	40 B—Q Kt 7
41 Q—R 4	41 R—K sq
42 P—B 6	42 B—K 5
43 P—Kt 5	43 P—R 4 !
44 Kt—Kt 3	44 P—B 6
45 Kt x B	45 P—B 7 !
46 Kt—Kt 3	46 P—B 8 Q ch
47 K—Kt 2	47 Q—Q 7 ch
48 K—R 3	48 R—K 7 !
49 Kt x R	49 Q x Kt
50 Q—Kt 3	50 B—Q 5
51 P—B 5	51 Q—B 8 ch
52 K—R 4	52 B—B 7
53 P x P	53 P x P
54 P—B 7 ch	54 K x P

Resigns.

Black's 33d move was what did the business. After he had made his sound and brilliant sacrifice, he kept the White Queen out of play by some very ingenious maneuvers.

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Albert H. Tanner

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Drift

Crater Lake.

"There are many lakes in America, many craters, also, of volcanoes, both active and inactive, but only one Crater Lake, and Oregon is the proud possessor of this natural phenomenon," is the happy manner in which Miss Vale, of St. Helen's Hall, prefaces her lecture upon that most wonderful of Nature's mysteries. For in spite of all that has been seen and said and studied, Crater Lake is a mystery still.

Miss Vale, who made the arduous journey to Crater Lake last August, and who has made an enthusiastic but scientific study of her subject, takes the ground that the conical island known as Wizard's Island is not, as some geologists suppose, the summit of the vanished Mt. Mazama, self-submerged, but a volcanic formation of later origin.

The lecture which was delivered to a select and appreciative audience at the St. Helen's Hall in April, abounds in beautiful descriptions, pictures, painted in the rare and wonderful colors of the woods and rocks and mountain solitudes.

"Never," she says, "can I forget the last sight I had of the Lake. After a long day spent there, walking about and admiring the ever-new views that every turn of the path revealed, the rest of the party returned to the camp, leaving me alone to watch the sunset. How can I describe it? As the sun went down and his rays struck the water, it reflected back the glory of the sky. Every moment the picture became more and more brilliant. The soft white clouds, low on the horizon, rolled into golden heaps, floating in a sea of purples and opaline tints of endless variety. They lingered for a brief season, faded away, and the water looked like a flood of molten gold. As the sun sinks below the rim of the lake the colors fade, the shadows gather quickly, and nothing is left but a vivid recollection—a picture photographed in the memory forever."

Miss Vale has a large collection of photographs of the lake, and the scenery by the way, with which she illustrates her lecture. She makes a comparison between Mt. Shasta and the lost mountain.

"Mt. Shasta and the ruin of Crater Lake are of equal diameter at an altitude of 8,000 feet; that is, if the peak of Shasta could be shaved down or cut off at the height of 8,000 feet, the flat top would be just the same area as Crater Lake. Being composed of essentially the same lavas and formed in the same way, it is probable that the two mountains would rise to equal elevations.

"The problem at once arises as to the disappearance of this vast mountain! Nearly

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six miles in diameter and possibly five thousand feet or more in height above the present edge of the lake. How has it been removed and the tremendous basin now occupied by Crater Lake produced? Wonderful as the lake, encircled by its cliffs may be, it serves to conceal in part the great wonder—that is—the enormous pit or caldron which is half-filled by the lake."

This vast basin, or bowl, Miss Vale compares to Lake Superior in immensity and depth, but Lake Superior is but one thousand feet deep. Crater Lake, measuring from the rim of the Crater, has an average of four thousand feet.

* * *

"Pheme."

Did you ever stand on an eminence in the midst of the rolling prairies of Southwest Kansas when they are covered with the verdure of the early spring? No? Then you have missed a scene than which there are few more beautiful this side of the pearly gates. But you have doubtless stood on the seashore and watched the billows stretch away endlessly into the horizon, and if you have, I think I can picture to you the beautiful scene that memory holds up to me. Suppose that away back in the chaotic time when "the morning stars sang together" that these billows had been running high and broad and that He who silenced the waves of Galilee had said to them "Peace, be still" and that instantly all motion had ceased and instead of foaming water there was dry land covered with varied verdure—picture all this if you can, and you have the prairies as they are.

Flowers? Yes, it is one of God's flower gardens in the early spring before the hot winds come. You will find the bright orange of the wild geranium beside the dark purple of the wild verbena; the delicate sensitive rose trailing its tender shoots among the brilliant clusters of the wild morning glory; blue hyacinths and wild onions nodding their blooms toward each other; the buffalo bean and the Indian pea shaking their long spikes of brightness on the prairie winds—all these on the uplands where the soil is rich and dark.

Where the red and yellow sands sparkle in long stretches, there you will find cacti in abundance. Then in the buffalo wallows are tangles of marsh marigolds and gay-colored xenias, while down in the deep canyons dandelions and daisies nestle in the shade of the plummy grass that grows tall and rank—fit abode for prairie chicken and rabbit and terrapin and all the other shy denizens of the prairie.

But if you will look on the same scene a few months later in the season, you will find a weird and wonderful change. Instead of the bright green that was flecked with the crimsons and purples and blues of the early Spring, you will see only the somber and dismal brown—brown—brown; all

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the grass and flowers and waving grain literally scorched and burned and withered. Here and there the sand showing through bright yellow and red and sending up little quivering waves of heat everywhere towards the sky from whose cloudless expanse the sun shines down with the heat of a furnace; nothing to relieve the monotony of the scene that stretches out before the weary eye—only long, brown waves of land that meet the arching sky. No sounds through the noon-day but the unceasing swish and rustle of the withered foliage as the winds surge over it.

In the midst of such a scene as this stood a little pine hut with straw-thatched roof. It held but three inmates, a young girl of about 20 years of age whom everybody called "Pheme," her older married sister and little babe. The older sister, Maggie, had been for some months prostrated with typhoid fever and was now so weak that she could not raise her head, or lift her hand.

The babe was sleeping in its crib and Pheme was ironing. Outside the wind was blowing a gale.

Far off to the northwest about 100 miles away, a passenger train was sweeping along. The travelers looked out on the dreary scene and wondered how any one could want to live in such a place; the fireman threw the ashes from his locomotive into the grass and the train went swirling on. But among the ashes there was one live coal. ("Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!") Once out in the wind, it began to glow and sparkle. Soon the one beside it was glowing and sparkling, too. Then, by and by between them, they sent up a tiny tongue of flame to the nearest shoot of grass. The little flame climbed to the top of the grass blade and then leaped to the next, and the next, and the next, and other little columns of red leaped up through the grass and danced high up in the air until by and by, there was sweeping along that terror of the inhabitants of the prairie—a fire!

Pheme looked out of her low window and seeing a cloud of smoke away off to the northwest, gave a little cry of horror. She knew too well what this meant. The wind was just in the direction to bring the fire down upon her. All the other members of the household had gone to a town some 14 miles away and would not be home until nightfall. There was no time for delay for these prairie fires travel with terrible rapidity. Without waking her sister or the baby, she hastened out to the barn and hitched the two horses there to the plow, to plow an additional fire guard.

Every farm in Southwest Kansas has its fire guard which consists of a few furrows plowed the whole way around the farm; then there is a space of unplowed ground several the two rows of plowed ground is kept burned off closely so that fire cannot cross it because there is nothing there for fire to burn.

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PHEME knew that with such a high wind as today, their narrow fire guard would be of little use for the burning tumble weeds will travel a long distance. Her intention now was to plow a few more furrows just outside the garden by the house and burn a wider space before the fire came. She had not gone a rod until she saw that her work was useless. The fire would be upon her before she could get the back fire going. The horses had smelled the smoke and were quivering with excitement. She loosed them from the plow and they broke away from her and galloped off across the prairie at the highest speed. She glanced after them with dismay. One more chance of life gone, she thought. It had occurred to her as she was trying to plow that she might possibly take her sister and the babe, one at a time on one of the horses, to some place of safety, but now she could not do that. She stood for a moment dazed and undecided, then another plan suggested itself. One thinks very quickly in a time like this: hours seem ages: moments seem days. Up the canyon a few rods there was an old dug-out built well up on the side of the canyon where there was no tall grass and so no chance for the fire to come. If she could just reach this in time! She ran into the house and found her sister awake. PHEME had not much breath to spend in words so she said briefly and hastily "There's a big fire coming and I am going to take you and the baby to the old dug-out down the canyon." As she spoke, she took Maggie up in her arms and started. "Oh! take the baby first—take the baby first," wailed the sick sister, but PHEME paid no attention. When they got outside of the door and Maggie caught sight of the red flames so near, she fainted away at once. PHEME did not have time to get water to restore her. Trembling with fatigue she hastened on through the tall grass to the old dug-out. She reached it, laid her sister down, and hurried back for the baby. The flames were now quite close to the house. The baby was wide awake and smiled up at her as she took him in her arms. When he caught sight of the flames, he crowed with delight, thinking no doubt that this was some new and pretty plaything that had been arranged specially for him. PHEME was by this time so weak with the excitement and over-exertion that she could hardly drag herself along. She could hear the flames close behind her but dared not look around. A little faster now and all will be well! Through the high grass safe? Good! You can easily reach the dug-out now before the fire comes. What! tripping and falling? Oh! Poor PHEME. Hear the flames right behind you! Up and on! Quick! Quick! But PHEME could not move. Just on the edge of the tallest grass she lay powerless. She tried to lift her arms but could not. She could not even speak.

Maggie had by this time revived and looking out through the open door from where she lay, saw PHEME falling. "Oh! PHEME!

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PHEME! she called in agony, but PHEME could not reply. She tried again to move her arms. She could not. She tried again to speak, but not a sound came. Maggie screamed and moaned. She could see the flames now almost upon PHEME and the baby but she was powerless to help them. Her torture was horrible. Suddenly PHEME felt her strength come back a little. She could not get up but she could move her arms. She took the baby up and reaching as far as she could, pushed him from her with all her strength out of the way of the fire. Maggie looking out from the door, saw all this. "Oh! PHEME, PHEME!" she cried. "Can't you move just a little? Then you will be out of the tall grass." But PHEME had used all her strength to save the baby. "It's too late, Maggie," she said, "too late." The flames were upon her now but the baby was saved! In one moment of time her whole life flashed before her. Scenes from her childhood came back to her; she saw herself a child again, wandering about her old Eastern home now chasing butterflies under the pink bloom of apple blossoms—now gathering autumn berries on the crimson and gold-crowned hills. Then later life scenes came up. She thought of a lover waiting alone for the bride that would come to him only in death; of the modest little prairie home that she would never share. All these thoughts passed through her mind with lightning rapidity while the flames were doing their horrible work. The agony now was too intense for thought. There was a terrible struggle for breath in the fierce heat and black smoke and then all was over!

On a lonely spot on the prairies of Southwest Kansas, there is a grave marked with a plain white slab. There in the evenings, you will often find a boy of about ten years of age tenderly watering the white rose he is trying to get to grow on the lonely grave and if you should ask him whose grave this is for which he is taking such care, he will reply: "That is the grave of my Aunt PHEME who was burned to death while she was trying to save my life and my mama's."

Read, rest, and constantly recuperate.

An interesting book that can be caught up in a moment of physical fatigue is absolute necessity.

Don't impose upon your stomach, for that organ is possessed of great retaliatory power.

Always leave till tomorrow or next week the duties you are too ill to perform today.

Do not fret over things than can or cannot be helped.

Women who do their own work should always restore the equilibrium of the internal organs by assuming a horizontal position as often as possible. This position equalizes the rate of the circulation of the blood.

No woman can be healthy in soul and body who does not allow herself time to read. No woman can preserve her good looks who does not give herself frequent resting spells in the working hours. To this end, a lounge conveniently placed is of the greatest necessity.



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REMINISCENCES OF LINCOLN,

By HON. GEO. H. WILLIAMS.

The Pacific Monthly

VOLUME FOUR
NUMBER THREE

JULY, 1900

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY presents this month two unusually interesting contributions: — "*Reminiscences of Mr. Lincoln*," by Hon. Geo. H. Williams, and "*Campfires of the Pioneers*," by Sam L. Simpson. The latter, Mr. Simpson's longest poem, written some twenty years ago, is now published for the first time. A careful reading of it will convince one that it is Sam Simpson's chef-d'oeuvre. The *Pacific Monthly* takes pleasure in announcing that there is now in course of preparation by Hon. Geo. H. Williams, an article on "*The Impeachment of President Johnson*," which will appear in this magazine in the near future.



CAMPFIRES OF THE PIONEERS,

By SAM L. SIMPSON.

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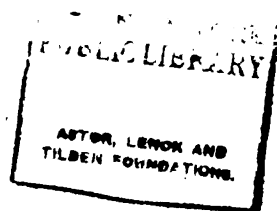
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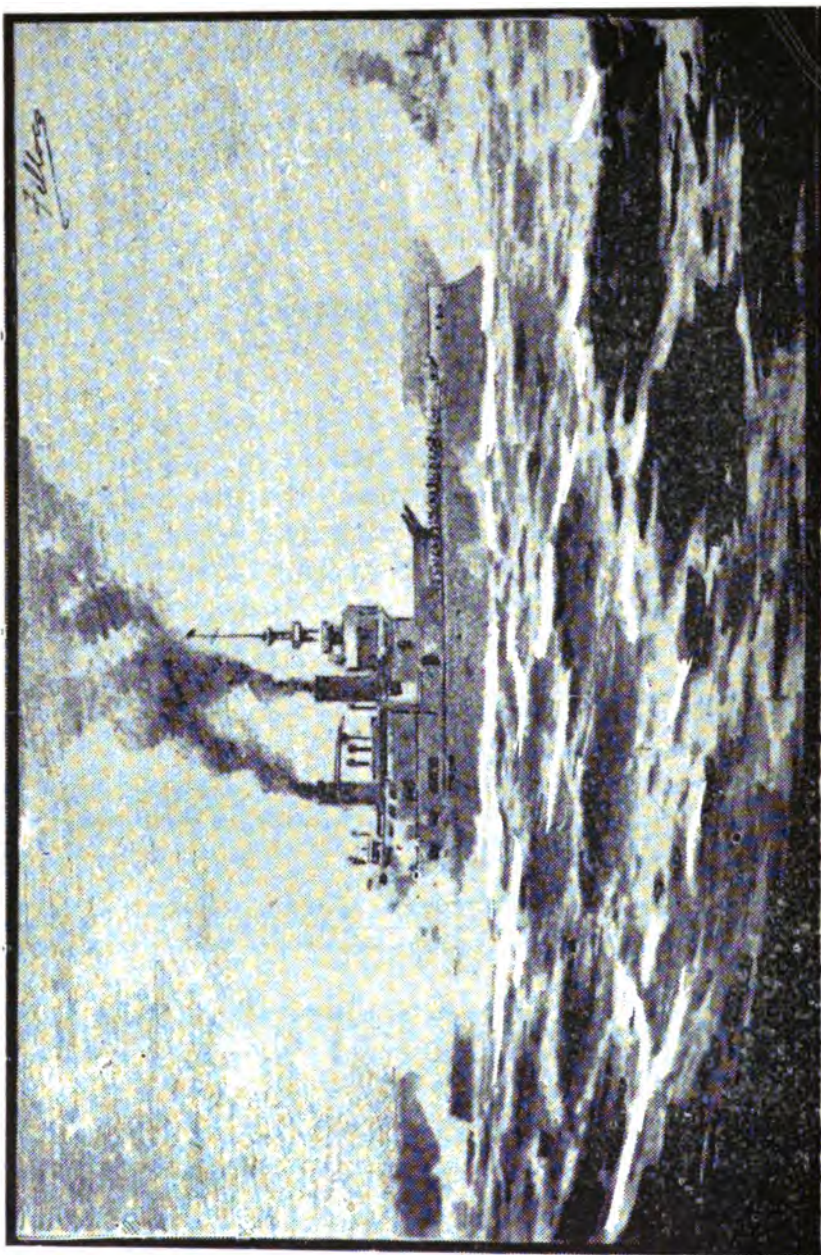
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"The Oregon," at Santiago.

From the painting by Carlton T. Chapman,
in the American Art Exhibit, Paris Exposition.

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. 4.

JULY, 1900

No. 3.

Reminiscences of Mr. Lincoln.

By HON. GEO. H. WILLIAMS.

I BECAME personally acquainted with Mr. Lincoln in 1847. In that year an Internal Improvement Convention was held in Chicago, in which the states of the Mississippi Valley were represented. Mr. Lincoln was a delegate from Illinois, and I was a delegate from Iowa. Both of us were vice-presidents of the convention. Edward Bates, of St. Louis, was president, and made a speech that gave him a national reputation. He was subsequently appointed Attorney-General by President Lincoln.

The convention was held under a large tent, there being no building in Chicago at that time sufficiently large to accommodate the people. Before the convention was ready to proceed with its business, there was a clamorous call by the crowd for Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, and it was found impossible to do anything until Mr. Corwin responded to the call. He took the platform, made a few grimaces, said some funny words which put everybody in a good humor, and the convention was then organized.

Mr. Corwin was an extraordinary man. His complexion was so dark that he might be easily taken for a colored person. He was a brilliant and fascinating speaker, and was one of the great stump orators of his day. He was bitterly opposed to the war with Mexico, and said in Congress that if he was a Mexican in Mexico, he would "welcome the Americans with bloody hands to hospitable graves." This remark proved

a death blow to his political prospects. Mr. Lincoln made a characteristic speech to the convention. His droll remarks and happy illustrations delighted the people.

When I went to Washington in 1864, I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, who was then president. He was very cordial in his greeting, and I had the pleasure of meeting and riding out with him and Mrs. Lincoln on several occasions.

No one without personal knowledge can have any idea of the terrible ordeal through which Mr. Lincoln was passing at that time. Whenever I visited the White House I found the waiting room and corridors crowded with men and women waiting for an audience with the President. Men were there on all kinds of business—most of them to importune the President for office. Women were there—mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters—to beg the President for some favor to their relatives who had been or were in the army, some of whom were in prison and some under sentence of death. Mr. Lincoln was a tender-hearted man, and the painful struggle to which he was subjected by his sense of duty to his country and his sympathy for those who were suffering from the stern arbitrament of war, can hardly be imagined, certainly not described.

I was present at the second inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, March 4, 1865, when the following incident occurred: Dark and lowering clouds hung over the

President and the people as he commenced his inaugural address from the east steps of the Capitol. While he was speaking—suddenly and with startling effect a flood of sunshine burst through the clouds and enveloped, for a few minutes, the President and those around him in a blaze of golden light. I hoped then that this was an omen of good for Mr. Lincoln and his incoming administration, but perhaps it was an omen of something higher than earthly dignities. It was under the smiles of heaven that he uttered these memorable words:

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

I was at City Point the day General Grant started on his Appomattox campaign, and Mr. Lincoln was there and remained after the army had left. He was admonished to be careful, as there might be enemies lurking in the neighborhood who would consider it a great deed to capture or kill him, but, heedless of this advice, he wandered around from place to place making observations, indifferent, apparently, to his personal safety. He was a noticeable figure there, not only on account of his size, but for the peculiarity of his dress. He wore a tall, silk hat and a long surtout which illly fitted his lank body.

While I was at City Point at that time I had an inkling of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." On a very dark night, about 10 o'clock, the rebels made an attack on the fort just below City Point. For half an hour, at least, there was an incessant roar of artillery with the rattle of musketry, and ever and anon the heavens were illuminated by bombs and shells bursting in the air. It was very exciting, and I can readily understand how a similar scene inspired Francis Key to write that immortal song, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Lee surrendered to Grant on the 9th day of April, 1865, and five days after-

wards, April 14, Mr. Lincoln was shot by Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theatre, about 10 o'clock at night. He expired the next morning at about 7 o'clock, and the country was plunged from exultant joy over the end of the war into overwhelming grief by this terrible tragedy. My intention was to be at the theatre that evening, but I was detained by some business matters until it was too late to go. I was in bed, asleep, when I was aroused by Major Stevens, the son-in-law of Colonel Baker, whom I could not see, but whose voice I recognized, who exclaimed in startling tones, "Judge, the President, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Stanton are killed!" and without waiting for any questions he rushed out of the room and "left the world to darkness and to me."

To say that I was badly scared is to put it mildly, but I mustered courage enough to go to the window and look out upon the street, where I could discern persons running, and it occurring to me that possibly a wholesale killing of those connected with the government was on hand, the best thing I could do was to stay in my room till morning, which I did, passing the rest of the night in sleepless anxiety. When daylight came I went out upon the street and saw what will never again be seen in Washington. Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Capitol to the Treasury Department, was crowded with people, the most noticeable of whom was the colored population. Negro women all along the avenue were on their knees, weeping, wringing their hands and wailing out their lamentations. Men were running here and there as though they wanted to do something without knowing what to do, and altogether it was an indescribable scene of excitement and commotion.

Solemn and impressive funeral services for the dead President were held in the celebrated East Room of the White House and were largely attended by officials of the government and the diplomatic corps. To escort the remains of Mr. Lincoln to Springfield a joint committee of the Senate and House was appointed, of which I was a member. We left Washington in a train of four or five cars all draped in deep mourning.

We stopped at Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago, at each of which places Mr. Lincoln lay in state a day or two, and it seemed as though the entire population of those cities turned out to look for the last time upon the face of their martyred President. At all the little towns and villages along the route the people assembled as well in the night as in the daytime, to give expression to their sorrow and see the funeral train. At some places as late as the midnight hour, with torches and lanterns to give light, groups of little girls dressed in white sang suitable hymns and by their bright presence and sweet voices seemed to deprive night and death of half their darkness and gloom.

We were met at Springfield by a great crowd of the old friends and neighbors of Mr. Lincoln, and, surrounded by a multitude whose tears and sighs gave proof of their unaffected sorrow, we laid away and left all that was mortal of Abraham Lincoln where

"The wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

I need not enlarge here upon the qualities which made Mr. Lincoln a good and great President, as they are as familiar as household words to the people of this country. Suffice it to say that no man ever lived who impressed his personality so deeply upon the hearts of the American people as Abraham Lincoln and

"Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

The Emancipation of Industry.

By W. P. BORLAND.

THE worst, the most obvious, apparently the most hopeless, characteristic of the closing days of this wonderful nineteenth century is the tremendous accumulation of private fortunes in the hands of the few, and the corresponding growth of pauperism, misery, political and industrial slavery on the part of the many. There is not one of our congested centers of population that does not contain more millionaires than existed in the whole country forty years ago. Thousands and thousands of wealth producers are constantly out of employment.

The concentration of industry and capital, the growth of trusts, the destruction of small industries and the forcing of small capitalists to the wall in all lines of trade, together with the constantly increasing army of the unemployed and the growing unrest among the sons of toil, are daily adding to the number of those upon whom the conviction is forced that a new social order is inevitable. The impossibility of the long con-

tinuance of present social arrangements has become clear to the most enlightened minds of the age, while the fear of impending change is agitating the hearts and brains of the most obtuse and conservative.

Is there any connection between abnormal wealth and abnormal poverty, between the wealthy idler and the homeless tramp? Obviously, yes. Under the present system production is carried on, not for those who simply want, but for those who can buy. It is plain that the income of a single Vanderbilt or Rockefeller must equal the combined incomes of an army of ordinary citizens. Say Rockefeller has \$120,000,000, which is far below the common estimate. This sum at five per cent will yield an annual return equal to the joint earnings of 12,000 men working at the rate of \$500 per year each. Estimating a family of five persons it then appears that the income of a single millionaire family, such as that of Rockefeller, must equal that of a city of 60,000 inhabitants, each head of

family earning \$500 per annum. If, then, production is to be carried on to its full capacity so that all may be employed, the one favored family must possess the consumptive power equal to that of a city of 60,000!

Less than a generation ago, in a criticism of the socialist theories of Louis Blanc, Charles Fourier and Robert Owen, published shortly after his death, no less an authority than John Stuart Mill declared the impossibility of the industrial trust, in these words:

"The richest competitor neither does nor can get rid of all his rivals and establish himself in exclusive possession of the market; and it is not the fact that any important branch of industry or commerce formerly divided among many has become, or shows any tendency to become the monopoly of a few."

In the ordinary branches of industry no one rich competitor has it in his power to drive out all the smaller ones."

Yet, the very thing which this greatest economist of the century asserted could not happen, has happened! The industrial trust is an indisputable reality of our business life. And this result has been brought about by the operation of the very laws which Mill relied on to prevent it. The development has been such as to completely destroy the basis of "free competition" which is theoretically the ruling principle in the business world. Instead of the old motto, "competition is the life of trade" it is now well recognized that competition is the death of trade, and all the efforts of our industrial magnates are directed to the end of stifling competition and introducing in its stead the opposing principle of combination or monopoly. With the business interests of the present day monopoly is not a matter of choice; it is one of necessity. They must either be monopolists or failures, and it is quite natural for them to choose the lesser evil, considered from the standpoint of their individual interests.

But how about the mass of the people? How does this inevitable monopoly affect their interests? Go into the highways and byways of our civilization and find your answer! Monopoly has closed the door of opportunity to thousands, millions of our people. From thrifty and contented wage earners countless thou-

sands have been reduced to nameless tramps, and from prosperous and happy tradesmen others have been thrown into the ranks of the wage earners, while in many cases men have been turned into adventurers and criminals. Technical perfection in our industrial processes, and the rapid introduction of machinery, have constantly reduced the need of manual labor and enabled production to be carried on with fewer and fewer workers. Centralization and combination are progressing with almost lightning rapidity in all the avenues of production and distribution, and the single great trust, having absolute command of the people's means of life, thrusts its giant outlines from out the mists of the future. To attempt to stay this economic development by force of statute law is as futile as the proverbial attempt of the old woman to sweep back the sea with a broom. The only remedy is for the people to take the trust business into their own hands. The economic principle of the trust is correct. The evil lies in its application. But the remedy? That is the Sphinx's riddle, which not to answer is to be destroyed. The disease is evidently not inherent in political conditions, as the symptoms are common to all civilized societies. Indeed, the most liberally governed nations, notably the United States and Great Britain, have developed the most striking evils. The disease is obviously economic, and the remedy lies in the fundamental change in the industrial system. Competition as an industrial system has served its purpose. There must be a change that will restore to the people the opportunities of which they have been deprived. Society must give every willing worker an opportunity to labor, and must grant him security to enjoy the fruit of such labor. We cannot go back to primitive conditions, and sacrifice the vast economic benefits that have accrued to the people as a whole during the last fifty years. That would be folly. We must go forward, not backwards. The new industrial principle that has been evolved must be adapted to the use of the whole people. The tools of industry must be owned collectively. Production and dis-

tribution must be carried on co-operatively, for the benefit of all.

Every intelligent workman knows that his labor creates several times more wealth than he receives in the form of wages, and necessity has forced upon society a recognition of the fact that this surplus must be distributed for the benefit of its creators instead of for the idle few. This can only be done by co-operation.

Many attempts have been made in the past to bring about a recognition of the economic superiority of co-operation. In most instances these attempts have been complicated by the introduction of social or religious theories having no necessary connection with the industrial principle itself, and in a great majority of instances such movements have been failures. At any rate, they have not possessed the necessary capacity of assimilation to make them universal. These attempts have generally taken the form of co-operative colonies, and other causes leading to failure, besides the one above mentioned, may be stated. There has been a lack of legislation favorable to their scheme of operations. No sooner would a community of colonists come together than dissensions would arise, lawsuits would ensue, and as a result of legal complications the colonies would be broken to pieces. Again, these enterprises have failed because the members would gather themselves together in some remote corner of the earth outside of civilization, without carrying with them sufficient provisions and capital to sustain them until they should be able to create for themselves a new civilization. Thus, before they could produce their own food, they would starve. Another leading cause instrumental in the failure of colonies is that the colonists themselves have been theorists, dreamers and readers of books, but exceedingly poor at manual labor. A further and important cause of failure has been lack of proper business management and definite plans for operations.

But, as a rule, men profit by the mistakes of their predecessors, and the failures of co-operative enterprises have taught lessons of caution to others who

have sought by this means to solve the problem of industrial emancipation. The most promising recent attempt at solving the riddle of the Sphinx is that of the Co-Operative Brotherhood, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Washington, and now carrying on business at Burley, in that state. The principal cause of failure of co-operative organizations have, as far as possible, been eliminated from the Co-Operative Brotherhood. Its plan provides for good business management, and its legal organization is such as to rest its cause on the most securely established laws of the land. It has no peculiar religious or social theories to work out, and it leaves no place open for those theorists and dreamers who are unable to do practical work with their hands or brains. Every co-operator must be a producer, and the conditions of life are such as to be favorable to individual incentive.

It is the intention of this company to direct the labor of its members to the production of every possible thing they themselves may need to consume. Thus, by directing the whole energy of the organization to the production of things which are to be consumed by the producers themselves, this corporation becomes absolutely free from the necessity to enter into competition with outside business interests, which might be detrimental.

From a business point of view the fact that this company enters into no forced competition with other interests in the business world is one of the greatest securities against any possibility of failure. Of course, it should not be understood that the products of the labor of this corporation are never to be sold in the markets of the world. What is meant is that the company will never be forced to sell its products in competition with others, but will sell when it can do so to advantage and profit. For instance, with our co-operators in manufacturing lumber and shingles to build their homes, in raising wheat and vegetables to eat, and wool for clothing, what matter is it to them whether the market price of these things are low or high? These things are produced for use and not for profit.

If they have a surplus to dispose of after their own wants are supplied, they may market it to such advantage as they can, but not being a profit-making institution primarily, they are not compelled to enter the market in competition with others. Ordinary farmers and laborers may continue to walk the streets homeless and shelterless; may continue to starve and go in rags as a result of low prices and poor markets, but the Co-Operative Brotherhood workers will own their own homes and have an abundance to eat and wear, as also first-class school facilities, all as a result of their own labor. And besides, what is equal to all this, they will have a noble object in life to live for.

The organization has two classes of members, resident members, called co-operators, who are engaged in the company's industries, and the non-resident or contributing members, who are paying dues of one dollar per month each, thus furnishing capital for the making of improvements and the establishment of new industries as they are needed. To become a non-resident member it is necessary to make application to the board of directors on a form furnished for that purpose, depositing two dollars to pay entrance fee and first month's dues. If accepted the applicant is given a Benefit Certificate setting forth the contract between the organization and its members, and is required thereafter to pay dues of one dollar per month for a period of 120 months, at the end of which time his payments cease and he is entitled to enter into the benefits of resident membership at any time thereafter at his option. A non-resident member may also become a resident member at the end of one year from date of application on payment of \$300, or immediately on payment of such greater sum as may be considered equitable, a home and employment being thereafter secure.

There is also life and accident insurance provision that deserves special consideration. A non-resident member who becomes totally or permanently disabled, while in good standing and after at least twelve month's dues have been paid, may be admitted as a resident mem-

ber, together with his dependents, and thereafter all shall be entitled to a home and maintenance, with all the rights and benefits of other resident members; or in event of the member's death, his dependents shall be admitted on the same terms.

This extraordinary insurance provision is the most humane and far-reaching ever devised by any corporation or fraternal association, and it is of the utmost importance to families of men who are working for wages or employed on salary. It is absolutely safe from a business standpoint, as there are no salaries to be paid high-priced officials, no expensive offices to be maintained, and no dividends to be paid stockholders. Moreover, the income and resources of the corporation are constantly and rapidly augmenting. The families who are taken in under this provision will be more than self-supporting in the industries of the corporation almost from the beginning, and in guaranteeing to furnish them a home and employment for life, instead of a fixed sum in cash, the company is assuming no obligation it cannot easily fulfill. The insurance is thus a safe risk as well as a noble act of humanity.

The company's first industrial settlement is located at the head of Henderson Bay on the west side of Puget Sound, only eighteen miles from Tacoma. The company's land comprises 300 acres of first-class alder bottom, located on both sides of Burley Creek, a fine stream of water from which ample power can be developed for manufacturing purposes. Good judges say the land is one of the finest agricultural tracts in the state. It contains an abundance of the finest cedar and alder timber, but only a limited amount of fir.

A first-class saw and shingle mill are in operation. The former is used mainly to manufacture such lumber as the company itself needs in its building operations. A planer is part of the outfit, and both rough and dressed lumber are turned out as needed. The shingle mill is already a source of considerable revenue to the company, as besides turning out what shingles are needed in the local building operations, from five to six

hundred thousand first-quality shingles are marketed monthly in the Tacoma market. There is also a cigar factory which is a source of some revenue.

Fourteen neat and substantial dwelling houses have already been built for individual use of families, and others are being built as rapidly as resources permit and needs demand. Besides these individual dwellings the company has a large hotel building, school house, kindergarten, barn, blacksmith shop, cigar factory and laundry, and other necessary out buildings.

The livestock consists of eight horses, nine cows, four head of young cattle, five pigs and two hundred chickens. There are also five hives of bees among the company's assets, the total value of which is now at least \$20,000 at a conservative estimate.

The land occupied by the company was purchased at a contract price of \$6,000 in round numbers. On this sum \$2,200 has already been paid, and the balance is being paid at the rate of \$200 a month, as it becomes due, with no interest on deferred payments. The above are the only obligations the company has on its fixed capital.

The total membership of the organization at the present writing is 925, and it is increasing at an average rate of 12 per week. In the settlement at Burley there are now 145 persons, men, women and children. A first-class school and kindergarten are in operation, and the colonists are enjoying much greater social advantages than are enjoyed by a like number of people of the same class anywhere outside. There are no classes, no cliques; all receive the same compensation, and all feel that proprietary interest in the affairs of the company that is so essential to a smooth and economical working of its business affairs.

It must be understood that the results set forth above have been accomplished in less than eighteen months by a company that started without a dollar in money and without a member. Wholly as a result of good business management and proper application of the co-operative principle, results have been attained that are little short of astonishing, and

which would have been absolutely impossible for any company of persons working on an individualistic basis. By force of the co-operative principle, and an aggregation of the small capitals of members, paid in at the rate of but one dollar each per month, results of momentous consequence for the benefit of the whole body have already been attained, and the company has as yet but fairly begun operations. The company's policy is one of indefinite expansion, and its power will increase proportionate with its membership. With a membership of 25,000, or even 10,000, which latter figure at least, should be reached within the next two years, the company will be in an irresistible position, and its progress from that time will be a triumphal march.

The organization is national, even international, in scope. It has members in 26 states of the union, and in all of the Canadian provinces; and recently an application for membership was received from Renfrewshire, Scotland. Naturally, however, its strongest membership is in the Pacific Coast states. The policy of the organization is to establish industrial settlements in the various states as fast as resources will permit and the need is apparent. The question of establishing an Oregon settlement is already under consideration, and is likely to become an accomplished fact within a year. Propositions for a California settlement, and also for another Washington settlement, in the wheat belt east of the mountains, have also been received and are being considered.

Unlike other co-operative movements that have been heretofore established, the Co-Operative Brotherhood is attracting a membership from among substantial business men of the middle class. These men are feeling the pinch of the trusts, and are awakening to the fact that they must protect themselves by following out the new business principle. The economic principle of the trust will be put in operation by this new organization for the benefit of its entire membership, instead of for a few dividend receivers.



"Lord Britain."

Belgian Hares.

By F. L. WASHBURN, of the University of Oregon.

ELIZABETH GRINNELL, on the event of a visit to a large rabbitry in Los Angeles, says: "I have caressed Lord Britain, Queen of England, and others of the hare aristocracy, and stood as spell-bound before their beauty and intelligence, as if they were real, human nobility. To look into the eyes of Lord Britain is like looking into the depths of a forest stream, bordered by autumn foliage. And his feet! O, one has to look at the feet of a high-type Belgian hare to appreciate them. Every inch of the creature, from the tip of its splendid ears to the tapering toes of its farthest foot, is beyond compare."

These sentiments voice the feelings of all admirers of the Belgian hare.

What is this creature that is taking this coast and many eastern cities by storm? In the first place, it is not a hare at all, for it will burrow to some extent, if it has an opportunity, and it plucks fur from its body to cover its newly born young, two things a true hare never does. Further, the young of a hare are born with open eyes, which is not the case with a Belgian. Its origin is uncertain, for no one seems to know whence it really sprang. It is commonly believed that it owes its nativity to the crossing of a black rabbit in Belgium

with the European rabbit (*Lepus caniculus*). This supposition is given color by the fact that occasionally jet black Belgians will be born from reddish parents, and their young will revert to the red color again.

It is in England that the breeding of this Belgium-born variety is carried to perfection, our cousins across the water aiming to produce in the tame animal the general characteristics of the English hare (*Lepus timidus*). Hence we find a standard established, an ideal hare, toward which all lovers of the animal are striving. The leading features in this standard, briefly, are: Color, rich rufous red, 20 points, as little white under jaws as possible; ticking (the black tip of each hair) wavy in appearance, plentiful, but must not run to fore legs, 15 points; shape, body long, thin, well tucked up flank, tail straight, etc., 20 points; ears about five inches long, thin, well laced on tips and as far down outside edges as possible, etc., 10 points; eyes, hazel, large, round, bright, etc., 10 points; legs and feet, forefeet and legs, long, straight, slender, well colored (red) and free from white bars, hind feet with as little white as possible, 10 points; size, about eight pounds, 5 points; condition, not fat, but flesh firm, 5 points; without dewlap, 5 points. The sum total of the above is

100 points. Hares which score 90 and 91 points toward perfection are very good hares. Animals scoring 92, 93, 94, are excellent specimens, and to the best of my knowledge 96 is the highest score yet reached by any hare.

This high score was reached by Lord Nason. The photograph of this animal reproduced herewith, will illustrate the perfect type as near as it has been attained.

This animal was recently sold for \$600 (not a remarkable price, perhaps, everything considered) and shortly afterwards repurchased by his former owners. A prominent judge, one acceptable to all hare fanciers, has this to say about the

a thrill in the hearts of the lovers of the Belgian hare.

But the average American is practical, and he at once asks, "Where is the profit in keeping hares? Are they of any value apart from their beauty, and is this a fad destined to perish, like all other fads, or will the Belgian hare have a permanent place upon our farms and in our cities? Are they easily cared for, and without much expense?" Alas, that we must turn from the aesthetic side of this question to the one of utility, for it is hard to associate such a beautiful creature with the thought of the butcher's block. As if Nature had foreseen these very questions and provided for



animal, which he says reaches the highest score ever given by him to a Belgian hare: "A wonder in color, and equally as great a wonder in shape—his beautiful eye, length of limb, neat, clean-cut neck, his excellent pose, his entire make-up, places him as one of the grandest specimens ever produced." Lord Nason, of course, is not the only hare of high rank. Champion Fashoda (the acknowledged champion of the world), Lord Britain, whose picture heads this article, and who, up to the time of his death, brought his owners \$3000 per annum, Rochdale, Duke of Edinboro, Lord Lurgan, Duke of Cheshire, Sir Styles and others, are names which cause

the practical as well as the ornamental, we find heavy weight Belgians, some of them weighing 12 or 13 pounds, with and without good pedigrees, not commanding such high prices as those we have been discussing, but selling in California for from 20 to 25 cents per pound, dressed. The hides are valuable and are used for felting, hats, etc.

The animal is very prolific, 50 young each year from one doe being a very conservative estimate. I can bear witness to the fact that the meat is more delicious than chicken or turkey. It contains 83 per cent of digestible nutriment, far superior to beef, mutton, pork or chicken in this respect, and is par-

ticularly valuable for invalids on this account. A New York physician says it should be found in every sanitarium. As to the expense of feeding, I can give no statistics beyond stating that they are kept in the best condition by not over-feeding. A good handful of oats in the morning, with a little hay in the evening, with a judicious use of green stuff represents fairly well the daily rations of an adult. Plenty of fresh water at all times. The Belgian is a cleanly animal, and, although doing best in spacious quarters, thrives very well in a drygoods box 4x5x3 feet.

No branch of business, probably, is more affected by ladies than that of raising and selling Belgian hares, since it gives light employment and yields good

returns. A case has come to my knowledge of a lady acting as housekeeper in the home of a wealthy family who purchased a few hares, three years ago. To-day she has two or three hundred animals and a yearly income of \$1500, and finds it more profitable than housekeeping. Not long ago a gentleman paid \$5 for a doe which in a few years had netted him \$375. This was just an ordinary animal, probably well colored and with no disqualifications. Fancy does bring marvelous prices. In ordering some fine stock not long ago I stipulated what the doe should be, and the dealer wrote me that the cheapest animal he had filling my requirements would cost \$275. I have heard of another doe for which \$1000 was offered and refused.



"Beauty," a High Grade Doe.

Man's Immortality.

Before the world, before the heavens were,
My soul her being had and dwelt with God,
A vital spark flung from eternal flame,
In the dim vista of the eternal past;
But now imprisoned in this earthly clay,
Beset by ills that rack this mortal frame,
She rests uneasy, confined far from home.

World shall decay, and stars shall flee,
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
My body shall return to dust from whence it
came,
Yet in the eternal future as the past,
My soul shall keep undimmed her youthful
prime,
Through the eternal ages still the same,
Unmared, unsullied, by the flight of time.

J. A. Hart.

Camp-Fires of the Pioneers.

Fragments of an Oregon Aeneid.

By SAM L. SIMPSON.

THE poetry appended to this introduction is a part of perhaps the longest poem ever written by Oregon's favorite bard. As its title will readily suggest, it deals with life on the plains and in the early settlement of the Pacific Northwest. To say that this splendid effusion has remained unpublished for over twenty years is, perhaps, but to pass a fair and just commentary on the literary enthusiasm (or the lack of enthusiasm) heretofore prevalent in the state. But with the advent of largely-increased population from more cultured quarters, and through the continuous spread of educational influences by our schools and colleges, the kind of enthusiasm referred to should, and evidently is, becoming more manifest and pronounced. There is ample justification, therefore, I think, for this effort to rescue from the apathy of chronic indifference this excellent tribute to the founders of the state, 'ere the heroes of the verse have become totally extinct.

The poem, as now presented to the public, lacks the final polish and finish of the author, as it was from the first rough draft that these fragments, after considerable pains and difficulty, were transcribed. The poet's habit usually was to block out a poem in the rough, and then immediately prepare a perfected copy for publication. The improved version of this poem went with the volume he had hoped to have published. But that volume, in keeping with the run of bad luck that seemed to keep the author in continuous companionship, fail-

ed to get into print. Just why it failed is a question as difficult to answer as it is to keep from asking the question. Moneyed men in Portland were appealed to to lend a helping hand, but money is proverbially "coy and hard to please," and does not always, therefore, represent the better promptings of the human head and heart. The state will some day, if it does not now, take a becoming pride in its earliest literature. Among those who have contributed to her renown in this respect, no name will shine with brighter effulgence than that of Sam. L. Simpson.

As has already been intimated, the copy from which these fragments are taken was incomplete; it was written with pencil on both sides of the paper and no care taken to number the pages. In many places the lines are obscure and difficult to decipher. Where such was the case I have been forced to take some liberties with the verse, but always to the detriment of the poem. It would be bold assumption to pretend to improve on the finished versification of such a painstaking writer. Hence I have tried to follow copy in all instances where it was legible. The attempt to arrange the pages in their intended order of natural sequence has not been devoid of embarrassing difficulties, and complete success is far from being claimed. But the reader, I am sure, will pardon a few mistakes in this respect, in view of the wholesome feast of song herewith submitted.

W. W. Fidler.

STRIKING at ease his golden lyre,
The laureled Mantuan has sung
Beleagured Troy's immortal pyre,
The daring raid Aeneas flung
To wayward gates, the voyage long
That tracks the silver wave of song,
Until the worn and weary oar
Had kissed the fair Lavinian shore;
The Argos' classic pennon streams

Along sweet horizons of dreams;
The Mayflower has furled her wings
And restfully at anchor swings;
Columbia chants to columned seas
The triumph of the Genoese,
And yet, stout hearts, no fitting meed
Of panegyric crowns the deed
From which a stately empire springs.

The minions of a perfumed age
 Already crowd you from the stage.
 The massive manhood of the past
 In yet another mould is cast;
 And yet, with calm and kindly eyes,
 You view the feast for others spread,
 And hail the blue benignant skies,
 Resigned and grandly comforted.
 It was for this you broke the way
 Before the sunset gates of day
 And, with a God-like faith endued,
 Had scaled the rugged crags of Fate,
 And with unsounding labors hewed
 The pillars of the future state.
 Before you scarred battalions wheel
 Into the mystic realm of shade,
 And on your grizzled brows the seal
 Of mysteries is softly laid.
 Once more around the old campfires
 That smoulder like fulfilled desires,
 Rehearse the story of your toils,
 And cross your swords beside your spoils.

The lights and shadows down the lane,
 The oak beside the foot-worn stile.
 Whose wheeling shade a weary while
 Had told the hours of joy and pain;
 The pathway winding through the grain,
 The vine that clambered on the porch
 With many a fragrant purple torch;
 The veiled lights of household love,
 The sloping roof that wore the stain
 Of summer sun and winter rain,
 And browner chimney tops above
 The cluster of the orchard trees
 Bedecked with blossom, glad with bees;
 The brook that many a summer day
 Had many things to sing and say,—
 All these upon your vision cast
 Reflections that forever last.
 And now the last goodbye is said.
 Good-by! the living and the dead
 In those sad words together speak,
 And all your chosen ways are bleak.

And now the cracking lashes send
 A thrill of action down the train.
 Their brawny necks the oxen bend
 And slowly move each covered wain;
 And horsemen gallop down the line
 And wheel around the loosened kine
 That straggle, lowing, on the plain,
 And lift glad hands to babes that laugh
 And dash the buttercups like chaff.
 Hurrah! the skies are jewel blue,
 In plumes of green and braid of gold;
 The Earth is wondrous to behold,
 And hopes are light and hearts are true.
 Hurrah! hurrah! the fair, the free,
 The sudden sweep of ecstasy
 That lifts the soul on wings of fire
 When fears consume and doubts expire—
 When the unfettered human thought
 The oriflamme of hope has caught
 And over sunset shore and seas,
 Is trailing robes of mysteries.

And now the sun is wheeling down,
 And lights and shadows, gold and brown,

Are weaving sunset's purple spell.
 The teams are freed, the fires are made
 That put surroundings all in shade,
 And pleasant groups before, and
 Are thronging in the fitful sheen;
 And night has come and all is well.

So pass the days, so fall the nights,
 A banquet of renewed delights.
 The old horizons lift and pass
 Like shifting changes of a dream,
 And in the heaven's azure glass
 Tomorrow's magic vistas gleam,
 With many a vale and mountain mass
 And many a swelling, shiny stream.
 The past is dead and dares not wrest
 Its shadow parts from head or breast.
 The air is incense and the breeze
 Is sweet with sacred melodies,
 And all the castled hills before
 In purple vistas sweep and soar.

And ever, as the sun goes down,
 The West is shut with rosy bars,
 The night puts on her golden crown
 And fills the vases of the stars.
 It is a happy, happy time,
 As wayward as a poet's rhyme
 In dalliance with birds and flowers.

A hundred nights, a hundred days!
 Nor folded cloud, nor silken haze,
 Mellow the sun's midsummer blaze.
 Along the scorched and scorching plain,
 All slowly drags the wasted train.
 The dust starts up where e're you tread
 Like angry ashes of the dead,
 And veils you in its choking cloud,
 And wraps you in its awful shroud.

There is no longer any care,
 To round the speech and speak men fair,
 Or any staying sense of shame.
 The hearts of men are sifted through,
 The chaff is winnowed from the grain,
 And every where the false and true
 Are stamped with signets deep and plain.
 For some are silent, some are loud,
 And urge like traits among the crowd.
 And some are mild, and some are sharp
 In word and deed, and snarl and carp
 And fret the camp with family broils.
 And some with tempers sweet and bland

Do seem to bear a magic wand,
 That lightens all the daily toils,
 As sandal wood in burning breaths,
 Sweet odor in its curling wreaths.
 And some go howling to their God,
 And feign to kiss the heavy rod;
 And some, maybe, with silent prayers,
 Bend not in any griefs or cares,
 But clench their teeth to do or die,
 Without a whine, or curse, or cry.

And so the dust and grit and strain
 Of travel wears into the grain;
 And so the hearts and souls of men
 Were darkly tried and tested then;

CAMP-FIRES OF THE PIONEERS.

And so in happy after years,
When smiles have long outlived the tears,
If any friend should ask of you,
If such or such an one you knew?
I hear you answer, terse and grim,
"An, yes—I crossed the plains with him."

And lo, a lurid phantom stands
To greet you in the lonely lands
Among all lesser phantoms dim.
With spoils of death his meagre hands
Salute you as you pass and claim
The sacred fee that feeds his flame.
The march is now become a blight,
And wreck and ruin strew the path
As if you fled Jehovah's wrath.
There are no birds to sing you joy;
You have no joy for birds to sing;
A hundred pangs of care annoy—
A thousand troubles fret and sting.

The desert mocks you all the while
With that dry shimmer of a smile,
That dazzles on a bleeding skull.
The bloom is withered on your cheek,
You slowly move and slowly speak,
And every eye is dim and dull.
Alas, it is a lonesome land
Of bitter sage and barren sand,
Under a bleak and friendless sky,
That never heard the robin sing,
Or kissed the larks exultant wing.
Nor breathed a rose's fragrant sigh.
A weary land, alas! alas!
The shadows of the vultures pass
A spectral sign along your path;
The hungry wolf, with head askance,
Throws back at you a scowling glance
Of malice, hate and coward wrath;
A desert stretch, a reach of sand,
That crumbles at your lifted hand;
A dead, drear land, accursed, unknown,
In withered shroud asleep—alone—
Only the glimmering ghosts of seas
In broiery of flowers and trees.
And rivers blue and cool, that seem
To ripple as in fevered dream.
Only to taunt your thirst and fly
The plains that glisten bleak and dry.
A hundred days, a hundred nights—
The goal is further than before,
And all the changing shades and lights
Enwreath your souls with dreams no more.

A weary sun is overhead,
And faded pampas round you spread,
A sere and sad eternity.
And if some grisly mountains rise
Like riven temples in the skies,
You turn in fear and pass them by.

And all are overworn and all
Unmask their hidden frailties then;
And some upon their Maker call
In fear that they have missed His ken.
And all are overworn; the flesh
Becomes a frail translucent mesh,
That will not mask the spirit now.

A horseman with wild wavy hair,
Black as the blackness of despair,
Wheels into sight and gives you heed,
And on his haunches reins his steed
All quivering like a river reed,
And sits him like a statue there
Transfigured in the sunset sea—
A Sphinx of speechless mystery.
A moment thus in wonder lost,
His eagle plumes all wildly tossed,
And wheels again and swift as wind,
The wild hair floating far behind,
And sunset's cringled surges pour
Along an empty waste once more.
Gone! but that fantastic shade
Across your desert path has played
An omen sinister and dark—
A fearful and presaging mark—
Till stars are crimson and the sky
Is wan with deadly treachery.

For many days a form of white
Has wavered wearily on your sight,
In fluttering glimpses as of wings,
Or God's bright palm in bickerings.
It is the sacred sign of each;
You dare not give the thought in speech,
So wildly solemn is the sign,
As if upon the Western stairs
The Angel of a thousand prayers
Were bringing sacred bread and wine.

The ox lies gasping in the yoke
Beside the wagon that he drew,
Where the forsaken campfires smoke
To hopeless skies of tawny blue;
And while you're straight you still must
mark

The flight of life's delusive spark—
The sombre pranks of grief that lie
So thick in human history,
And oh, so dark on this bleak page
Of drifting sand and dreary sage!
The sulky levels of the day;
The night with weird enchantment fills,
And mythic forests stretch away
Along the slopes of shadow hills,
And in the solemn stillness breaks
The wild wolf's music of the plains,
As if a guardian spirit wakes
The dreary dead in that refrain
That swells and gathers like a wail,
Of woe from Plutus' ebon pale,
Then sinks in pulseless calm again.

And lo, a change, an opal mist,
Along the far horizon's rim
Is banked against the amethyst
Of summer sky—so far, so dim,
You shade your eyes and gaze and gaze
Until there wavers into sight
A swinging, swaying strand of white,
And then some sapphire walls and towers
That break the light in misty showers,
And float and fade in quivering haze.
It is the mountains, grand and calm
As God upon His awful throne.
They give you strength and breathe you
balm,

And all their templed might of stone
Is one eternal sculptured psalm.
And now your Western course is led
Where grassy billowed pampas spread
Like sudden lashings of the foam
Where tropic tempests smite the sea,
And snips are stripped to meet the blow—
The pastures of the buffalo.

A ragged whirl of dust descried
Upon the prairie's sloping side,
Portends a storm both fierce and free,
As to the herds they come, they come,
A swamping thunder cloud of life,
Loud as Niagara and grand
As they who rode with plume and brand
In Waterloo's world-making strife;
Wide as the rush of tidal seas
That whelm their ancient boundaries,
The trampling bison, miles along
A black and billowed fiery mass,
That withers like a flame the grass.
Along the smoking plains they pass,
Ten hundred, yea ten thousand strong.
Meanwhile the creeping train is stopped;
The wagon tongues are deftly dropped,
And trainmen by their oxen stand
And soothe them with soft speech and hand.
And yet, with lifted heads and eyes
Aflame with wild and savage fire,
They scorn their driver's startled cries,
And snort and surge with savage ire,
As if a sudden spirit woke
That could not brook the chain and yoke,
And then—the stormy pageant past —
They bend their quivering necks at last
And with a heavy stride and slow
Their dreams of liberty forego.
And lo, it is a land of shades
And mystic visions and alarms;
The fretted spirit flames and fades
In constant call to prayers or arms.
But still advancing, the low sun
Hangs like a gamut of red fire
In the rich West of your desire,
And on the brown plateau is wold
And mellow swage of crinkled gold,
Bordered with shadows gray and dun.

Again the still enchanted hour
Of sunset beams in crimson flower,
And purple-headed shadows sleep
Like clustered pansies, warm and deep.
Eastward of wreathen crag and wall,
The road that wound and wound all day
In many a dark and devious way,
At last, with one swift curve, ascends
The wide Plateau that smoothly bends
Westward till rosy curtains fall
On mountains massed and magical:
And lo, you almost bend the knee
In presence of God's majesty;
As there, in sunset's gold and rose,
A pyramid of splendor glows,
So vast and calm and bright your dream
Is dust and ashes in his gleam.
A maiden speaks: "He led us far;
It is the golden Western Star."
And then a youth: "Our goal is won;

'Tis the Pavillion of the Sun."
A gray sage then in undertone:
"It must be Hood! so grand and lone,
The shining citadel and throne
Of Terminus, that Roman god
Who marched the line the legions trod
And set the boundaries of the world
Where Caesar's battle flags were furled.
O for the dark-eyed prophetess
Who sang in Syrian wilderness
The gilded chariot's overthrow
To lead for us the cymbaled song,
To Him, the beautiful and strong,
Who broke the brimming cup of woe
And was our cloud and flame so long!

At last, with tolls of steel and fire
Like those who stormed ancestral Tyre,
The way is hewn and you emerge
Upon the Cascade's battled verge,
And then beneath you and away
To Ocean's shining fringe of foam
The land of promise waiting lies,
Serene as tented twilight skies
When day is swooning into gloam.
But 'tis the morning twilight now
That veils the valley's misted brow—
The bourgeoning and blooming dawn,
The reveille of Oregon.
How brightly on your vision, first,
The pictured vales and woodlands burst!
The lakelets set like inlaid gems
Along the prairies' flowery hems,
The graceful crooks and silent sweeps
Of happy rivers every where,
And many a waterfall that leaps
In rainbow garlands through the air,
The meadows deep in tangled grass
That gilds the horsemen as they pass
With fragrant dust of floral gold;
The crested forests of the fir
So redolent of musk and myrrh,
And mighty musical and old;
Their branches like dark banners stir,
But leave their secrets all untold!
The crendled hills' Etruscan bronze
That frames the painted meads and lawns,
The tangled skeins of wayward brooks
That melt with laughter in wild nooks
Of bramble rose and ferny fronds!
The stunted maples and the groves
Of oak the sweet-born spirit loves,
The basking plains of fertile mold,
In broadened maps of grain unsold,
And still beyond the mountain heights,
That smoulder in empurpled lights.

* * * * *
Where the foothills are wedded to prairies
In their dimples of beauty and grace,
And the oak swings a shadow that varies
On the daisies that dial the place,
And on crescents of vines and in hollows,
Redlipped in the strawberry time,
And on glades where the forest half follows
The brooks and their troubadour rhyme:—
On those sun-rippled knolls and those
 prairies,
Beloved of the wandering kine,

In the skirts of the woodland where fairies
 Embroider with rose and with vine,
 There's a tent and a smoke that is curling
 Above in the beautiful dome
 Like a genial spirit unfurling
 Soft wings on the promise of home.
 And the ax of the woodman is ringing
 All day in the fir-shaded halls,
 Where the chipmunk is playfully springing
 And the blue-jay discordantly calls.
 And the redchips are flagrantly flying
 On the asters that sprinkle the moss,
 Where flowers of summer are drying
 And the sun-lances glimmer across.
 There's a bird that is spectrally knocking
 On a gleaming old stub over there,
 For the fir-top is trembling and rocking
 In the blue of the clear upper air.
 There's a cracking of fibre—the thunder
 Of centuries crushed at a blow;
 Its companions are stricken asunder
 Making room for a chieftain below.
 A pheasant whirls up from the thicket,
 In the hush that comes after the fall,
 And the squirrel peeps out from his wicket,
 And the blue-jay renounces his call;
 While the panther lies crouched by the
 boulder,

In the gloom of the canyon anear,
 And the brown bear looks over his shoulder
 As the buck blows the signal of fear;
 But there's never a pause in your duty,
 And the echoing ax is not still,
 As you waste the green temples of beauty
 For the puncheon and rafter and sill
 That are wrought in a cabin so lowly.
 The trees clasp hands overhead;
 But the heart calls it home and the holy
 Love-lights on it's hearthstone are shed.
 It is staunch as its humble; the ceiling
 Of fragrant red cedar is made,
 With an edging of silver revealing
 A succession of sunshine and shade.
 And the Word has a place not a trifle
 Obscured in a pageant of books;
 And above the broad mantle your rifle
 Is hung on artistical hooks.
 O the freshness of hope and the fancy
 That illuminate home and the heart,
 And the grace of the bright necromancy
 That excels the adorning of Art!
 And you rise and look out and the glory
 Of Hood is before you again,
 While the sun weaves a gold-threaded story
 In the purple of mountain and glen.
 Stand up and look out from the mansion

That adorns the old homestead today,
 On the fruitage of hopes—the expansion
 Of dreams that are real and to stay.
 While the shadows of Hood have been wheel-
 ing

Away from the face of the sun,
 What a glamour of change has been stealing
 On the fields you have valiantly won,
 Till a state in the shimmering armor,
 Of the Pallas of Athens has come,
 And her purple is fringed with the warmer
 Refulgence that circles the home.
 Like the castles that fade at cockcrow
 Her enchantments arise and advance
 Where the cities of commerce are glowing
 Like pearls in the braids of Romance.

As for you, you are gray, and the thunder
 Of battle has smitten each brow
 Where the beauty of youth was turned under
 By Time's immemorial plow;
 But the pictures of memory linger
 Like the shadows that turn to the East,
 And point with tremulous finger
 To the things that have perished and ceased.
 The trail and the footlog have vanished,
 The canoe is a song and a tale.
 And the flickering church spire has banished
 The red-man away from the vale.
 A giant was dragged from the fountain
 To be harnessed with steel to the car,
 While the red wing that flashed on the moun-
 tain

Flits by on the sentient wire.
 The cayuse is no longer in fashion,
 He is gone with a flutter of heels;
 And the old wars are dead, and their passion
 In the crystal of culture congeals.
 And the wavering flare of the pitchlight
 That illumined your cabin before
 Is a will-o'-the-wisp and witch-light
 That encumbers the fancies of yore,
 When you danced to old Arkansas gally,
 In brogans that followed the bear,
 And quaffed the delights of Castly
 From a fiddle that wailed like despair,
 And lightly you wrought with the hammer,
 And so truly with ax and with plow,
 And you blazed your own path through the
 grammar,

And were festively keen for a row.
 But you builded a state, in whose arches
 Should be carved well your deeds and your
 name,

As posterity lengthens it marches
 In the golden star-light of your fame.

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Elise.

A Sequel to "The Voice of the Silence."

Chapter VII.

IT was late in November of the year following that of the passing of Leonade Vere. Mrs. Randolph, hurrying home in the chill, grey dusk of a wet evening, came unexpectedly upon a visitor at her door. She recognized the stalwart figure in the heavy overcoat standing with bared head on the step in the drizzling rain, almost before her eyes had time to tell her who it was, and ran forward with his name upon her lips.

He took the hand she gave him and held it lightly in his own. "I did not wish to go away without seeing you," he said. "They told me you would soon be home."

"And left you to wait upon the doorstep?" cried Elise, in sudden indignation.

"No, indeed no. It was my doing. I preferred it so."

"Odin!"

He laughed. "Set it down to sentiment, if you will. I am not ashamed to own that I could enter your door only at your bidding. If you insist I will stand here all night."

"Come in," cried Elise, "this moment. I decline to be held responsible for a piece of foolishness that may result in your early taking off."

She ran up the steps and rang the bell. "I started in to carry a latch key," she explained, "but after I had lost about a hundred or more I gave it up. You know I don't believe in locking doors, anyway."

The solemn footman let them in. There was a fire in the great fireplace in the hall, but Elise led the way up to her own particular part of the house.

"This is all I have left of the old life, Odin. This and the boy, you know. Is it not something like the cabin under the pines?"

Odin glanced about the place. The bare rafters, the rough walls—the sea-lion pelts upon the floor. The fire that

burned upon the hearth might have been built of driftwood and the shadows in the corner were like those that lurked about the room—that dear room where he had spent so many, many evenings with—this woman before him? He let his eyes rest upon her face, beautiful, as of old, but with something added. The mysterious tenderness that limns the countenance of the woman who has experienced life. "The same, yet not the same," he said, his thought taking form in words before he was aware.

"True! Oh, what an irresponsible creature I was in those days, Odin, so thoughtless, so selfish, so—only say you forgive me." She held out her hand in her old, impulsive fashion, and as he clasped it, he said, smiling, "You are not so changed after all." Then more seriously: "You did not know, and now, after all these years, I find myself glad of your ignorance."

She turned away and began divesting herself of her hat and gloves. "I brought you here first," she remarked, "that you might see for yourself and save me the trouble of telling you that I have not forgotten. And now, since I have impressed that fact upon your mind, I will ring for James to show you to your room. We dine at seven. Miss Farmer is coming and some other people, but they are going on to the play, and we shall have the whole evening. There is so much to say, so many things to ask about. I want to know how it is with Nellie—and—and—oh how it all comes back to me at the sight of you, Odin. You have brought the salt breath of the sea and the fragrance of the pines with you out of the Land of Nowhere, and my heart yearns, and my soul listens for the sound of the surf upon the shore. Do you remember the muffled roar of the breakers on a night like this?"

She stood with her hands clasped

against her breast, her eyes glowing like stars in the half-light of the fire. As she ceased speaking the Indian lad came forth from the deeper shadows and leaned beside her, his face hidden against her arm.

"Let me go back," he whispered, so softly that only her ear could hear, "back to the cabin in the pine grove, where I can see the white waves beat upon the sands and the gulls flying toward the sea in the grey mist. I am sick for my own land." And Elise, swayed by the force of her own longing, drew him closer to her side and murmured, "You shall go." Then to her guest, "This is Nanita's son, and my dear comfort. I think he all but lives in this room."

The boy advanced and gave his hand, with a certain unconscious grace and dignity, and passed out.

"He is a handsome boy," Odin said, "and you would not guess his origin if you did not know."

"Wait till you see him angry; it comes out then in his eyes. He is the peer of any white lad of his age I know, and yet at heart he is all Indian, and loyal to his mother's people. He pines for the wilds, and though I spare nothing that will contribute to his welfare and pleasure, I know that he hates the restraints of civilization."

"Let me take him back with me to the land he loves."

"Would you? But what would you do with him?"

"Take care of him, educate him; not, perhaps, as thoroughly as you would do it, but for your sake he would be as my own son—the son I might have had if the fates had willed it so."

"For my sake, Odin, and because of the dear, past days, he shall go with you."

So easy is it for a woman to have her will.

"And now," said Odin, presently, "I must go. I am sorry that a previous engagement prevents acceptance of your kind invitation. But I will come, if I may, tomorrow."

"Tomorrow morning, then."

"At what hour shall I find you free?"

"Ten, no, quarter past. Good-night, if you must go."

"To my regret, I must. Good-night."

The tall footman came to show him out and Elise, left alone before the fire, fell to musing, and forgot to dress for dinner, until Katherine Farmer burst in upon her with the information that everybody was starving and the Colonel was distracted.

"O go back and tell them not to wait. Make any excuse you can think of for me. Say I have a raging headache, or—or anything. I will be down before you get to the fish."

"Headache indeed!" exclaimed Katherine in disgust, "when everybody who knows you at all knows you never had a headache in your life. I shall say that you sprained your ankle—let me see, how had you better do it? Oh, yes, slipped in descending from your carriage, that sounds all right. Do hurry, and don't forget to enter the room with a halting step, an interesting limp. I shall make up a touching tale."

But Elise, in the excitement of a hurried toilet, forgot all about the sprained ankle, and came in sweetly oblivious to the role so elaborately prepared for her.

"You are a fraud," remarked Katherine, in an audible aside as her hostess took her seat. "An unmitigated fraud, and I want you to distinctly understand that I shall never strain my conscience to fib for you again."

"Oh, cried Elise, in dismay, "forgive me, but really, I forgot."

And then there followed laughing explanations, and Elise confessed. "To be perfectly frank," she said, with charming naivette, "I met an old friend whom I had not seen since my marriage, and we talked. It was unpardonable, I am afraid, but he belongs to the days on the river, and I was so glad to see him."

"I wonder," remarked Mrs. Natron, if it could have been the gallant knight who came down your front steps just as my carriage drew up to the curb? Is he tall, Mrs. Randolph?"

"About six feet, I should say."

"And broad-shouldered?"

"Yes."

"And handsome?"

"Why, I—really don't know—I never thought about it—yes, I suppose you would call him that."

"Then it was the same, and I absolve you, on one condition, however."

"And that is?" asked the Colonel.

"That she provides the opportunity and presents him to me. He is a man after my own heart."

"Rather a sudden conviction, was it not?" remarked Mrs. Cory. "You had but a passing glimpse as he descended the steps."

"A little more—you know how it was raining, and the carriage door hung, somehow, and he came to the rescue—helped me out and across the pavement as if I had been Queen Elizabeth and he Sir Walter Raleigh. If there had only been a mud-puddle I am sure he would have taken off his overcoat."

Chapter VIII.

Things were not as they had been in Reese Alley. After repeated attempts to move an indifferent health board to action, and much vain endeavor to induce the property owners to make improvements and repairs, Elise purchased the rickety tenements that hived the wretched, swarming life of the Alley, razed them, burned the debris, and erected on the ground thus purified by fire, a number of beautiful flat buildings. It had been her husband's suggestion, this architectural experiment, and it had swallowed up a good share of her private fortune. For she had spared no expense in the transformation which she undertook with all the enthusiasm of a happy, hopeful woman, confident of the sympathy and co-operation of her husband. She no longer labored alone. As she had once remarked to Katherine Farmer, still her faithful assistant, "it needed a stronger hand than a woman's" to right the wrongs that daily confronted her in Reese Alley, and when the Colonel, contrite and eager to make atonement, brought to her aid his clearer masculine judgment and ready executive ability, the tangles that had so disturbed and perplexed her straightened out as if by magic.

"It is simply hopeless," she had said to him one evening, shortly after Leona de Vere's death. "It will be impossible

to keep down the mortality rate with conditions as they are. The children will die by dozens when the hot weather comes on."

"Buy the whole district, and make the conditions to suit yourself," replied her husband. "I cannot have you worried like this if I have to charter a fleet and ship your precious paupers off to Central Africa."

"Oh, they are not paupers; if they were it would be simpler."

"Well, buy out the present owners, and make your own improvements."

"Do you think I might?"

"Certainly. I cannot say that I think the investment a good one, from a financial point of view, though it might be made to pay in the end; but you seem bent on spending your substance in philanthropic work, and you might as well do it thoroughly and effectually."

It was, however, no easy matter to reconcile the inhabitants of the Alley to the new order of things. They rebelled at being robbed of their birthright of dirt and darkness. The suites of clean, well-lighted rooms, supplied with modern conveniences, at a lower rental than they had been wont to pay for a single, dingy cell, filled them with suspicion.

It was Mam' Betts who, at this critical juncture, came forward and turned the tide of public opinion in favor of the new flats. "I knows a good thing when I sees it," she announced to a full convocation at the corner grocery the evening after the first building was opened for occupancy. "Them air sunshiny rooms is just the place for kids, an' I move in tomorrer."

"You won't never be allowed to go on no tears in there," jeered one of her listeners. "There'll be rules and regulations and sich."

"An' who's afraid of them," she demanded. "I ain't never been asked to sign no pledge, least ways not by her. She ain't never made no rules and regulations yet, an' I'm a movin' in tomorrer."

Gradually the majority followed the heroic example of Mam' Betts, and on the morning that Elise took Odin with her on her rounds there was not an empty room in any one of the three

large buildings. And better than all, perhaps, was the fact that work was provided for all who were able to perform it. In addition to the school, which came directly under Katherine Farmer's supervision, there was a library with pleasant reading rooms, a gymnasium, public baths, and a little park well set with young trees and hardy shrubs.

"And do you think, asked Odin, when they emerged from the Alley and were walking homeward, "Do you think they are better and happier than before?"

"Undoubtedly," she replied. "They are better because they are happier. When people are happy, they are removed from the temptation to sin."

"And yet your Alley is hardly a paradise, judging from the profanity I overheard in the course of the morning."

"Far enough from that, I know. But what would you? Is it possible, in one generation, to reconstruct human nature. It is in the children, hopes are placed."

"I know," he said. "I, too, have learned patience, and have gained nothing of faith besides."

"And you are happier, Odin?" It may be, though happiness is, after all, but a relative term."

"And you are happier, Odin?"

"It may be, though happiness is, after all, but a relative term."

* * * * *

A few days later he came to say good-bye, and to carry Nanita's son back with him to the Land of Nowhere. They stood together in the room that was a reminder of the river—Elise and Odin and the boy.

"No, Elise was saying, "I shall never return to the cabin. It would not be the same. It is not well to try to repeat an experience. That chapter in my life is finished. But you and the boy, you will come to me sometimes, and you will love me always."

"Always," answered Odin, and bent his head and kissed her, tenderly, reverently, and the kiss was a farewell, for he knew that never again, upon this earth, would they two stand face to face, and therefore, for the first time, unasked and unsolicited, he kissed her.

(The End.)

Some Characteristics of the Georgian and Victorian Poets.

By SUSAN WHALLEY ALLISON.

IN the limits of a short paper it is manifestly impossible to do more than touch upon a few of the characteristics that distinguish the poetry of the later Georgian and the Victorian eras from that of the immediately preceding age. A revolution in poetry, ushering in what we might call the modern spirit, may be traced back to the efforts of three men, almost contemporaneous with each other: Wordsworth, Keats and Byron: "They were the great means of bringing back English poetry from the sandy deserts of rhetoric, and recovering for her her triple inheritance of simplicity, sensuousness and

passion." For half a century preceding them there had reigned what Lowell calls "a barrel-organ style of poetry" and, he continues, "The lowest point was indicated when there was such an utter confounding of the common and the uncommon sense, that Dr. Johnson wrote verse and Burke prose. The most profound gospel of criticism was that nothing was good poetry that could not be translated into good prose, as if we should say that the test of sufficient moonlight was that tallow candles could be made of it." Now a revival from such literary deadness must be established, not only by a change of form,

but by a change of thought as well, and, finally, by a complete change of heart. There must be infused into the new and living literature realism, the faculty for seeing and describing things as they are. Yet this realism, to be poetic, must be invested with feeling, and winged with idealism. It must soar to "Heaven's High Gate" with a melodious utterance.

Leigh Hunt, the friend of Keats and Shelley, and the supreme literary critic of his day, says: "Thought by itself makes no poet at all; for the mere conclusions of the understanding can at best be only so many intellectual matters of fact. Imagination, teeming with action and character, makes the greatest poets; feeling and thought the next, fancy (by itself), the next; wit, the last." Yet how obvious is the difficulty of labeling the poet according to one of these four categories, and placing him irrevocably in his own proper niche. Keats, for instance, has all of the three first mentioned qualities in strong conjunction, Imagination, Feeling and Fancy. The supreme faculty of imagination, indeed, generally includes all of the others. As an example of the instinctive voice of his imagination let us read the Overture to Keats' "Hyperion," "a torso equal to the finished work of any other English poet after Shakespeare and Milton, perhaps even greater because a torso."

All the qualities termed imagination contribute to the majesty of Keats' "Hyperion." Again, for exquisite feeling, for perfection of form, for music produced by happy sound combinations, hear Keats in his matchless "Ode to a Nightingale."

In a comparison of the works of the three men, whom we called poetical reformers, we find Wordsworth the only conscious reformer, the only man with a mission, the deepest thinker; Keats, from his temperament, the most essentially a poet, Byron the most keenly intellectual of the three. In all of Keats' writings his sensitiveness of organization is everywhere apparent, and he records the moods of his own tastes and feeling. Wordsworth, on the contrary, looks inward with a calm analytical mind and recollects his emotion in tranquility,

to paraphrase his own characteristic definition of poetry. The result is an elevation of thought, that, far more than any qualities of the other two, has influenced the ideas of succeeding poets. How grandly he uplifts Nature poetry in the following lines:

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused.
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things—"

Byron, impressible through the understanding, arraigns or illustrates the intellectual and moral wants of his time. He is, above all, the bard of self. Feeling and tenderness, except as infiltrated through the muddy medium of his own personality, have no place in his product. Of superb force, directness and passion, yet he became a conscious soliloquist on the stage. Where, in his love songs can be found the spontaneous, unstudied, healthy sentiment of Burns, as exhibited in "Highland Mary," or "To Mary in Heaven." Byron's instrument was not the violin of feeling; that Shelley might claim as his own, nor, in spite of fine apostrophes, could he blow "the bass of heaven's deep organ." That elemental tone was to be heard in our own time from Walt Whitman. Byron's music rolls from the drum. He is at his best in stirring martial lyrics like "Sennacherib," and "The Song of the Greek."

Coleridge, who obscured a sublime genius in drugs and the clouds of metaphysics, was perhaps the most highly endowed poet of modern times. "Christabel," with its exquisite fancy, its startling innovations upon the then rigid laws of rhythm, revolutionized the age. "Christabel" awoke the muse of Walter Scott; it became the admiration and the despair of literary Europe. "The Ancient Mariner," the "Hymn at Sunrise in Chamouni," and the fragment of "Kubla Khan" attest the versatility of Coleridge's power.

Shelley's genius, "the reed tipped with fire," urns through and transfig-

ures all that he has written. The rapture of the "Ode to the Skylark" is like the bird, it sings "small, but filling the heavens." The "Invocation to the West Wind" is unmatched for spiritual ecstasy.

"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is.
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone—
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit
fierce,
My Spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new
birth;

And, by the incantation of this verse
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among man-
kind!

Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

Of recent English lyrical poets, Mrs. Browning is one of the most impassioned. Her songs are magnetic with sympathy, ardor and consecration. "The Sonnets from the Portuguese" are well nigh flawless, truly cut and polished gems of feeling, perfect in form and setting. How much has been done of late by women to disprove the assertion that modern poetry is unproductive of intensity and passion! Julia Ward Howe holds her eminence by the deep emotion of her "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; Christina Rossetti shares the bays with her great brother by the religious fervor of her songs. As a sonneteer, the mantle of Mrs. Browning has descended upon Mary Ashley Townsend, who speaks ever from the woman's heart to women. How delicately poetic is this:

I feel a poem in my heart tonight,
A still thing growing;
As if the darkness to the outer light,
A song were owing;
A something strangely vague, and sweet and
sad,
Fair, fragile, slender;
Not tearful, yet not daring to be glad,
And oh, so tender!

It may not reach the outer world at all,
Despite its growing
Upon a poem-bud such cold winds fall,
To blight its blowing,
But, Oh! whatever may the thing betide
Free life or fetter,
My heart, just to have held it till it died,
Will be the better.

Robert Browning one might call the Shakespeare of the subjective man. He is essentially a dramatist, that rarest of all metrical artists, but, unlike the greater Shakespeare, whose method shows the man by the outward act, Browning lays open the mind, writing a monodrama of thought rather than of action. His arena is the medieval mind, but the conflict with its weapons of self analysis and casuistry is essentially modern in character. His language is involved, obscure, perhaps necessarily so, words and phrases being but feeble lanterns to light up the dim and unexplored labyrinth of the human mind. "The Dramatic Lyrics," on the contrary, generally simple and single of theme, partake of none of the above-mentioned obscurities of diction. Very clear are such poems as "Saul," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Evelyn Hope," "How They Brought the Good News," "The Pied Piper," and many others.

Browning's poetry rises above that of his contemporaries in the utterance of a large faith. Optimism, an abiding belief that "All's right with the world" because "God's in His heaven" lends to his words a sense of comfort, like the light of "Eve's one star."

Swinburne, Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, the poets respectively of musical cadence, medieval color and classical form, tune their refrains to the depressing echoes of doubt. The great Tennyson, than whom no more perfect master of form has arisen, the complete voice of our age, even he finds himself—

"An infant crying in the night,
And with no language but a cry."

Yet his is the voice that Lanier calls the largest since Milton. To Tennyson we owe the charm of a new blank verse, free alike from Miltonic inversions and high-sounding words. It is built on a Saxon foundation with a haunting music in the novel cadence peculiarly its own. The best examples of such are "Dora," "The Death of Arthur," and "Ulysses." The feeling and artistic perfection of "In Memoriam" have earned for it the name of the "Poem of Poets."

The limits of this paper do not permit of more than a passing mention of great

names that have stood for the Muse in our own country. Of these, Walt Whitman, the Titan, and Sydney Lanier, the Ariel, of our minstrelsy, seem to the writer to claim a higher meed than the wise, mystic Emerson and the ever popular Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell. Whitman has the sweep and range of Nature itself. Strong, coarse and luxuriant are his poems, rightly called "Leaves of Grass," covering rugged heights and forbidding depths. Imagination is his in large measure, whether seen in a single line such as—

"The huge and thoughtful night,"

or in the regular Hebraic chant of his verse. The following is like the deep diapason of an organ echoing through the fretted vault of some vast cathedral:

DEAREST, THOU NOW O SOUL.

Dearest thou now O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown
region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor
any path to follow?

No map there or guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human
hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor
eyes are in that land.

I know it not O soul,
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,
All waits undreamed of in that region, that
inaccessible land.

Till when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any
bounds bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for
them,
Equal, equipt at last (O joy! O fruit of all!)
them to fulfil O soul.

The inspiration of Sydney Lanier, the delicate, are forests, sea marshes, the whispering of corn fields to the winds, and the brotherhood of Nature and Man. His form is unique, illustrative of his peculiar and now generally accepted verse theory. In shortest words it might be called time measurement as opposed to the accent measurement as held by the older schools.

The force and effectiveness of short Anglo-Saxon words to reveal a noble

truth, and clothe it with beauty can nowhere be more aptly illustrated than in the poems of Joaquin Miller, the bard who greatly and worthily wears the laurel of the West.

PETER COOPER—DIED 1883.

Give honor and love forevermore
To this great man gone to rest;
Peace on the dim Plutonian shore,
Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war;
I reckon him greater than king or khaṇ,
Braver and better by far.

And wisest he in this whole wide land,
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away.

To sum up the foregoing, we have seen every great poet mentioned to have been the pioneer of a new method. Truth may be, nay, it is "old as the heavens," but every age has its poetical vision of that truth, to be chanted in the peoples' tongue of that day. Heine says, in effect, that the Sphinx of Poetry, at the end of every cycle, on finding her riddle read, casts herself in despair headlong into the abyss—doubtless meaning that every poetical era has its own distinct presentation of truth, for which there is a pre-eminently fitting mode of expression. A poet today must know a great many things. His facts must be scientifically accurate and through the body of the fact must glow the eternal vivifying soul of the thing. For the scientist, the fact, but for the poet the soul through the fact. He must be, as we have seen, "a realist in knowledge, an idealist in interpretation."

It will readily be perceived that the purpose of this writing is only to stimulate research in the fields of poesy. The flowers growing in a meadow cannot be appreciated from a passing car window, nor a fine poem known by a single reading. Its quality can only be tested by familiarity with its beauties.

"All this time and all times wait the words
of * * * * * true poems."

The true poets are not followers of beauty, but the august masters of beauty. The words of true poems are the tuft and final applause of science.

Our Point of View

A Correction—

In the May number of the Pacific Monthly the Board of Directors of The Pacific Monthly Publishing Company was given incorrectly. It should have been as follows: Chas. E. Ladd, Alex. Sweek, Mrs. Lischen M. Miller, J. Thorburn Ross, and William Bittle Wells.

* * *

The Gold Discoveries in the North—

The first news from the northern gold fields is encouraging. The Klondike is still a "Klondike," Cape Nome is bearing out the most flattering reports that have been circulated concerning it, and other gold fields equal in extent to the two mentioned are reported. Alaska and contiguous territory will undoubtedly prove the greatest gold producing region in the world, and this means untold benefit not only to Alaska but to the entire Pacific Coast. It will be the means of attracting desirable immigration to the Coast, rich not only in gold but in those things that are far better—a bountiful soil, never-failing crops, and an environment that tends to the upbuilding of a great, healthy and prosperous race. The extent of the gold discoveries in the North will be the means of bringing the world to a realization of these things, and a larger and steadier influx of people from less favored regions may be expected from now on. The future of Alaska and the future of the Pacific Coast were never brighter.

* * *

"Whatsoever Thy Hand Findeth to Do, Do It With Thy Might."—

So much is being said and written these days about the lack of opportunities for young men that there is coming to be a generally accepted belief that such is a real condition. In reality, however, the contrary is the fact. It is true that some radical changes have taken place in the business world during the last quarter century, but these very changes, instead of decreasing opportuni-

ties, have created them. The opportunities that were open to the young man of fifty years ago have, indeed, disappeared, but others and better ones have taken their places. Opportunities are here; if there has been any change it has been in the young men themselves. There never was a time when ability, determination, and integrity were more in demand than they are today. Young men who are not afraid of doing a little more than they are paid for; who have eyes to see further than the mere present never have any difficulty about opportunity. It is the young man who dissipates his energies and who places temporary enjoyment before possible chance of success in the future who never recognizes his opportunity, and who finds himself out of sorts with the world. Hetty Green in the June Ladies' Home Journal sounds this keynote of success and failure. She says:

"I do everything with all my mind. If there is a lawsuit on hand I go into every detail of it with my lawyer. It's the same with everything else. That's one trouble with many young men who start out in business—they try to do too many things at once. The result is that they don't know as much as they ought to about any one thing, and they naturally fail. The trouble with young men who work on salaries is that they're always afraid of doing more than they're paid for. They don't enter into their work with the right spirit. To get on and be appreciated a young man must do more than he's paid to do. When he does something that his employer has not thought of he shows that he is valuable. Men are always willing to pay good salaries to people who will think of things for them. The man who only carries out the thoughts and ideas of another is nothing more than a mere tool. Men who can be relied upon are always in demand. The scarcest thing in the world today is a thoroughly reliable man."

* * *

The Future of China—

The Chinese Empire has a unique place among the nations. It represents the oldest civilization extant today, and a civilization that occupies the anomalous position of being a barrier to progress.

Since its foundation the Chinese Empire has successfully repelled all forms of foreign influences. The nation is as backward, as unprogressive today as it was a thousand years ago. Modern science knows no place in China nor has modern thought penetrated in any appreciable extent into the Chinese intellect. Yet the Chinese Empire, from the standpoint of numbers, is the greatest nation in the world, and were these vast hordes educated—had they a knowledge of history, an insight into the affairs of men, modern arms and a determination to make themselves felt and a great leader such as Napoleon to follow, the world might well tremble at the tremendous and almost irresistible force with which it would have to reckon. The average Chinaman, compared with the Anglo-Saxon, is as a child to a man, and it is exceeding improbable, therefore, that the danger lurking in this mighty force of numbers will ever seriously jeopardize the safety or welfare of the world. Whether true or not, the story told of the Chinese gunners in the war between

China and Japan well illustrates the capacity of the average Chinese brain. It is related that when the range of a gun was found to be too short, the gunners immediately fired another shot, believing that the shell would take up its flight where the first shot had left off. This example of astounding ignorance was stated by the newspaper correspondents as one of the causes contributing to the defeat of the Chinese navy. The story, which we all take with a grain of allowance, is not without significance. It demonstrates that the hope of China and the peace of the world lie in the colossal ignorance and inability of the Chinaman. For through this ignorance and inability the enlightened nations of the world will be enabled with the least possible friction to so dismember the Empire as to render its hordes ineffective as a fighting force. The best thing that can happen to China, therefore, is to be partitioned among the nations of the world, a consummation which, judging by present conditions, is likely to be soon accomplished.

May Be Redeemed.

An angel once with rapid wing,
And rhythmic flight coursed through the All
To see the creatures worshipping,
Upon the planets great and small.

The spheres he passed were great to sight,
He heard their music sweet and grand.
He saw the suns in glorious light,
And traced in all his Master's hand.

By chance he came upon the earth,
And saw turmoil upon its face,
And man and brute in strife from birth,
Till death did end their toilsome race.

And truth and virtue were oppressed,
And vice and falsehood holding sway.
He turned aghast from wrong and pest
To wing his course without delay.

But there he saw amid the tears
Of fettered virtue's upward glance
A living ray from yonder spheres,
As though it strayed to earth by chance.

Amid the strife of greed and sword,
The light of truth yet faintly gleamed,
The angel sent a message forth
That fallen man may be redeemed.

Andrew Fransen.

Men and Women

TYPES OF OLD LADIES.

When we hear some one speak of "an old gentleman" it is not difficult to picture him in our mind's eye. He is either calm and dignified, or nervous and irritable. But it is not so easy a matter to classify old ladies. Women are almost as diversified in old age as in youth, and often as pleasing to study. Living less in the senses and the self than men, in youth and middle life, women are better able to adapt themselves to the monotony and unselfishness of the role which the aged are obliged to play, whether they will or not.

First, there is the dear old lady who has kept the look of her childhood in her eyes and mouth 'way into the seventies. She has a trim figure, with a girlishness about the waist, despite all the children and grandchildren which have climbed upon her knees. She seldom wears a color of any description, but her black dress and bonnet always have an air of the prevailing fashion about them, however humble may be her circumstances. In her youth she was one of the girls whom people said had "a knack" for trimming hats and hanging a skirt, and this knack has followed her through life, and will follow her to the grave. Her good taste and ready fingers have enabled her to make a becoming and agreeable appearance on a small income, and these qualities render her a trim and attractive old lady, whose clean looks and bright smile and cheerful manner cheat time of at least ten years, in all save remorseless dates. In soul, expression and figure she is forever young. The elasticity of her mind and heart has kept her body limber, despite toil and sickness, and many younger women marvel at her lithe step and supple grace of movement. She has been a sweet girl, a loved wife, a good mother, and she is an adored grandmother. Her wonderful adaptability has caused her to fit into each position life

offered as if it were her true sphere. All that the years taught her she remembers, and can help a child with its lesson, a girl with her costume or a boy with his kite. The young people all adore her, for she is so full of sympathy, helpfulness and wise suggestions. She is the first to hear their love secrets, and they are never satisfied with their new clothes until she has seen and approved. Scores of younger people might die and be less mourned than this old lady with the heart of a child.

The quaint old lady is another type, quite as good no doubt, more self-immolating, frequently, but not so charming as the other. After the birth of her last child, if not after the first, the quaint old lady ceases to think of dress, save as a covering for the body. She is neat and clean in the care of her person, but her gown is made precisely as it was in her early wifehood, and her bonnet remains as nearly one style as the milliners will supply. Her hair, too, is combed in the same manner she arranged it forty years ago. She has been a dutiful wife, but she is a devoted mother and grandmother. Her husband, in his day, was wont to cast an admiring glance on the sly at more dressy women, but he was pleased with his prudent and sensible wife on the whole, and if he would have liked her to keep a little closer pace with the fashions he never told her so. If he has wandered from his allegiance to her she has not suspected it, for women devoid of romance are seldom suspicious. She has never studied mankind, and the fact they are married impels allegiance in her mind. She is a pious, God-fearing woman, and a most excellent nurse. She watches with the sick and the dead. There is a patient, sad look in her face, and in repose she seems rather to be ruminating over past sorrows than anticipating joys to come.

She has a kind word for all the young

people, yet she is inclined to cast slight shadows on their fresh hopes by talking to them about the uncertainty of happiness in this world, and the temporary nature of youth and earthly love. They do not instinctively go to her with their joys or sorrows, but she is the first to know of their bodily ailments, and her sympathy and helpfulness in times of sickness render her invaluable in the family. Her quaint, slow, bowed figure moving up the church aisle on Sundays is a part of the service, and every one treats her with consideration and respect.

Dreadful as is the amorous old man, the Frenchily dressed, withered old coquette is more dreadful still. I once saw an old man playing with a painted picture book like a little child. Sad, but not so sad as the gayly bedecked old lady with her plumes and her furrows, talking of conquest.

Not to be mistaken for this type is the old lady who has made it the business of her life to preserve her beauty. A vain beauty she has been, no doubt, but with a good heart, full of love for life and all its pleasures, and she has been worshipped as a maiden and a wife, and she has not failed as a mother, though one would not select her as typical mother. She loves her ease too well for that, and she is too anxious about the preservation of her complexion to display that zeal of self-sacrifice which one associates with the maternal quality. She is fond of her children, and kind and often over-indulgent, but she leaves their care to the nurse. As they grow older they become the parents and she the child. Were she not so amiable and sweet she would seem selfish. Her children pet her and praise her, as her lovers and husbands have done before, and she is as gratified with their admiration and as flattered by their compliments as if she had never before been praised.

Even after the last trace of her beauty disappears the charm of her tasteful personality lingers, and she holds the attention of the public by that peculiar spell which hangs about a woman who has been an object of love and admiration

for many years. Some women absorb love as they go through life, and give forth its suggestion even into old age, like the perfume which dried rose leaves exhale.

Not so fascinating but more useful is the dear old lady who has never been a success in life until she became a grandmother. She was a commonplace girl, an onlooker at all the pleasures of her time. Her marriage was prosaic and devoid of deep sentiment. She neither felt nor inspired a strong passion. Her life was full of dull hardships and disappointments. The arrival of her children filled her with anxious cares and maternal worries, and she never knew positive happiness until as a prematurely old lady she welcomed the advent of her first grandchildren. She lived to see her children comfortably settled and the hardships and trials of her life are fading in the background of her memory. She has become famous for her pickles and her cough syrups. Her broad lap is the home of all the children and the young mothers consult her with the appearance of the first toothling symptoms.

She knows the age of every one in the neighborhood, and somehow all the bits of news float to her, but she is kind-hearted and free from malice, even if a bit too talkative.

Her face is round and rosy and her forehead always shines. She throws her head well back and looks at you squarely through her spectacles as she tells you her age, expecting you to be surprised. But you are not, even if you appear so. Her broad figure is unsteady in its movements and she has great trouble in mounting stairs, or stepping into a carriage. She is rather proud than otherwise of her stiff joints, which make her an object of solicitude to younger people. She has never known the pleasure of attracting attention by her youthful charms, and it is a secret satisfaction to her to be noticed and cared for on account of her age and failing strength. She is a born grandmother, and in this sphere she has found the real happiness she missed in every other. For her age has no terrors. All hail to her.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Ex.

The Home

"A wife should be as a queen in her own household," a woman once said to me and I heartily applauded the sentiment of the remark. But I could not help wondering as I looked at her, if it were possible for even a queen to retain the respect and loyal devotion of her subjects if she made a practice of appearing before them daily in disreputable slippers, a dingy wrapper, and hair in curl papers. And who could blame the royal consort if he gradually became disenchanted, or grew intolerably weary of being confronted morning after morning, by a frowzy-headed divinity behind the coffee urn. Perhaps my look betrayed something of my thought, for she said, half-apologetically, "I always try to get into something decent before anyone comes in, but I am late this morning."

Her majesty, it was evident, reserved her regal robes for state occasions. Ah me, the pity of it.

Another woman, whom I know well, a frivolous creature, perhaps, and not always to be trusted, remarked, "I wouldn't let any human being of the masculine persuasion, not even the milkman or the Chinese vegetable vender, see me with my hair in curl-papers. And the friend to whom she spoke replied with fervor, "Nor I. It is a duty we owe to our sex to always appear at our best when there is a man about. Besides I should hate to be ashamed of my own image in the glass. As for going down to breakfast in a wrapper—when I am too ill, or too lazy to dress, I take my morning meal in the safe seclusion of my own room, or go without."

This reminded me of a remark which I once heard a man of excellent taste and judgment make concerning "wrappers." I was going to repeat it here, but forbear, because it was so much more forcible than elegant. And this brings me to my subject—the eternal fitness of feminine apparel, and the unlimited pa-

tience and skill and labor that goes to the construction of even the simplest gown.

* * *

The Influence of Dress in Business Life

"Adequate and becoming apparel makes a stronger impression on the person it clothes than on any who observe it," writes Mr. Thomas B. Bryan in *The Saturday Evening Post*. "If every business man now going about his affairs in garments which are a little below the reasonable standard of presentableness could be clothed with those which fully meet this requirement, the business world would feel a sudden and unaccountable impulse of no mean proportions."

* * *

The Plaything of a King.

The Emperor of Germany has a toy that would gladden the heart of the most exacting boy. It is a miniature frigate, a full-rigged three-masted war-ship, fifty-five feet in length, drawing but four feet of water, and having a capacity of thirty tons. The ship is an heirloom in the imperial family of Germany, having been presented by William IV., King of England, to the present German emperor's great-grandfather, Frederick William III. It gave the reigning monarch his first taste of life on the wave, and in his boyhood days one of his favorite amusements was to sail on the watery Potsdam, in company with his brother Henry, in this tiny man-of-war. At a distance the ship's dimensions are very deceptive, but a man at the rail or a boat moving alongside soon brings out, by contrast, the smallness of the craft. The frigate can be sailed in the same manner as the largest ship, but the crew must be Lilliputians in size and scanty in number; a seaman of ordinary build would be totally out of place on the yards of this vessel. He would probably be in grave danger of bringing the spars down to the deck with his own weight. "Royal Louise" is the name of this king's toy; she was christened after Prussian Queen Louise. The little frigate was built on the Thames River, at Woolwich, England, in 1832, and was towed down the river and across the North Sea by a steamer to Hamburg; from this place a flat barge floated her up the Elbe and into the Havel at Potsdam, where she still remains.—*May Woman's Home Companion*.

* * *

Success or failure is more a matter of character than of cash, more a case of doing than of dollars.

The Idler

A DEPARTMENT OF MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHAT.

"Art is feeling passed through thought and fixed in form."

"Expression is the conveyance of a spiritual meaning by means of matter."

* * *

In the studio of Miss Anna Morgan, Chicago, the art of expression is taught, or, perhaps, I should say, developed technically and individually. The student is encouraged to be himself—to express himself in his own way. He is trained to think definitely and to act naturally. The chief end and aim of all teaching should be to free the organization from artificial restraint, assumed, imposed, or inherited, and give the real self a chance to act, and in this school, the work is, as it always should be, principally that of elimination, a weeding out of acquired faults to make room for natural graces. For, strangely enough, it is true that our awkwardness in speech and manner, when not the result of prenatal misfortune, is always acquired.

* * *

"The House of Egmont," Molly Eliott Seawell's new novel, soon to be published by Scribners, will be dramatized. William Young is to arrange it for the stage. It will be remembered that it was this playwright who dramatized "Ben Hur."

* * *

John Drew and Nat Goodwin, at the Marquam Grand, have been the sole redeeming features in local theatricals. It is one of the mysteries why this beautiful little theater, the Marquam Grand, is kept dark the major part of the time, or opened principally for the production of disgusting farce comedies. The crowded houses that greeted John Drew and his excellent company and the rapid sale of seats that always follows the announcement of a first-class attraction should, it would seem, prove to the management that the people of Portland appreciate the best in dramatic art, and will patronize that in the most liberal fashion.

Annie Pixley, the Portland actress, made a fortune out of "M'liss," and now the play is to be "revived the coming season upon an elaborate scale and with an excellent cast." The role of "M'liss" will be played by Nellie McHenry and Frank Losee takes the part of Yuba Bill in which he was, of old, so successful.

* * *

The organization known as the Actor's Fund of America, decided recently to establish a home for "aged and infirm actors." Twenty-four thousand dollars were subscribed in less than as many hours. Mr. Al. Hayman, with characteristic generosity, gave a check for ten thousand dollars as a beginning. Of course, the home will be located in New York, that Meca of the profession.

* * *

Paderewski's profits from his American tour this year amount to nearly two hundred thousand dollars. In London, where he went from here, he gave only a limited number of concerts. At an entertainment given by William Waldorf Astor, for playing two numbers he received one thousand guineas. The Polish pianist is now 34 years of age and doubtless at the height of his power. Though why genius should suffer a decline with the lapse of years is not quite clear to me. A writer of musical news has this to say of Paderewski:

"It was generally believed that Paderewski would live and die without remarrying, although he might have won the hand of almost any woman he ever met. Last year, however, he surprised his friends by being quietly married to a woman whom he had long known in Paris. His wife is some four or five years his senior, and, although an accomplished woman, is neither beautiful nor a musician. Among his most intimate friends it is believed that she won his heart by her long and constant devotion to his crippled son, whom she had cared for many years."

Books

CONDUCTED BY DAVIS PARKER LEACH.

McLOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON.

By Eva Emery Dye.
A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Old Oregon! What memories and ghosts arise at the sound of that name! Astor, Bonneville, Lewis, Clarke, McLoughlin, Whitman and Benton live again by the magic of these two words. Cities, mills and railroads disappear and in their places are once more the virgin forests and unbroken prairies, disturbed only by wild animals or an occasional hunter and trapper.

It is hard to realize that less than three-quarters of a century ago Oregon was the ground on which the Hudson's Bay Company (powerfully intrenched and with almost unlimited resources,) and the vanguard of the great army of immigrants from the East were fighting their first battles for supremacy. Sometimes the battles were bloodless—and sometimes not, but every inch of ground was contested and the question of possession finally became a serious one, threatening international complications.

The author terms her book a "chronicle," but she has made every page speak, and the narrative reads like a thrilling romance. Old Dr. McLoughlin, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, is the central figure, of course, and stands out from the others—commanding and colossal. Mrs. Dye here proves beyond question his goodness of heart and his generosity, even to those opposed to his company's interests. The old doctor reigned like a feudal baron at the company's headquarters, old Fort Vancouver, and dispensed his hospitality with a lavish hand. The description of the life here is particularly interesting—the departure and return of the trapping parties, the Christmas festivities, the Indians trading bales of furs for ammunition and supplies—all make pictures bright with color and fascinating in detail.

The "chronicle" begins with the year 1832 and is carried up through the intensely exciting period between that year and 1857, when the good doctor breathed his last at Oregon City. The Whitman mission and massacre, the Cayuse war, the settlement of French Prairie, the controversy over the boundary (which came so near causing bloodshed), are only a few of the dramatic incidents which Mrs. Dye relates with much force in this volume. Few there are who can make history seem a part of today, but she brings back the past and the scenes live before you.

In addition to its literary value, the volume is a fine specimen of the book-binder's art and will appeal to the lover of the beautiful as well as the student.

The people of Oregon are under deep obligations to the author of this work, which must have required a vast amount of labor and research. From the first lines to the last her enthusiasm never flags, the narrative goes on with ever-increasing interest—almost breathless at times—and it is safe to predict that when the future collector of history looks fondly over his treasures none will appeal to him more strongly than "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," by Eva Emery Dye.

THE KLONDIKE STAMPEDE.

By Tappan Adney.
Harper & Bros., N. Y.

The Klondike excitement has now become a matter of history. The feverish rush is over and development is going on in a business-like way. The historian now has data and facts hitherto unattainable which will serve to guide the future investor or prospector.

Those conversant with affairs in Alaska had long known of rich deposits of gold at different points, but it was not until early in the summer of 1897 that news was telegraphed broadcast of the

wonderful strikes on Bonanza and Eldorado creeks. Then the stampede began that has had no parallel since the memorable discovery in 1849. People in every walk of life seemed to lose all power of reason, let lucrative positions, mortgaged homes and joined the gold-crazed mob. This wave of humanity broke upon the shores of Alaska and the portion that reached the Klondike soon spread itself over the face of the country. Finding nearly all the creeks near Dawson taken up, the gold-seekers tramped to new and untried regions and new strikes and reports of strikes brought eager stampedes from the older camps. This movement is constantly going on, and will probably continue until the greater part of that vast territory will have been explored.

The author was sent out as special correspondent of Harper's Weekly and he gives a very readable description of the country and his experience therein. Starting from Skagway he and his party went by the way of Chilcoot Pass down the lakes, shooting the dangerous White Horse Rapids, and eventually reaching Dawson. From here he visited the different creeks where the mining was in full operation, and we have illustrations from photographs showing the men actually washing out the gold. These illustrations are especially fine and with the author's thoroughness the reader will get a clear idea of life near the Arctic Circle. He describes in detail the routes, cost of outfits, mining laws and everything necessary for the "stampeder" to know, and all is set forth in a graphic manner that convinces one that Mr. Adney got his information at first hands.

There are many books written on the Klondike, but none are so comprehensive and practical as this. It will be of value as a book of reference, for it gives the history of all the discoveries, including Cape Nome—that unique mining camp situated on the wind-swept beach.

The publishers have here a book, with its fine paper and binding, and wealth of illustrations, of which they may well be proud.

MEN WITH THE BARK ON.

By Frederic Remington.
Harper & Bros., N. Y.

"Men with the Bark on die like the wild animals, unnaturally—unmourned, and even unthought of, mostly."

These sketches are of the type of man supposed to be indigenuous to certain sections of America—fearless, generous to a fault, reckless of life and limb, rough as to exterior, but at heart as chivalrous as the knight-errant of old. Mr. Remington knows him well; has rode with him, camped with him, has "summered" and "wintered" him, and his drawings are so intense and full of action that one at first sight might mistake them for photographs.

One chapter of the book is devoted to the personal experiences of the author in the Spanish-American war and is told in his own way, which, like his drawing, is inimitable. The other sketches are of the camps of the volunteers previous to their embarkation for Cuba, and the frontier life of the regular army.

The author shows his real literary ability in the "Story of the Dry Leaves," which is as poetic in its conception as the "famine," in Hiawatha. Authors are often like artists in this respect: They sometimes persistently follow lines of work which the public does not applaud. The Late Bernard Gillam was finally forced to give up work on serious lines and take up caricature, and Mark Twain, like his "virtuous man," finds himself lonesome if he is not humorous. We can forgive Mr. Remington, however, for the particular field he delights to work in would be barren without him. His sketches with both pen and pencil will be prized in the future as illustrating a type which, like the beaver and the buffalo, is becoming extinct.

A TRIPLE FLIRTATION.

By the Abbey Press, N. Y.

This book was no doubt designed for the summer-girl, that human butterfly who makes her appearance with the advent of hot weather and ice-cream sodas. The author does not take us into his confidence, but he may have meant this to be a manual for amateurs, who, after

mastering the art of "triple" flirtations, can pass on to more ambitious efforts. This is only speculative, but the style of the stories, aided by the title of the book, seems to suggest this as the author's purpose. But then, what's in a name?

The illustrations, by the author, are very artistic, and help to make an attractive volume, such as the publishers are getting quite a reputation for. It will be just the book to put in the satchel when starting for the sea-shore or mountains, or to read in the hammock of a sultry afternoon.

THE GREEN FLAG AND OTHER STORIES OF WAR AND SPORT.

By Conan Doyle.
McClure, Phillips & Co., N. Y.

In his preface to this exceedingly interesting collection of short stories, Mr. Doyle says: "It is difficult to make a volume of short stories homogenous, but these have this in common: that they concern themselves with war and sport—a fact which may commend them to the temper of the times. Such as they are, I have chosen them as the fittest survivors out of the tales which I have written during the last six years.

Authors may be allowed to have a predilection in favor of their own writings, but this is a case where it is certainly justified. Two weeks before the publication day the entire first edition was exhausted, and a second edition ordered. This speaks for itself, perhaps better than anything else. Some of the stories are familiar to the public, and some are not. They run the whole gamut of human emotions, and together form a volume of unusual interest. It is some time since Dr. Doyle has issued a book, and the warm reception accorded this one in advance is the best guarantee of its popularity. The war and sport referred to cover a large section of the globe, and will be interesting to all sorts and conditions of men and women. The title is taken from the first story, which deals with war in Africa. Some of the stories are tragic, some pathetic, and some highly humorous. They have all the art of the Sherlock Holmes stories, but have a great deal more variety in scene and theme. The work is gotten up

in a way that does credit to the author and publishers.

W. H. S.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.

By Booth Tarkington.
McClure, Phillips & Co., N. Y.

Monsieur Beaucaire is a book that is destined to be very widely read. In many respects it is a model short story. Certainly there is not a superfluous word or sentence in it, and the plot is marked out in a masterly way. Those that enjoy a short love story well told should not fail to get it. Monsieur Beaucaire is a light, elegant piece of romance, wherein swords and love-knots "compare" as in a Watteau picture, but Mr. Tarkington, in writing it, took his historical responsibilities as much at heart as if he labored on a dry document of information. He read forty-seven books in getting up small details, and he went on a long, laborious still hunt to get the names of men in power at the French and English courts at the time of Monsieur Beaucaire's little masquerade. The author has had a great many applications for the privilege of dramatizing Monsieur Beaucaire. From a typographical standpoint the book is a very decided success. There are six full-page illustrations in two colors, besides decorative title page, head and tail pieces.

W. H. S.

* * *

Literary Notes.

An important book will be issued by the Abbey Press, of New York. It is entitled "What Is the Matter With the Church?" and is by Rev. Frederick Stanley Root. Dr. Root deals with the pessimistic facts in an optimistic spirit, and while strongly urging the traditional church, shows that faithful are the wounds of a friend. There is promise of very considerable discussion arising from the contents of this book, the facts of which have been marshalled with considerable skill and cleverness.

* * *

The publishers of Robert Neilson Stephens' new story, "Phillip Winwood" announce that it went into its thirty-fifth thousand within nine days from its first issue. A writer in *The Book Buyer* advises all writers on historical novels to make haste before the reaction comes, as it is bound to do.

* * *

Miss Wilkins' novel, "The Heart's Highway," will be published in June by Doubleday, Page & Co. It is of the Colonial period.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce for immediate publication "Dwight L. Moody's Impressions and Facts," by Henry Drummond, with an introduction by George Adam Smith. Professor Drummond's intimate association with Mr. Moody for more than twenty years, both as a friend and co-worker, yielded him a knowledge of the man and his aims and methods, such as no one else could possibly have had; and this book gives, along with a connected account of Mr. Moody's life, Professor Drummond's personal recollections and is embellished with a new portrait of Mr. Moody.

* * *

Books Received.

McLOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON, by Eva Emery Dye. Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE KLONDIKE STAMPEDE. By Tappan Adney. New York: Harper & Bros.

MEN WITH THE BARK ON. By Frederick Remington. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE GREEN FLAG, and Other Stories of War and Sport. By Conan Doyle. 12mo. Price \$1.50. McClure, Phillips & Co., 141-155 E. 25th St., New York.

MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE. By Booth Tarkington. 12mo. Price, \$1.25. McClure, Phillips & Co., 141-155 E. 25th St. New York

THE MAGNA CHARTA OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD. By George F. Genung D.D. 12mo, 164 pages. Price 60 cents. American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

PRACTICAL HANDBOOK ON SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK. By Rev. L. E. Peters. 12mo, 128 pages. Price 60 cents. American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

A RISE IN THE WORLD. By Adeline Sargeant. 12mo. pp. 377. Cloth, \$1.25. F. M. Buckles & Co., 9 & 11 E. 16th., New York.

WILL B. MORE LETTERS. By Honor L. Wilhelm. pp. 304. \$1.50. The Mail Pub. Co., Seattle, Wash.

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Lick Observatory.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

JUSTICE.

Amid the ever-present clash of opinion regarding the thousands of questions that appeal to the human judgment, it is interesting to note that at least one proposition is seen by all in the same light. It is the eternal truth that the spirit of contention is alien to impartial justice, and that, as a consequence, no contending force can be safely entrusted with its administration by enlightened and self-governing society. The idea is deeply imbued in human consciousness, and the principal may also be applied to political partnership. Looking at a pair of quarreling boys appealing to the judgment of a third may convince one of its universal and almost instinctive recognition.

The judge, whether elected, self-appointed, or appointed by a higher authority, whether guided by a written law or by his own perception of wrong and right, assumedly represents the moral ideas of aggregate humanity, to which the individual must bow in order to insure the safety and welfare of society. Our national institutions of court, jury and legislature have evolved from this element in man's social nature, and, as we all know, their perfectability is by no means as yet exhausted.

A correct perception of right and wrong, of what society considers right and wrong, is possible only in the utter absence of partiality and emotion. A

clear-sighted man, divested of those qualities, and clothed with authority for the exercise of this function is the ideal judge.

Following these thoughts, there looms up a great problem which we, of a yet dark age, must leave to a more enlightened, and morally perfected generation to solve. Who shall judge the judges? The border-line of the forbidden is distinctly marked for the individual, but there is no law for the rulers of the nations! It is easy to judge others, but who can judge himself rightly? No doubt the feudal lords kept their subjects in the straight paths by stringent laws. But without law and pride over themselves, they made might stand for right. The feudal lords have dwindled, but the few that remain are powerful. They recognize might as the supreme law among themselves and are the rulers of great nations. They point to God Almighty as their supreme judge, yet knowing well that He will never interfere with their tax-gathering oppression and their cruel wars.

Despite the lawlessness in the highest places we have reason to be hopeful. The progress of the past and present will be continued in the future. The remaining feudal lords will be dethroned and on the ruins of their empires shall rise the universal republic with equal justice and equal rights.

Andrew Fransen.

When Day Is Done.

When day is done,
The clover folds two velvet palms,
As if to hush the words: "I lay me;"
The first chant low their evening psalms,
Each pansy face bows reverently,
Closed are the daisies' eyes,
And warm each rose's heart

With filial reverence;—
Shall I stand apart
With unbent knee, nor say
One word of thanks for sun-lit day
Just past,—for restful night begun,—
Unto the Father kind,
When day is done?

Ella S. Kraab.

The Month

In Politics—

It is generally conceded that there will be no further attempt on the part of the French Chamber of Deputies to upset the present ministry until after the close of the Exposition.

* * *

According to The Nation, the Municipal Voters' League, of Chicago, is accomplishing much good in the way of securing honest and efficient service in the administration of the city's affairs. "The league devotes itself to securing a good city council, and so well has it succeeded that it has again come to be an honor to be a member of that body."

* * *

Public Opinion has this to say concerning the Indian marriage law which has been prepared by the Indian commissioners and introduced in both houses with their approval: "This law, which proposes to establish Indian family relation on a regular basis, requiring licenses for marriage, and keeping a system of permanent family records, will be of great use in determining succession of property among the Indians, who are becoming, more and more, individual land owners. * * * Moreover, it is time to give the Indians other than a savage idea of marriage. In putting on civilized habits and acquiring lands in severalty, they have reached the stage when the missionary teachings concerning family life should be enforced by formal political sanction."

* * *

The armour-plate controversy continues to engage attention, together with the ever-present pension bill dissatisfaction. And the investigation of the Cuban postal frauds still goes forward disclosing more and more complications.

* * *

The American Economist, in a recent issue, says:

The key note of the coming presidential campaign, so far as the Philippine question and all the issues growing out of it are con-

cerned, has been uttered during the past week in the Senate in a notable speech by Senator Spooner of Wisconsin.

The chief feature of it is the demonstration that there is no issue of imperialism or anti-imperialism before the people of this country; that the president cannot withdraw our troops from the Philippines until he is instructed by Congress to do so; that the Philippines are territory of the United States, made so by the ratification of the treaty of Paris; and that the insurgents in Luzon, or their sympathizers in this country, are resisting the lawful authority of the United States, and doing it in a manner cruel to our soldiers who are upholding the flag in the distant islands.

In Science—

The Scientific American has this to say of the advantages of liquid fuel, petroleum, benzine and gasoline: "There is no smoke, no stoking, no ashes, no cinders, no incomplete combustion. The fire can be started or shut off at a moment's notice; a more even temperature can be maintained than by the use of coal or wood, and the fire can be regulated by the mere turning of a single cock. There is no dust, no dirt, no spacious coal sheds are required, and there is no danger of spontaneous combustion, as frequently happens with coal."

* * *

It has been demonstrated that oil engines used for drawing water from deep wells, in arid countries like Palestine, where a constant supply is needed for irrigating purposes, involves less expenditure of time, labor and money than the use of horse or mule power. "It is found," says the Scientific American, "that an oil engine of six horse power, or even less, will raise double the quantity of water in the same time that a horse or mule will, while the expense is about the same."

* * *

In Literature—

There is much being said concerning the forthcoming Corelli novel, "The

Master Christian." It is mentioned in the advance notices, as a "serious book," after the manner of "The Sorrows of Satan." Dodd, Mead & Company are to bring it out this fall. This firm has also in preparation a volume of the writings of G. W. Steevens, entitled, "Travels in London, Paris and Berlin." The gifted author, who recently lost his life in South Africa, saw beneath the outward show of things the human interest that formed and moved them.

* * *

The book which Harper & Brothers are going to put before the reading public this fall, written by W. D. Howells, and bearing the title of "My Acquaintance Among Authors," is said to be a sort of literary autobiography. Harpers will bring out a revised edition of Mrs. Sherwood's "Manners and Social Usages." This revision is necessitated by the changes which the manners of polite society have undergone during the lapse of a quarter of a century.

* * *

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish early in the fall a novel dealing with the history of Yucatan in remote ages. The title of the book is not yet public property, but the heroine's name is Maya, the Princess Maya.

In Art—

The George Inness prize was awarded to F. Dehaven at the recent annual exhibition of oil paintings held by the Salmagundi Club. The picture which most appealed to the judges was "Nightfall" and is the work of a new member of the club. The Proctor prize was taken by E. Irving Couse, for his picture entitled "Digging Potatoes."

* * *

John S. Sargent and Edwin A. Abbey, two leading American artists, are winning high honors in the Royal Academy exhibition in London this year.

* * *

F. Edwin Elwell, the sculptor, is working upon a bust of the late Vice-President Hobart.

* * *

There will be on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, during the summer, a "notable collec-

tion" of landscapes, the work of the late Frederic E. Church.

* * *

Pyrography, or fire etching, is a form of decorative art work whose possibilities are unlimited. Mrs. M. F. Woods has recently opened a studio in the Marquam Grand, where she has on exhibition some beautiful pieces of this work which is growing rapidly in favor for interior decoration. It is a simple enough process, apparently, but very effective.

* * *

There is one artist in Portland who is unswerving in her devotion to Mt. Hood. She paints this "Attila of Oregon Lands," bathed in the golden glow of sunset, in the rosy light of dawn, or half-veiled in sombre mists. Indeed, there is no aspect of the mountain that she has left undepicted. Her work is known from ocean to ocean, and her pictures are scattered over two continents, for they find continued favor with tourists who visit this part of the world.

* * *

Mr. Rollins' Indian picture is the most interesting theme in local art circles at present. The picture that is to be, and to whose composition this gifted artist is bringing the experience and results of years of work and study.

In Religious Thought—

The Presbyterian General Assembly discussed the advisability of revising the creed, or confession of faith, and the discussion led to the appointment of a committee whose work it will be to inquire into the views of the presbyteries regarding revision, and to report to the General Assembly in 1901.

* * *

The episcopate contest at the Methodist General Conference ended in the election of Dr. J. W. Hamilton, of the New England Conference, general secretary of the Board of Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, and Dr. David H. Moore, of Cincinnati, editor of the Western Christian Advocate.

Anent the question discussed in this conference, as to what should be done with the newspapers that do not pay, The Nation says: "The falling off in the profits of the denominational newspaper

is due largely to the growing amount of space given to religious matters by the daily press. Formerly it was left to the religious newspapers, a week or even a fortnight afterwards, to report the proceedings of such an assembly as the Methodist General Conference, or the Presbyterian General Assembly, while now the daily papers treat the action of these bodies as part of the news of the day.

* * *

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the Unitarian Church in America was celebrated in Boston recently. Distinguished churchmen were present from all over the civilized world, and among the speakers were Edward Everett Hale, Minot J. Savage, and Rev. Robert Coll-
yer.

* * *

Rockefeller promised, on condition that the remaining \$30,000 was subscribed by the first of June, to give an endowment fund of \$100,000 to the college.

Leading Events —

May 18—Boer delegates are in Washington, D. C.

May 19—The University of Oregon is victor in the athletic field contest with that of Washington.

May 20—President Kruger is reported in London to have sued for peace.

May 21—The British forces are within 40 miles of Johannesburg.

May 23—Stubborn fight reported on Catubig Island, in the Philippines, with heavy losses to the Americans. Lord Roberts nearing the Transvaal frontier in South Africa.

May 24—Queen Victoria's eighty-fourth birthday is celebrated. "Boxers" drill openly in Peking, China.

May 25—The United States government warns China to suppress the "Boxers."

May 26—British troops cross the Vaal River. At Mafeking the garrison pays last honors to British dead.

May 27—Roberts still moving forward in the Transvaal. Kruger admits the gravity of the situation.

May 28—Eclipse of the sun is observed by President McKinley at Fort Monroe.

May 29—Lord Roberts reported to be within a day's march of Johannesburg.

May 30—Lord Roberts reaches Johannesburg. "Boxers" revolt in China assumes alarming proportions.

May 31—Johannesburg surrenders. Pretoria is in hands of the British. Foreign forces begin to land in Peking.

June 1—Lord Roberts occupies Johannesburg.

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June 2.—British official refuse to be alarmed over the movements of the "Boxers" in Peking.

June 3—Aguinaldo is reported killed.

June 4—Lord Roberts invests Pretoria.

June 5—Pretoria surrenders.

June 6—The Liberals in Japan ask Marquis Ito to accept leadership of the party.

June 7—Congress adjourns. "Boxers" still destructively active in China. General Federation of Women's Clubs in session at Milwaukee, Wis.

June 8—Great excitement prevails at Peking. "Boxers" movement hourly gaining strength.

June 9—Boers ask General Buller for three days' armistice. General Pio del Pilar is captured at Gaudaloupe, near Manila.

June 10—In Peking the situation is reported desperate.

June 11—Boers refuse to consider the war ended.

June 12—The imprisoned Chinese Emperor begs to be released.

June 13—An engagement is reported between British marines and the "Boxers" at Peking.

June 14—Governor Geer of Oregon is married to Miss Trullinger, in Astoria, Oregon.

June 15—Reunion of Pioneers occurs in Portland, Oregon.

Stimulated, no doubt, by the invasion of his particular field of work—historical romances—by so many writers, Mr. Stanley Weyman has come forth from his retirement with another novel, which bears the name of "Sophia." He will have to show considerable improvement over some previous work to hold the place he once occupied.

* * *

"To Have and to Hold," is the best selling book at the present time in this country, and it has made a great demand for the previous work of the author, "Prisoners of Hope." This is as it should be, and goes to show that the public really appreciates a good thing when it sees it.

* * *

The year's work in the University of Oregon is reported to be most satisfactory, and the future of the institution never looked more promising. The president, Dr. Frank Strong, seems to have taken a clear and comprehensive view of the situation from the first and has made each month's labor count.

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The Financial World

"In spite of the shipment of \$3,500,000 gold to France, the New York loan market has been quite easy and inclined to seek a lower level. The fact that the Treasury has made another call for \$5,000,000 in the national bank depositories has no apparent influence on the situation. The extreme dullness of speculation diminishes the inquiry for funds on time, and the only notable demand comes from large corporations and syndicates. The case of the London market and the reduction of the Bank of England rate from 3½ to 3 per cent also has some sentimental effect upon the situation here, and Berlin's financial pressure is not regarded as likely to have any immediate consequences for the New York market. Time money has been freely offered all week at 3 per cent for thirty to ninety days, and 3½ and 4 per cent for longer dates, there being less than customary scrutiny of collaterals. Call money is in good supply at 1¼ and 2 per cent. Mercantile paper is dull and the supply small, with rates based on 3½ and 4 per cent for double names."—Bradstreets.

* * *

Railway earnings show gains for June, and reports for May are 10.7 per cent larger than last year, and 16.7 per cent larger than in 1898.

* * *

The damage to the wheat crop of the Northwest is the event of chief importance. How extensive the loss may prove, in view of the widely conflicting accounts, can only be judged from the speculative markets. It is information gathered at the West that has caused a remarkable advance at Chicago, 15 cents in ten days, and the price here has advanced 11 cents per bushel, though for the September option only 9 cents. The belief is that a large part of the spring wheat has been killed so as to reduce a yield expected to be close to the largest on record as to be considerably less than the world has required during the crop

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year now ending. Until within the past three years it would have been reasoned that any material advance in prices would neutralize the foreign condition, which had caused exports of about 180,000,000 bushels of wheat, flour included, in the closing year after 223,000,000 bushels in the previous year, and 217,000,000 bushels in the year 1898, besides exports of 213,000,000 bushels of corn in the closing year against 177,000,000 last year and 212,000,000 in the previous year. But the fact seems to indicate a more extensive and lasting increase of foreign demand than has been considered probable. Other sources of heavy export have been found disappointing. The United States continues to show enormous power of increase, if supported by prices, which, until recent years, would hardly have been regarded remarkably high. If the coming crop falls much below expectations the demand for it may prove surprising, even though prices average more than have been expected.

In iron and steel structural producers a week ago reduced the prices of beams to \$1.90 and angles to \$1.80 at Pittsburg, leaving only rails and tin plates, which have not been reduced from the highest point. The railworks are crowded far ahead, and the question in plates depends largely upon wages. Western bar is reduced to \$1.55 and steel bars to \$1.50 at Pittsburg, with a general shutting down of works expected July 1. Hoops are quoted lower at \$2.25, and No. 27 black sheets at 3 cents, buyers asking only for small lots. There is a wide range of quotations for merchant steel, and the lower prices named for pipe has only started the demand a little, as buyers expect yet lower quotations. Minor metals are also quiet, with small transactions.—Dun's Review.

* * *

Familiar.

Broker—I should think you would find farm life dull and strange after your busy life on the street.

Ex-Broker—Ah, but there are constant pleasant reminders. I keep a corner in wheat and another in corn. I water my stock daily. Now and then the bulls get after me. Indeed, instead of being dull and strange, I find the farm lively and home-like.—Town Topics.

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PORTLAND, OREGON.

Mining

Reports are beginning to come in of the winter's clean-up in the northern gold fields and in every case they exceed expectations. It was feared that the first news from Cape Nome would prove that place badly overrated, but it seems that but half has been told. Not only has Nome more than justified expectations, but new gold fields of the most promising kind have been discovered near Nome. These new discoveries simply confirm the belief of many miners of experience that only a beginning has been made in the discovery of the Northern gold fields and that subsequent discoveries will be made which will make Alaska easily the leading gold-producing country of the world. One thing, however, is established beyond doubt—the Northern gold fields will be of a permanent character, and will be the means of bringing great wealth to the Pacific Coast.

* * *

The estimate of the Klondike output this year has been placed as high as \$20,000,000.

* * *

The situation in the Northern gold fields and the opening up of the Eastern Oregon mines have brought about the establishment in Portland of two mining stock exchanges—the Oregon Mining Stock Exchange and the Portland Mining Stock Exchange. The former is located in the auditorium of the Chamber of Commerce Building, and has the following officers and directors: J. E. Hazeltine, President; F. J. Hard, Secretary; David Goodsell, Treasurer. Directors: L. G. Clarke, J. E. Hazeltine, David Goodsell, P. J. Jennings, I. G. Davidson, F. V. Drake, and E. A. Clem. The Portland Exchange is located at 126 First Street, and has the following officers and directors: Tyler Woodward, President; L. B. Cox, Vice-President; J. Frank Watson, Treasurer, and P. L. Willis, Secretary. Directors: Seneca Smith, Francis I. McKenna, Samuel Cornell, Tyler Woodward, L. B. Cox,

J. E. HASELTINE,
Pres.

DAVID GOODSSELL,
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* * *

An Eastern Oregon mining man says that this will be the banner year in Eastern Oregon mining circles. "Notwithstanding that it is a presidential election year, with the usual accompaniment of the cry of hard times and slow business, there are 50 per cent more people in the hills of Baker than ever before, and representatives of large capital are already making exhaustive examinations of properties with a view to investments. Not only are such mines as the Golconda and Red Boy increasing their capacity for output, but eight or ten new properties will be added to the list of producers before snow flies. Today the new 10-stamp mill for the Golconda, including ten concentrators and other machinery, arrived from San Francisco and will be installed and in operation by August 1st. This will double the output of that mine. The Red Boy deep sinking plant will all soon be on the ground; Al Geiser will in a few days order a 10-stamp mill for the Brazos, which will then soon be a producer; the Chloride will put on a mill or cyanide plant before fall, the Virginia will have its mill up in sixty days; it is more than likely that the Venus will put on a mill before winter; the South Cougar is rapidly getting ready for a mill; the Union Gold Mining Company, near Cornucopia, is talking about a mill; the Copper Butte people will soon be ready for a mill and are figuring on a smelter; Frank Scheibe, superintendent of the Red Boy Hill mine came into Baker yesterday and reported a big strike of rich ore in their lower workings and says they must have a mill at once. Taking all in all, Baker Camp is in a state of unprecedented prosperity, and there will be at least half a dozen new producers this year. Machinery men say that it will be the biggest year in their line of business in the history of Eastern Oregon."

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Chess

The Great Morphy.

"The following superb specimen of blind-fold simultaneous play was contested at Paris in the winter of 1858 as one of eight parties contested by Paul Morphy against the strongest aggregation of players the Cafe de la Regence could furnish. We have no hesitation in saying that, considering the strength of Morphy's antagonists and especially that of Mr. Baucher, who was really really of almost master strength, we consider it the most wonderful blindfold game ever produced.—The Times-Democrat.

Philidor's Defense.

Paul Morphy. White.	T. Baucher, Black.
1 P—K 4	1 P—K 4
2 Kt—K B 3	2 P—Q 3
3 P—Q 4	3 P x P
4 Q x P	4 Kt—Q B 3
5 B—Q Kt 5	5 B—Q 2
6 B x Kt	6 B x B
7 B—Kt 5	7 P—B 3
8 B—R 4	8 Kt—R 3
9 Kt—B 3	9 B—K 2
10 Castles (K Cas R)	10 Castles (K Cas R)
11 Q—B 4 ch	11 K—R sq
12 Kt—Q 4	12 Q—Q 2
13 Q R—Q sq	13 R—B 2
14 P—B 4	14 P—R 4
15 P—B 5	15 K R—B sq
16 Kt—K 6	16 R—K Kt sq
17 P—R 4	17 Kt—Kt 5
18 Q—K 2	18 Kt—K 4
19 B—Kt 3	19 Q—B sq
20 B x Kt	20 Q P x B
21 R—B 3	21 B—Q 2
22 R—R 3	22 P—R 3
23 Q—Q 2	23 K—R 2
24 Q x B	24 P—Q 3
25 R x P (ch)	25 K x R
26 R—Q 3	26 K—R 4
27 Q—B 7 (ch)	

And white wins.

* * *

(a) If P—K 3, the Caro-Kann opening, then 4, P—K 5, and the game is turned into a French with White an extra move ahead, as Black, sooner or later, must play P—Q B 4. The present line of play brings the Q B into action, but Black labors under other disadvantages, notably a weak K P, and a retarded development of his King's side.

(b) Intending....B—B 5.

(c) To guard against P—B 5, followed by B—B 4.

(d) Black is tied up badly. This attempt at getting relief does not help him, but infuses new interest into a hitherto very one-sided affair.

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RUY LOPEZ.

L. Maxlmow.

J. R.

White.

Black.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 1 P-K 4 | 1 P-K 4 |
| 2 Kt-K B 3 | 2 Kt-Q B 3 |
| 3 B-Kt 5 | 3 Kt-B 3 |
| 4 Castles. | 4 Kt x P |
| 5 P-Q 4 | 5 Kt-Q 3 |
| 6 B x Kt | 6 Kt P x B |
| 7 P x P | 7 Kt-Kt 2 |
| 8 Kt-B 3 | 8 B-B 4 |
| 9 Kt-K 4 | 9 Castles. |
| 10 Kt (B3)-Kt 5 | 10 P-K R 3 |
| 11 Q-R 5 | 11 P-Q 4 |
| 12 Kt-B 6 ch | 12 P x Kt |
| 13 Q x P | 13 P x Kt |
| 14 B x P | 14 P-K 2 |
| 15 B-B 6 | 15 B x B |
| 16 P x B | 16 Resigns. |

* * *

Modern Chess.

The New York Times, in an editorial, says that the games of recent tournaments remind one of the "strife of the two paupers for a shilling."

"The modern game, Mr. Steinitz observes, consists in 'the accumulation of small advantages.' Exactly. That is to say, each player strives to get a Pawn the better of the other, to keep the Pawn to the ending, and then to win with it.

"And yet those curious creatures, the performers, think the public ought to take an interest in this performance. . . . The fact that the more these games are played, the less interest can any rational being take in the game, unless he be condemned, like the contestants, to play it for his living. It is no longer a game at all. It is a 'cut-throat competition.' There is really no interest in it except to competitors, and their interest is not sportsmanlike, but commercial. . . . There is often, in a whole tournament, not one of the brilliant finishes which the student can find in almost every recorded game of the old players who played Chess for amusement and not for a living, as Philidor and Labourdonnais, and MacDonnell and Morphy and Anderssen. The usual thing is the 'accumulation of small advantages' and the final winning by the accumulation on account of the inability of the other man to stop the progress of the odd Pawn. It is two paupers fighting for a shilling."

"In other words that has happened to Chess which happens to every sport when it becomes professional. It is no longer a game, but a business. 'I never was, am not, I will never be a professional player,' wrote Paul Morphy. And that is partly why, as a recent commentator has said, there are more brilliant endings in Morphy's games than in all the rest of Chess put together."



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Drift

Some time ago Sewell, of New Jersey, denounced Senator Pettigrew as a traitor in connection with his Philippine speeches. The other day Mr. Pettigrew had his revenge. He was reading some extracts from addresses which he wished to have printed in the "Record." The sentiments sounded treason-yards wide and outside of this a few more furrows plowed. The space lying between able, and at last Mr. Sewell jumped up. This thing has gone far enough. He objected to such stuff being printed at the expense of the government. Pettigrew's eye gleamed as he informed the Senate that the extracts, every one, were taken from the works of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln.

* * *

The Optimist.

When I am in the dentist's chair
I do not raise a fuss.
I thank my lucky stars I'm not
A hippopotamus.

When baggagemen destroy my trunk
I do not rave and rant,
But mentally I say I'm glad
I'm not an elephant.

When my new shoes are hard and tight
And painfully impede
My walk, I smile and hthink, "'Tis well
I'm not a centipede."

* * *

His Best Production.

A grave, scholarly looking man was much attracted by a petite blonde at a dinner recently. He hoped she might prove as intelligent as she was charming, and so drew her into conversation, with the following results:

"You must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed, with sudden animation. "Is not is 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not——"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstacy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,' he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvelous descriptions. One can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And Scott's 'Emulsion,'" he continued, hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted, rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."



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Columbia 734.



A school teacher lately put the question: "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe," responded a bright member of the class."

* * *

An old sea captain who had navigated his ship many times round the world, persisted in maintaining that our globe is not a globe at all, but a flat surface. No arguments, derisive or painstakingly educational, could alter his opinion one jot. Some one said to him once:

"But if the earth is as you say, captain, there must be an edge to it. How is it that no one has ever tumbled over the edge?"

"Why, of course they have," he answered, triumphantly; "that's where the ships go that are reported 'missing.'"

* * *

Falling Hair Stopped.

Baldness follows falling hair, falling hair follows dandruff; and dandruff is the result of a germ digging its way into the scalp to the root of the hair, where it saps the vitality of the hair. To destroy that germ is to prevent as well as to cure dandruff, falling hair, and, lastly, baldness. There is only one preparation known to do that, Newbro's Herpicide, an entirely new scientific discovery. Wherever it has been tried it has proven wonderfully successful. It can't be otherwise, because it utterly destroys the dandruff germ. "You destroy the cause, you remove the effect."

* * *

Mr. Whistler Again.

"A Colorado millionaire—extremely millionaire—one who is getting up an art gallery, went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac," says Vance Thompson in his Paris letter to The Saturday Evening Post. "He glanced casually at the pictures on the walls—'symphonies' in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green.

"How much for the lot?" he asked, with the confidence of one who owns gold mines.

"Four millions," said Whistler.

"What!"

"My posthumous prices," and the painter added, 'Good morning.'"

* * *

The Awful Weight of a College Education.

"In the offices of the American Commissioner to Paris there are ten or fifteen—they fit about so I've not been able to count them—slim, young college boys, with brushes of football hair, yellow shoes, creased trousers and other appurtenances American," says Vance Thompson in his Paris letter to The Saturday Evening Post. "They feel the dignity that weighs upon them as representatives of the land across the sea, and are doing all they can to spread the United States language in Paris. Underneath Mr. Peck's offices in the Avenue Rapp there is a big and

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new and spick-and-span cafe. It has become almost an annex to the offices above stairs. I dropped in there yesterday to see Mr. John B. Cauldwell, the head of the art department. He was chatting with some of his friends, so I sat down, ordered a cup of coffee and waited. A half dozen of the college boys came in and took a table near me. One of them wanted ginger-ale. He asked for it calmly: 'Oh, give me a bottle of ginger-ale.'

"The unhappy waiter shook his head.

"Ginger-ale," the young man repeated crushingly.

"The waiter waved his hands in helpless agony.

"Why, don't you talk French?" one of the young fellows asked; "I thought you could talk French."

"So I can," said the other indignantly; and he added, 'Garsong, coffee!'

"It was a compromise."

* * *

A Careful Business Man.

"Talkin' about mean men," remarked the Cranberry Corners storekeeper during a temporary lull in the evening's discussion, "I don't know as you could call Josh Nubbins (the old chap, you remember, who used to live on the Hankins place) mean exactly, but he was about the closest figgerer I ever had any dealings with. One day Nubbins came into the store and wanted to know if I had any cheese for sale.

"Full cream or skim-milk?" says I.

"How much is the full cream?" says he.

"Fourteen cents a pound in slices," says I, "but if you want a hull cheese I'll make it twelve."

"That's purty steep, ain't it?" says Nubbins, leanin' over the counter an' helpin' himself to a sample hunk of the cheese. "I hear the storekeeper over at Buckwheat Ridge is sellin' the best cream cheese sliced for a shillin' a pound."

"Well," says I, "you can buy cheese jest ez cheap here ez you kin at Buckwheat Ridge is sellin' the best cream cheese sliced have it fer the same. All you've got to do is to say how much you want. Don't want to take a hull one fer eleven cents a pound, do you?"

"Guess not today," says Nubbins; "not at that figger. How do you sell your skim-milk cheese?"

"I told him the price was ten cents in slices, or eight cents a pound fer a hull cheese, an' Nubbins said:

"Couldn't make it eight cents a pound?"

"I might, seein' it's fer you," says I; "but there ain't much profit in it at that figger. About how much of it shall I cut off fer you?"

"Waal," says Nubbins, in his low, easy-goin' drawl, ez he fished a two-cent piece out of his pocket and plunked it down on the counter, "I reckon you kin slice off a quarter of a pound an' do it up fer me. All I need

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ter-day is enough to bait a couple of mouse-traps with, an' if I should happen ter want any more later on I'll call ag'in."—Will S. Gidley in the May Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

H. G. Wells' Literary Partnership.

The other day Mr. H. G. Wells had a transatlantic visitor. The sun was shining outside, but an occasional flying cloud brought a slight flurry of snow with it. But there was no fire anywhere, and the long French windows were flung open wide to the sea breeze.

Mr. Wells works regularly every morning at his writing. In the afternoon Mrs. Wells transcribes on the typewriter the morning's work, and in the evening both of them go over the day's result. It is often changed tremendously by the night's criticism.

"It's no use my promising to send 'copy' to you by Saturday," said Mr. Wells to an editor. "I must wait and lay it before my wife. She will know whether I can do it and she will see that I keep my promise."

Mr. Wells' marriage is a literary partnership as well.—From The Saturday Evening Post.

* * *

Progress in Bicycle Construction.

Considering the great utility of the bicycle and the pleasure and recreation it affords to countless thousands, its slow development is a matter of considerable surprise. This fact strikes us as especially strange when we remember that a two-wheeled affair very similar to the bicycle of today was in use over a century ago. This state of affairs may be accounted for through the fact that the development of the bicycle was impeded by social and economic conditions. Fifty years ago, or even twenty-five, there was not the rush to get about that has become one of the characteristics of the present day. Consequently there was no demand for the bicycle. Development in railroads and wagons was being perfected, owing to existent conditions. This development came to a practical end, however, in the 70's, and the real development of the bicycle begins at that time. The pioneer in bicycle construction, in America, at least, was Col. Albert A. Pope, of the Pope Manufacturing Company, the makers of Columbia bicycles. It was he who gave the industry its first impetus, and it has been largely through his efforts that the bicycle has reached the place it occupies and is the perfect machine it is today. The Columbia bicycle, whether due to superior facilities for manufacture, or the care in and extent of experiments that the Pope Company has carried on, has always been in the van of bicycle construction. It has been the invariable rule that the Columbia has led, and the others have followed, but no innovation has been adopted, until it has been found by the severest tests to be an improve-

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* * *

Important Questions.

Do you realize the meaning of the rapid growth of cities, and the dangers that are gathering about them?

Have you solved the monopoly problem?

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Do you know to what extent cities and towns are under bondage to state legislatures? Do you know to what extent the people in cities and towns are under bondage to city councils?

Do you know the results of the use of the initiative and referendum in the United States and in Switzerland?

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The Rivers of Oregon. III.—The Rogue.

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Lincoln's Attitude Towards Emancipation with Compensation for Owners of Slaves.

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AS the exciting days of the Civil war—days reddened with fire and blood and embittered with hate—recede from our view, and we look back upon the scenes and incidents of those terrible times through the mellowing medium of time, events are presented in a far different light from that in which they were then seen. When the passions have cooled, and reason has resumed its sway over the minds of men, it is not so difficult to see how the deluge of blood, the harvest of death and the waste of treasure might have been averted. If the cooler heads, the broader minded men, unbiased and unhampered by their partisan constituents, could have come together and discussed the situation calmly and dispassionately from their respective standpoints, offered and received suggestions on the momentous questions at issue, satisfactory conclusions might have been reached and desirable ends attained without sacrificing a million of the best men of the land, North and South, squandering eight thousand millions of money, and piling up a monument of sorrow and anguish and tears that reached to heaven.

The newspapers on both sides during the great struggle vied with each other in catering to and inflaming the already wrought-up passions of the people, and added fuel to the fire that was already raging by highly-colored partisan editorials and exaggerated accounts of what

was taking place. The historians and biographers that rose up in swarms just after the war, and flooded the country with books containing exciting and, in many cases, unreliable narrations of the drama on which the curtain had just fallen, did not a little to keep alive the fires of discord in the bosoms of the people, North and South. By degrees the flames of partisan rancor have died out, until, today, there are only here and there a few smouldering embers that still retain, under a thin covering of patriotic ashes, the livid hue of the strife that is fading away in the rapidly-receding past.

Those of us who were fortunate or unfortunate enough, as the case may be, to live then, can look back from the peaceful, placid present, and view the tumultuous upheavings of those turbulent times, and wonder how, in the Providence of God, it could have happened. There was no divine or even inspired voice to say to the troubled waters, "Peace, be still"; or, if there was, it was unheard.

On the other hand there were those who, by their incendiary talk of a "higher law," of an "irrepressible conflict," and the boasts of others that they "would call the roll of their slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument," who fanned the flames of discord into a conflagration. If such as these could have been silenced and men of conservative ideas obtained the ear of the people, the result might, and, in all probability, would,

have been different, the perpetuity and integrity of the nation preserved and the prime cause of the bitter contention removed without the fearful sacrifice that now darkens the pages of our country's history.

The election of the man to the chief magistracy who, by his statesmanship and instinctive love of justice was best qualified to bring about a settlement of the dispute between the sections, was the last act that precipitated the country into a fratricidal conflict. It is true that Lincoln had asserted that "a nation divided against itself cannot stand." It is true that he did say, "I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half-slave and half-free." While he was an anti-slavery man at heart and opposed to the extension of slavery, as was Henry Clay, Lincoln was characterized by a deep love of justice and fair dealing.

He realized, therefore, that the violent or revolutionary abolition of the system was repugnant to good policy and right, and that the freeing of the slaves without compensation would be a violation of every principle of justice. Hence, from the first, he was in favor of and advocated gradual emancipation, and compensation for the owners of slaves. He realized that the South was not alone to blame for slavery, but that the North was equally responsible for its existence and should bear a part of the burden of its abolishment.

Unlike the radical agitators of the extreme East, he had been born in a slave state, and was necessarily more familiar with its workings, with the associations of master and slave. His father before him was a native of a slave state, and Abraham Lincoln inherited a kindly feeling for slavery, especially, as it existed in the border states. Pernicious as the system was on the whole, he knew that it was not an unmixed evil, that it had its bright and its dark sides, its pleasant as well as its unpleasant phases. He entertained a kindred feeling for the people of the South, for it was among them that he formed his earliest associations. His large heart felt that while the encroachments of the institution were to be deplored, and if possible prevented, the

people of the South were entitled to due consideration, and that the radical measures of the Northern fanatics were not the proper ones to rid the country of this threatening and growing incubus.

Abraham Lincoln never knowingly inflicted an injustice on any living creature. If he ever deviated from the strict line of justice, it was always on the side of clemency or mercy. While he was ready, at all times, to respond to any call of duty, and to administer the functions of his exalted office to the best of his ability, he assumed the responsibility of the presidency without any fixed purpose or favorite policy, save to execute the laws and preserve the Union. During the trying ordeal of five years, such as no other man had ever passed through, he maintained the most serene patience and exhibited an amount of political sagacity amid the most perplexing problems that has marked him as the shrewdest politician and, at the same time, the most far-seeing and incorruptible statesman of the age.

In September, 1862, just before he issued his preliminary emancipation proclamation, he was visited by a number of Chicago ministers, who urged him to issue the proclamation of emancipation at once. Mr. Lincoln heard them through, and this was his answer: "I have not decided against the proclamation of liberty to the slaves, but the whole matter is under advisement, and I can assure you it is on my mind by day and by night, more than any other. Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do."

That Lincoln did not want to free the slaves unless the salvation of the Union absolutely demanded it, is proven many times over during his administration. The difference between him and General Cameron, Secretary of War, grew out of Cameron's evident desire to interfere with slavery. In the spring of 1861 the Secretary of War wrote to General Butler, giving him instructions to the effect that he must not surrender to their masters any slaves who might come within his lines; but use them in the service where they could be employed to the best advantage. This was the opening

wedge that finally culminated in Cameron's removal from the Cabinet.

In August, 1861, General Fremont issued a proclamation declaring the slaves of all those in the Confederate service in Missouri, free. As soon as the news of Fremont's proclamation reached Lincoln he promptly revoked the order and sent the Secretary of War and the Adjutant-General to Missouri to investigate the situation, with instructions to report to him the result of their investigations. Cameron upheld Fremont, and on his return to Washington advised the President to allow him to retain his command, at least until he could have an opportunity to do something that would compensate for his blunder. Lincoln, always patient, and desirous of doing no injustice, granted the request, and gave Fremont until October to show that he was worthy of the confidence that had been reposed in him. When October arrived, the "Great Path-Finder" had done nothing, and General Curtis was sent to relieve him.

Cameron's desire to do something towards the abolition of slavery was so ardent that he over-stepped the limits of his authority and had to be checked by the President. In his first annual report he recommended the arming of the slaves without the knowledge of the President, had it printed and sent to the postmasters throughout the country. When Lincoln learned the facts his usually mild temper received a shock to which it was not accustomed. He immediately, by telegraph, ordered the copies recalled, had the report revised and corrected and a new edition printed. This additional evidence of Cameron's perversity served to widen the breach between Lincoln and his war secretary. While their personal relations were pleasant, public considerations made a change imperative and Edwin M. Stanton was appointed to succeed Cameron. These instances of Lincoln's conduct, whenever the slavery question came up, are given to show that he was not making war on the institution, but a war to save the Union.

Colonel Alexander K. McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, in referring to

the subject, says, "He long and earnestly sought to avoid it, believing that the Union could be best preserved without the violent destruction of slavery; and when he appreciated the fact that the leaders of the rebellion were unwilling to entertain any proposition for the restoration of the Union, he accepted the destruction of slavery as an imperious necessity, but he sought to attain it with the least possible friction."

Lincoln had studied over the plan of compensated emancipation, and had tried to devise some means by which it could be accomplished without injustice to those most interested and at the same time prevent the dismemberment of the nation. In pursuance of this object, on March 6, 1862, he sent the following communication to Congress:

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by your honorable bodies, which shall be substantially as follows:

Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with any state which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid to be used by such state in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.

If the proposition contained in the resolution does not meet with the approval of congress and the country, there is an end; but if it does command such approval, I deem it of importance, that the states and people immediately interested, should be at once distinctly notified of the fact, so that they may begin to consider whether to accept or reject it. The Federal government would find its highest interest in such a measure, as one of the most efficient means of self-preservation. The leaders of the existing insurrection entertain the hope, that the government will ultimately be forced to acknowledge the independence of some part of the disaffected region, and that all the slave states north of such parts will then say, "The Union for which we have struggled, being already gone, we now choose to go with the Southern section." To deprive them of this hope, substantially ends the rebellion, and the initiation of emancipation completely deprives them of it, as to all the states initiating it. The point is not that all the states tolerating slavery, would very soon if at all initiate emancipation; but that while the offer is equally made to all, the more northern shall by such initiation make it certain to the more southern, that in no event will the former ever join the latter in their proposed confederacy. I say initiation, because in my

judgment gradual and not sudden emancipation is better for all. In the mere financial or pecuniary view, any member of congress with the census tables and the treasury reports before him, can readily see for himself, how very soon the current expenditures of this war would purchase at a fair valuation all the slaves in any named state. Such a proposition on the part of the general government, sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within state limits, referring as it does the absolute control of the subject in each case, to the state and its people immediately interested. It is proposed as a matter of perfectly free choice with them.

In the annual message last December, I thought fit to say, "The Union must be preserved and hence all indispensable means must be employed." I said this not hastily; but deliberately. War has been and continues to be an indispensable means to this end. A practical acknowledgment of the national authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable or may absolutely promise great efficiency toward ending the struggle, must and will come. The proposition now made is an offer only, and I hope it may be esteemed no offence to ask whether the pecuniary consideration tendered, would not be of more value to the states and private persons concerned, than are the institution and property in it, in the present aspect of affairs? While it is true, that the adoption of this proposed resolution would be merely initiatory, and not within itself a practical measure, it is recommended in the hope that it would soon lead to important results. In full view of my great responsibility to God, and to my country, I earnestly beg the attention of congress and the people to the subject.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Both branches of Congress adopted the resolution by large majorities. The Southern States rejected the overtures of peace on any terms that did not recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy. Their armies had, so far, been more successful in the field than the armies of the nation, and they thought that their ultimate success was only a question of time and perseverance. They spurned the proffered hand that was held out to them, and the world knows the result. Notwithstanding their rejection of this offer, Lincoln entertained no animosity, no vindictive feeling toward the South, but continued to place himself between slavery and any

attempt by his subordinates to interfere with it.

On May 9th, 1862, General Hunter, at Hilton Head, issued a proclamation declaring slavery and martial law incompatible, and emancipating the slaves in Georgia, Florida and South Carolina. As soon as the President heard of it, he issued a counter proclamation to the effect that neither General Hunter nor any other commander or person had any authority from the Government of the United States to issue a proclamation declaring the slaves of any state free, and that the supposed proclamation was altogether void. He went on to say that this was a power that he reserved to himself. He then referred to the resolution of March 6, and reproduced it, stating that it had been adopted by both houses of Congress, "and now stands as an authentic, definite and solemn pledge of the nation to the states and people most immediately interested in the subject matter." Addressing his remarks to the people of the South, he said:

To the people of these states, I mostly appeal. I do not argue.—I beseech you to make the argument for yourselves. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times. I beg of you, a calm and enlarged consideration of them, ranging if it may be, far above partisan and personal politics. This proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproaches upon any. It acts not the Pharisee. The change it contemplates, would come as gently as the dews of heaven, not rending nor wrecking any thing. Will you embrace it? So much good has not been by one effort in all past time, as in the Providence of God is now your high privilege to do. May the vast future not have to lament that you neglected it.

History records no more eloquent or touching appeal to a people to act for their own good and for their own advantage than this.

On July 12, following, Lincoln held a conference with the congressmen from Kentucky, Maryland and Delaware and Missouri, in which he urged them to use their best efforts to induce their respective states to adopt a system of emancipation, with compensation for their slaves. The proposition was thoroughly discussed in the states mentioned, and,

unfortunately for them it was rejected—not one of them taking advantage of the offer. Speaking of the conference with the congressional delegation from the border states, Lincoln said to Colonel McClure: "I believed that the indispensable necessity for military emancipation would come unless averted by gradual and compensated emancipation." In his interview with the members of Congress he said:

I do not speak of emancipation at once, but of a decision at once, to emancipate gradually. The pressure is still upon me and is increasing. By conceding what I now ask, you can relieve me and much more can relieve the country, on this important point. Our common country is in great peril, demanding the loftiest views and boldest action to bring a speedy relief. Once relieved, its form of government is saved to the world, its beloved history and cherished memories are vindicated, and its happy future fully assured and rendered inconceivably grand. To you more than to any others, the privilege is given to assure that happiness and to swell that grandeur and to link your names therewith forever.

Speaking of these overtures by Lincoln, Colonel McClure says: "Strange as it may now seem, in view of the inevitable tendency of events at that time, these appeals of Lincoln were not only treated with contempt by those in rebellion, but the border states congressmen, who had every thing at stake, and who, in the end, were compelled to accept forcible emancipation without compensation, although themselves not directly involved in rebellion, made no substantial response to Lincoln's efforts to save their states and people. Thus did the South disregard repeated importunities to accept emancipation with payment for their slaves. During long, weary months, Lincoln had made temperate utterance on every possible occasion, and by every official act that could direct the attention of the country, he sought to attain the least violent solution of the slavery problem, only to find that they would make no terms with the government."

Not discouraged, though to some extent disheartened, Lincoln continued his efforts to do something that would bring about the desired result. In July, 1862, he sent the following to Congress:

Washington, July 14, 1862.

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

Herewith is the draft of a bill to compensate any state which may abolish slavery within its limits, the passage of which substantially as presented, I respectfully and earnestly recommend.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That whenever the president of the United States shall be satisfied that any state shall have lawfully abolished slavery within and throughout such state, either immediately or gradually, it shall be the duty of the president, assisted by the secretary of the treasury, to prepare and deliver to each state an amount of 6 per cent interest bearing bonds of the United States, equal to the aggregate value at — dollars per head of all the slaves within such state as reported by the census of 1860; the whole amount for any one state to be delivered at once if the abolishment be immediate, or in equal annual installments if it be gradual, interest to begin running on each bond at the time of delivery and not before.

And be it further enacted, That if any state having so received any such bonds, shall at any time afterwards, by law, re-instate or tolerate slavery within its limits, contrary to the act of abolishment, upon which such bonds shall have been received by said state, said bonds shall at once be null and void in whosoever hands they may be, and such state shall refund to the United States all interest which may have been paid on such bonds.

This bill was never passed by Congress, and it is doubtful whether it was ever debated. At any rate, it was never acted upon by any of the slave states. But it shows the earnest and persistent desire of Lincoln to do no act of injustice to the South, or to listen to the clamors of those who were urging him on to free the slaves. All this time an immense pressure was being brought to bear on him by the radicals of the North to issue an emancipation proclamation, many of whom were more interested in the destruction of slavery, than they were in the preservation of the Union. He was standing firm against the tide and bearing on his shoulders a burden of which the country at large, and especially the South, knew nothing.

Finally, on September 22, 1862, unable to longer withstand the urgent demands, Lincoln issued his preliminary emancipation proclamation, in

which he gave the South until January 1, 1863, to lay down their arms and acknowledge the supremacy of the Government of the United States; otherwise, he would proclaim the slaves in the states at war with the government, free. Even then he expected certain parishes in Louisiana, including the city of New Orleans. Accordingly on January 1, 1863, the South not having accepted the terms offered, the proclamation was issued declaring the slaves in the Confederate states, free. Notwithstanding the proclamation had gone into effect, Lincoln did not despair of rendering the South a fair compensation for their slaves. Colonel McClure said, in reference to an interview he had with the President in August, 1864, "He had but a single purpose, and that was the speedy and cordial restoration of the dissevered states. He cherished no resentment against the South, and every theory of reconstruction that he ever conceived or presented was eminently peaceful and looking solely to reattaching the estranged people to the government. I was startled when he first suggested that it would be wise to pay the South \$400,000,000 as compensation for the abolition of slavery; but he reasoned well on the subject, and none could answer the arguments he advanced in favor of such a settlement of the war. He took from the corner of his desk a paper, written in his own hand-writing, proposing to pay the South \$400,000,000 as compensation for their slaves, on condition that the states should return to their allegiance to the Government and accept emancipation."

Colonel McClure adds: "I shall never forget the emotion exhibited by Lincoln, when, after reading this to me, he said, 'If I could only get this proposition before the Southern people, I believe they would accept it, and I have faith that the Northern people, however startled at first, would soon appreciate the wisdom of such a settlement of the war. One hundred days of war would cost us the \$400,000,000 I would propose to give for emancipation and a restored Republic, not to speak of the priceless sacrifice of life and the additional sacrifice of prop-

erty; but were I to make this offer now, it would defeat me inevitably and probably defeat emancipation."

The subject seemed to be ever on his mind, and he frequently spoke of it to his most confidential friends. On February 5, 1865, he formulated a message to Congress in which he proposed to pay \$400,000,000 to the South for emancipating the slaves. The message was submitted to the Cabinet and was unanimously rejected. There was nothing for Lincoln to do but accept the verdict and make the best of it. On the message he made this endorsement: "February 5, 1865. Today these papers which explain themselves, were drawn up and submitted to the Cabinet and unanimously disapproved by them." In referring to the subject he said: "We are now spending \$3,000,000 a day, which will soon amount to all this money, besides the lives."

In February, 1865, a conference was held at Hampton Roads by Lincoln and Seward for the Government, and Alexander H. Stephens, R. M. Hunter and John A. Campbell for the South, for the purpose of coming to some understanding in reference to an exchange of prisoners and possibly suggesting some means of settling the conflict that was costing so much blood and money.

It may be foreign to the subject in hand, but in view of the fact that so many in the North have tried to depreciate General Grant's ability, it may be interesting to know what the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy thought of him. While waiting for the arrival of his colleagues, Mr. Stephens called on Grant at his headquarters, and in speaking of the interview, he said:

I was never so much disappointed in my life in my previously formed opinions of either the personal appearance or bearing of any one about whom I had read and heard so much. The disappointment moreover, was in every respect favorable and agreeable; I was instantly struck with the great simplicity and perfect naturalness of his manners, and the entire absence of every thing like affectation, show or even military air or mien of men in his position. He was plainly attired, sitting in a log cabin, busily writing on a small table by a kerosene lamp. There was nothing in his appearance or surround-

ings which indicated his official rank. There were neither guards nor aids about him. His conversation was easy and fluent without the least effort or restraint. I noticed nothing so closely as the point and terseness with which he expressed whatever he said. He did not seem to either court or avoid conversation; but whenever he did speak, what he said was directly to the point, and covered the whole matter in a few words. I saw before being with him long, that he was exceedingly quick in perception and direct in purpose, with a vast deal more brains than tongue, as ready as that was at his command. The more I became acquainted with him, the more thoroughly I became impressed with the very extraordinary combination of rare elements of character which he exhibited. Upon the whole, the conviction in my mind was, that he was one of the most remarkable men I had ever met with, and that his career in life, if his days should be prolonged, was hardly entered upon; that his character was not yet fully developed; that he himself was not aware of his own powers and that if he lived, he would in the future exert a controlling influence in shaping the destinies of his country, for either good or evil.

When the other members of the conference arrived, the meeting took place in the cabin of one of Grant's despatch boats in Hampton Roads. This article has nothing to do with the conference, except so far as it touches the institution of slavery and confiscation. Mr. Lincoln said that so far as the confiscation acts, and other penal acts, were concerned, their enforcement was left entirely with him, and on that point he was perfectly willing to be full and explicit, and on his assurance, perfect reliance might be placed. He should exercise the power of the executive with the utmost liberality. He added that he was willing to be taxed to remunerate the Southern people for their slaves. He believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South, and if the war would then cease with the voluntary abolition of slavery by the Southern states, he would be in favor, individually, of the Government paying a fair indemnity to the owners. He said he believed the feeling had an extensive existence in the North. He knew some who were in favor of appropriating as high as \$400,000,000 for this purpose. "I could mention persons," he said, "whose names would astonish you, who are willing to do this if the war shall now

cease without further expense and with the abolition of slavery, as stated." But on this subject he said he could give no assurance and enter into no stipulation, he merely expressed his own feelings and views and what he believed to be the feelings of others on the subject.

Colonel McClure says: "I personally know that he (Lincoln) would have suggested it (compensation emancipation) to Stephens, Campbell and Hunter at the Hampton Roads conference in February, 1865, had not Vice-President Stephens, as the immediate representative of Jefferson Davis, frankly stated at the outset that he was instructed not to entertain or discuss any proposition that did not recognize the perpetuity of the Confederacy. That statement from Stephens precluded the possibility of Lincoln making any proposition or even suggestion, whatever on the subject. In a personal interview with Jefferson Davis, when I was a visitor at his home at Bevier, Mississippi, fifteen years after the close of the war, I asked him whether he had ever received any intimation about Lincoln's desire to close the war by the payment of \$400,000,000 for emancipated slaves. He said he had not heard of it."

The memory of Mr. Davis or of Colonel McClure must have been at fault in reference to the Hampton Roads conference, for Mr. Stephens distinctly quoted Mr. Lincoln as saying that "if the war should then cease with the abolition of slavery by the states, he would be in favor, individually, of the Government paying a fair indemnity to the owners. He knew of some who were in favor of appropriating as high as \$400,000,000 for the purpose," etc.

Mr. Stephens refers to another suggestion made by Mr. Lincoln which is at variance with Colonel McClure's memory, about Stephen's statement precluding the possibility of Lincoln making any proposition or suggestion whatever on the subject: Mr. Lincoln, in his familiar style, said, "Stephens, if I were in Georgia and entertained the sentiments I do—though I suppose I should not be permitted to stay there long with them—but if I resided in Georgia with my pres-

ent sentiments, I will tell you what I'd do if I were in your place; I would go home and get the Governor of the State to call the Legislature together, and get them to recall all the state troops from the war, elect Senators and Members of Congress and ratify the Constitutional Amendment prospectively, so as to take effect in five years.' "

So far as known these suggestions from Lincoln met with no response from the Confederate Vice-President, and the Hampton Roads conference closed with nothing accomplished. There was considerable disappointment on both sides at the result; for it was hoped something for the benefit of the South and for the good of the country at large might grow out of it. Mr. Stephens, on his return to Richmond, reported the result to Mr. Davis, who recommended a vigorous prosecution of the war, and asked Mr. Stephens to make a speech to the public inspiring them with new courage and hope. The conscientious Vice-President, knowing the hopelessness of prolonging the struggle, declined to do

this, and soon after left Richmond for his home in Georgia, and never saw Mr. Davis in Richmond afterwards. There is but little doubt that if Lincoln and Stevens could have had their way, the Hampton Roads conference would have terminated the war and saved the South \$400,000,000, saved a good many lives on both sides, and probably avoided much of the trouble that followed in the course of reconstruction.

The opinion is current in some parts of the South, notably in Georgia, that the Southern members of the conference were in favor of compensated emancipation; but that the Northern members would not agree to it. This notion is erroneous. No other overtures were ever made to settle the troublesome question. Lincoln's efforts to save the South the loss of their slaves proved unavailing, and the war was prosecuted to its bitter end, with all its bitter results, including the assassination of the best friend the South ever had in the ranks of their opponents.

The Republican Platform.

THE Republicans of the United States, through their chosen representatives, met in National convention, looking back upon an unsurpassed record of achievement and looking forward into a great field of duty and opportunity, and appealing to the judgment of their countrymen, make these declarations:

The expectation in which the American people, turning from the Democratic party, entrusted the power of the United States four years ago to a Republican Chief Magistrate and a Republican Congress, has been met and satisfied. When the people then assembled at the polls, after a term of Democratic legislation and administration, business was dead, industry paralyzed and the National credit disastrously impaired. The country's capital was hidden away and its labor distressed and unemployed. The

Democrats had no other plan with which to improve the ruinous conditions which they had themselves produced, than to coin silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The Republican party, denouncing this plan as sure to produce conditions even worse than those from which relief was sought, promised to restore prosperity by means of two legislative measures—a protective tariff and a law making gold the standard of value. The people, by great majorities, issued to the Republican party a commission to enact these laws. This commission has been executed, and the Republican pledge is redeemed; and prosperity, more general and more abundant than we have ever known, has followed these enactments.

There is no longer any controversy as to the value of any government obligation. Every American dollar is a gold dollar or its equivalent, and American

credit stands higher than that of any nation. Capital is fully employed, and everywhere labor is profitably occupied.

No single fact can more strikingly tell the story of what Republican government means to the country than this—that while during the whole period of 96 years from 1801 to 1897 there was an excess of exports over imports of only \$383,028,497, there has been in the short three years of the present Republican Administration an excess of exports over imports in the enormous sum of \$1,483,738,049, and while the American people, sustained by this Republican legislation, have been achieving these splendid triumphs in their trade and commerce, they have conducted and in victory concluded, a war for liberty and human rights. No thought of National aggrandizement tarnished the high purpose with which American standards were unfurled. It was a war unsought and patiently resisted, but when it came the American Government was ready. Its fleets were cleared for action. Its armies were in the field and the quick and signal triumph of its forces on land and sea bore equal tribute to the courage of American soldiers and sailors and to the foresight of Republican statesmanship. To ten millions of the human race there was given "a new birth of freedom," and to the American people a new and noble responsibility.

McKINLEY'S ADMINISTRATION.

We endorse the administration of William McKinley. Its acts have been established in wisdom and in patriotism, and at home and abroad it has distinctly elevated and extended the influence of the American Nation. Walking untried paths and facing unforeseen responsibilities, President McKinley has been, in every situation, the true American patriot and upright statesman, clear in vision, strong in judgment, firm in action, always inspiring and deserving the confidence of his countrymen.

In asking the American people to endorse this Republican record and to renew their commission to the Republican party, we remind them of the fact that the menace to their prosperity has al-

ways resided in Democratic principle and no less in the general incapacity of the Democratic party to conduct public affairs. The prime essential of business prosperity is public confidence in the good sense of the Government and its ability to deal intelligently with all new problems of administration and legislation. That confidence the Democratic party has never earned. It is hopelessly inadequate, and the country's prosperity, when Democratic success at the polls is announced, halts and ceases in mere anticipation of Democratic blunders and failures.

SOUND MONEY.

We renew our allegiance to the principle of the gold standard, and declare our confidence in the wisdom of the legislation of the Fifty-sixth Congress, by which the parity of all our money and the stability of our currency on a gold basis has been secured. We recognize that interest rates are a potent factor in protection and business activity, and for the purpose of further equalizing and of further lowering the rates of interest we favor such monetary legislation as will enable the varying needs of the season and of all sections to be properly met in order that trade may be evenly sustained, labor steadily employed and commerce enlarged. The volume of money in circulation was never so great, per capita, as it is today.

We declare our steadfast opposition to the free and unlimited coinage of silver. No measure to that end could be considered which was without the support of the leading commercial countries of the world. However firmly Republican legislation may seem to have secured the country against the peril of a base and discredited currency, the election of a Democratic President could not fail to impair the country's credit and to bring once more into question the intention of the American people to maintain upon the gold standard the parity of their money circulation.

The Democratic party must be convinced that the American people will never tolerate the Chicago platform. We recognize the necessity and propriety of

the honest co-operation of capital to meet new business conditions and especially to extend our rapidly increasing foreign trade, but we condemn all conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production or to control prices, and favor such legislation as will effectually restrain and prevent all such abuses, protect and promote competition and secure the rights of producers, laborers and all who are engaged in industry and commerce.

PROTECTION.

We renew our faith in the policy of protection to American labor. In that policy our industries have been established, diversified and maintained. By protecting the home, competition has been stimulated and production cheapened. Opportunity to the inventive genius of our people has been secured and wages in every department of labor maintained at high rates, higher now than ever before, always distinguishing our working people in their better conditions of life from those of any competing country. Enjoying the blessings of American common schools, secure in the right of self-government and protected in the occupancy of their own markets, their constantly increasing knowledge and skill have enabled them finally to enter the markets of the world.

We favor the associated policy of reciprocity, so directed as to open our markets on favorable terms for what we do not ourselves produce in return for free foreign markets.

In the further interest of American workmen, we favor a more effective restriction of the immigration of cheap labor from foreign lands, the extension of opportunities of education for our children, to raise the age limit for child labor, the protection of free labor as against contract, convict labor and an effective system of labor insurance.

Our present dependence on foreign shipping for nine-tenths of our foreign carrying is a great loss to the industries of this country. It is also a serious danger to our trade, for its sudden withdrawal in the event of a European war would

seriously cripple our expanding foreign commerce. The National defense and Naval efficiency of this country, moreover, supply a compelling reason for legislation which will enable us to recover our former place among the trade-carrying fleets of the world.

The Nation owes a debt of profound gratitude to the soldiers who have fought its battles, and it is the Government's duty to provide for the survivors and for the widows and orphans of those who have fallen in the country's wars.

The pension laws, founded on this just sentiment, should be liberal, and should be loyally administered, and preference should be given, wherever practicable, with respect to employment in the public service, to soldiers and sailors and to their widows and orphans.

We commend the policy of the Republican party in maintaining the efficiency of the civil service. The Administration has acted wisely in its effort to secure for public service in Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands only those whose fitness has been determined by training and experience. We believe that employment in the public service in these territories should be confined as far as practicable to their inhabitants.

It was the plain purpose of the 15th amendment to the Constitution to prevent discrimination on account of race or color in regulating the elective franchise. Devices of state governments, whether by statutory or constitutional enactment, to avoid the purpose of this amendment, are revolutionary, and should be condemned.

Public movements, looking to a permanent improvement of the roads and highways of the country, meet with our cordial approval, and we recommend this subject to the earnest consideration of the people and the Legislatures of the several states.

We favor the extension of the rural free delivery service wherever its extension may be justified.

In further pursuance of the constant policy of the Republican party to provide free homes on the public domain, we recommend adequate National legislation to reclaim the arid lands of the

United States, reserving control of the distribution of water for irrigation to the respective states and territories.

We favor home rule for and the early admission to statehood of the territories of New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma.

WAR REVENUE.

The Dingley act, amended to provide sufficient revenue for the conduct of the war, has so well perfected its work that it has been possible to reduce the war debt in the sum of \$40,000,000. So ample are the Government's revenues and so great is the public confidence in the integrity of its obligations that its newly funded 2 per cent bonds sell at a premium. The country is now justified in expecting and it will be the policy of the Republican party to bring about a reduction of the war taxes.

We favor the construction, ownership, control and protection of an isthmian canal by the Government of the United States.

New markets are necessary for the increasing surplus of our farm products. Every effort should be made to open and obtain new markets, especially in the Orient, and the Administration is warmly to be commended for its successful effort to commit all trading and colonizing nations to the policy of the open door in China.

In the interest of our expanding commerce, we recommend that Congress create a Department of Commerce and Industries in the charge of a Secretary with a seat in the Cabinet.

The United States Consular system should be reorganized under the supervision of this new department, upon such a basis of appointment and tenure as will render it still more serviceable to the Nation's increasing trade.

The American Government must protect the person and property of every citizen, wherever they are wrongfully violated or placed in peril.

We congratulate the women of America upon their splendid record of public service in the volunteer aid association and as nurses in camp and hospital during the recent campaigns of our armies in the Eastern and Western Indies, and

we appreciate their faithful co-operation in all works of education and industry.

President McKinley has conducted the foreign affairs of the United States with distinguished credit to the American people.

In releasing us from the vexatious European alliance for the government of Samoa, his course is especially to be commended. By securing to our undivided control the most important island of the Samoan group and the best harbor in the Southern Pacific, every American interest has been safeguarded.

We approve the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States.

We recommend the part taken by our Government in the peace conference at The Hague. We assert our steadfast adherence to the policy announced in the Monroe Doctrine. The provisions of The Hague conference were wisely regarded when President McKinley tendered his friendly offices in the interest of peace between Great Britain and the South African Republics. While the American Government must continue the policy prescribed by Washington, affirmed by every succeeding President, and imposed upon us by The Hague treaty of non-intervention in European controversies, the American people earnestly hope that a way may soon be found, honorable alike to both contending parties, to terminate the strife between them.

THE PHILIPPINES.

In accepting, by the treaty of Paris, the responsibility of our victories in the Spanish war, the President and the Senate won the undoubted approval of the American people. No other course was possible than to destroy Spain's sovereignty throughout the West Indies and in the Philippine Islands. That course created our responsibility before the world for the unorganized population whom our intervention had freed from Spain, to provide for the maintenance of law and order and for the establishment of good government and for the performance of international obligations. Our authority could not be less than our responsibility, and wherever sovereign

rights were extended it became the high duty of the Government to maintain its authority to put down armed insurrection and to confer the blessings of liberty and civilization upon all the rescued peoples.

The largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and our duties should be secured to them by law. To Cuba, independence and self-

government were assured in the same voice by which war was declared, and to the letter this pledge shall be performed.

The Republican party, upon its history and upon this declaration of its principles and policies, confidently invokes the considerate and approving judgment of the American people.

Adopted in Philadelphia, Pa., June 20, 1900.

The Democratic Platform.

WE, the representatives of the Democratic party of the United States, assembled in National convention on the anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, do reaffirm our faith in the immortal proclamation of the inalienable rights of Americans and our allegiance to the Constitution framed in harmony therewith by the fathers of the Republic.

We hold with the United States Supreme Court, that the Declaration of Independence is the spirit of our Government, of which the Constitution is the form and letter. We declare again that all governments instituted among men derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; that any government not based upon the consent of the governed is tyranny; and that to impose upon any people a government of force is to substitute the methods of imperialism for those of the Republic.

We hold that the Constitution follows the flag and denounce the doctrine that an executive or a congress, deriving their existence and power from the people, exercise unlawful authority beyond it in violation of it. We assert that no nation can long endure half republic and half empire, and we warn the people that imperialism abroad will lead quickly and inevitably to despotism at home.

Believing in these fundamental principles, we denounce the Porto Rican law enacted by the Republican Congress, against the protest and opposition of the Democratic minority, as a bold and open violation of the Nation's organic law and a flagrant breach of the National good

faith. It imposes upon the people of Porto Rico a government without their consent and taxation without representation. It dishonors the American people by repudiating a solemn pledge made in their behalf by the commanding General of our army, which the Porto Ricans welcomed to a peaceable and unresisted occupation of their land. It doomed to poverty and distress a people whose helplessness appeals with peculiar force to our justice and magnanimity. In this, the first act of its imperialistic program, the Republican party seeks to commit the United States to a colonial policy inconsistent with republican institutions and condemned by the Supreme Court in numerous decisions.

We demand the prompt and honest fulfillment of every pledge to the Cuban people and the world, that the United States has no disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over the island of Cuba, except for its pacification. The war ended nearly two years ago, profound peace reigns all over the island, and still the Administration keeps the government of the island from its people, while Republican carpet-bagging officials plunder its revenues and exploit the colonial theory to the disgrace of the American people.

THE PHILIPPINES.

We condemn and denounce the Philippine policy of the present Administration. It has embroiled the Republic in an unnecessary war, sacrificed the lives of many of its noblest sons and placed the United States, previously known and

applauded throughout the world as the champion of freedom, in the false and un-American position of crushing with military force the efforts of our former allies to achieve liberty and self-government. The Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization; they cannot be subjects without imperiling our form of government, and as we are not willing to surrender our civilization or to convert the republic into an empire, we favor the immediate declaration of the Nation's purpose to give the Filipinos first, a stable government; second, independence; and third, protection from outside interference, such as has been given for nearly a century to the republics of Central and South America.

The greedy commercialism which dictates the Philippine policy of the Republican Administration attempts to justify it with the plea that it will pay, but even this sordid and unworthy plea fails when brought to the test of facts. The "war of criminal aggression" against the Philippines, entailing annually an expense of many millions, has already cost more than any possible profit that could accrue from the entire Philippine trade for years to come. Furthermore, when the trade is extended at the expense of liberty, the price is always too high.

We are not opposed to territorial expansion when it takes in desirable territory, which can be erected into states in the Union, and whose people are willing and fit to become American citizens. We favor trade expansion by every peaceful and legitimate means, but we are unalterably opposed to the siezing or purchasing of distant islands to be governed outside of the Constitution and whose people can never become citizens.

We are in favor of extending the Republic's influence among the nations, but believe that influence should be extended, not by force and violence, but through the persuasive power of a high and honorable example.

The importance of other questions now pending before the American people is in no wise diminished, and the Democratic party takes no backward step from its position on them, but the burning issue of imperialism, growing out of the

Spanish war, involves the very existence of the Republic and the destruction of our free institutions. We regard it as the paramount issue of the campaign.

The declaration in the Republican platform, adopted at the Philadelphia convention, held in June, 1900, that the Republican party "steadfastly adheres to the policy announced in the Monroe Doctrine" is manifestly insincere and deceptive. This profession is contradicted by the avowed policy of the party in opposition to the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine to acquire and hold sovereignty over large areas of territory and large numbers of people in the Eastern hemisphere. We insist on the strict maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine and in all its integrity in letter and in spirit, as necessary to prevent the extension of European authority on this continent, and as essential to our supremacy in American affairs. At the same time, we declare that no American people shall ever be held by force in unwilling subjection to European authority.

MILITARISM.

We oppose militarism. It means conquest abroad and intimidation and oppression at home. It means the strong arm which has ever been fatal to free institutions. It is what millions of our citizens have fled from in Europe. It will impose upon our peace-loving people a large standing army, an unnecessary burden of taxation, and a constant menace to their liberties. A small standing army and a well-disciplined state militia are amply sufficient in time of peace. This Republic has no place for a vast military service and conscription. When the Nation is in danger the volunteer soldier is his country's best defender. The National Guard of the United States should ever be cherished in the patriotic hearts of a free people. Such organizations are ever an element of strength and safety.

For the first time in our history and coeval with the Philippine contest, has there been a wholesale departure from the time-honored and approved system of volunteer organization. We denounce it as un-American, undemocratic

and unrepugnant, and as a subversion of the ancient and fixed principles of a free people.

TRUSTS.

Private monopolies are indefensible and intolerable. They destroy competition, control the price of all material and finished product, thus robbing both producer and consumer. They lessen the employment of labor and arbitrarily fix the terms and conditions thereof and deprive individual energy and small capital of their opportunity for betterment. They are the most efficient means yet devised for appropriating the fruits of industry to the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and unless their insatiable greed is checked, all wealth will be aggregated in a few hands and the republic destroyed. The dishonest paltering with the trust evil by the Republican party in the State and National platforms, is conclusive proof of the truth of the charge that trusts are the legitimate product of Republican policies, that they are fostered by Republican laws, and that they are protected by the Republican Administration in return for campaign subscriptions and political support.

We pledge the Democratic party to an unceasing warfare in Nation, state and city, against private monopoly in every form. Existing laws against trusts must be enforced and more stringent ones must be enacted providing for publicity as to the affairs of corporations engaged in interstate commerce, and requiring all corporations to show, before doing business outside the state of their origin, that they have no water in their stock and that they have not attempted and are not attempting to monopolize any business or the production of any articles of merchandise, and the whole constitutional power of Congress over interstate commerce and the mails and all modes of interstate communication shall be exercised by the enactment of comprehensive laws upon the subject of trusts. Tariff laws should be amended by putting the products of trusts on the free list to prevent monopoly under the plea of protection.

The failure of the present Republican

Administration, with an absolute control over all the branches of the National Government, to enact any legislation designed to prevent or even curtail the absorbing power of trusts and illegal combinations, or to enforce the anti-trust laws already on the statute books, prove the insincerity of the high-sounding phrases of the Republican platform.

Corporations should be protected in all their rights and their legitimate interests should be respected, but any attempt by corporations to interfere with the public affairs of the people or to control the sovereignty which created them should be forbidden under such penalties as will make such attempts impossible.

We condemn the Dingley tariff law as a trust-breeding measure, skillfully devised to give the few favors which they do not deserve and to place upon the many burdens which they should not bear.

We favor such an enlargement of the scope of the interstate tariff law as will enable the Commission to protect individuals and communities from discrimination and the public from unjust and unfair transportation rates.

FINANCES.

We reaffirm and endorse the principles of the National Democratic platform adopted at Chicago in 1896, and we reiterate the demand of that platform for an American financial platform adopted by the American people for themselves which shall restore and maintain a bimetallic level, and as part of such system the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation.

We denounce the currency bill enacted at the last session of Congress as a step forward in the Republican policy which attempts to discredit the sovereign right of the National Government to issue all money, whether coin or paper, and to bestow upon National banks the power to issue and control the volume of paper money for their own benefit. A permanent National bank currency secured by Government bonds, must have a permanent debt to rest up-

on, and if the bank currency is to increase with population and business, the debt must also increase. The Republican currency scheme is, therefore, a scheme for fastening upon the taxpayers a perpetual and growing debt for the benefit of the banks. We are opposed to this private corporation paper circulating as money, but without legal tender qualities, and demand the retirement of the National bank notes as fast as the Government paper or silver certificates can be substituted for them.

We favor an amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people, and we favor direct legislation wherever practicable.

LABOR.

We are opposed to government by injunction; we denounce the blacklist, and favor arbitration as a means of settling disputes between corporations and their employes.

In the interest of American labor and the upbuilding of the workingman, as the corner-stone of the prosperity of our country, we recommend that Congress create a department of labor in charge of a secretary with a seat in the Cabinet, believing that the elevation of the American laborer will bring with it increased production and increased prosperity to our country at home, and to our commerce abroad.

We are proud of the courage and fidelity of the American soldiers and sailors in all our wars; we favor liberal pensions to them and their dependents, and we reiterate the position taken in the Chicago platform of 1896 that the fact of enlistment for service shall be deemed conclusive evidence against disease and disability before enlistment.

NICARAGUA CANAL.

We favor the immediate construction, ownership and control of the Nicaragua canal by the United States, and we denounce the insincerity of the plank in the Republican National platform for an isthmian canal in the face of the failure of the Republican majority to pass the bill pending in Congress. We condemn the Hay-Pauncefote treaty as a surrender of

American rights and interests, not to be tolerated by the American people.

We denounce the failure of the Republican party to carry out its pledges to grant statehood to the territories of Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma, and we promise the people of these territories immediate statehood and home rule during their condition as territories, and we favor home rule as a territorial form of government for Alaska and Porto Rico.

We favor an intelligent system of improving the arid lands of the West, storing the waters for purposes of irrigation and the holding of such lands for actual settlers.

We favor the continuance and strict enforcement of the Chinese exclusion law, and its application to the same classes of all Asiatic races.

THE BOERS.

Jefferson said: "Peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none." We approve this wholesome doctrine and earnestly protest against the Republican departure which has involved us in so-called world politics, including the diplomacy of Europe, and the intrigue and land-grabbing of Asia, and we condemn the ill-concealed Republican alliance with England, which must mean discrimination against other friendly nations, and which has already stifled the Nation's voice while liberty is being strangled in Africa. Believing in the principles of self-government, and rejecting, as did our forefathers, the claim of monarchy, we view with indignation the purpose of England to overwhelm with force the South African republics. Speaking, as we believe, for the entire American Nation except its Republican office-holders, and for free men everywhere, we extend our sympathies to the heroic burghers in their unequal struggle to maintain their liberty and independence.

We denounce the lavish appropriations of the recent Republican Congresses which have kept taxes high, and which threaten the perpetuation of oppressive war levies. We oppose the accumulation of a surplus to be squandered

ed in such bare-faced frauds upon taxpayers as the shipping subsidy bill, which, under the false pretense of prospering American shipbuilding, would put unearned millions into the pockets of the favorite contributors to the Republican campaign fund. We favor the reduction and speedy repeal of the war taxes, and a return to the time-honored Democratic policy of economy in Government expenditures.

Believing that our most cherished institutions are in great peril, that the very

existence of our constitutional republic is at stake, and that the decision now to be rendered will determine whether or not our children are to enjoy those blessed privileges of free government which have made the United States great, prosperous and honored, we earnestly ask for the foregoing declaration of principles the hearty support of liberty-loving American people, regardless of previous party affiliations.

—Adopted in Kansas City, Mo., July 5, 1900.

The Men and Issues of 1900.

I. FROM A REPUBLICAN STANDPOINT.

By JUDGE A. H. TANNER.

THE National Conventions have met and their work has become a matter of public history. The tendency in political conventions to idolize a favored candidate and to invent all manner of devices to stampede the convention to him seems to have been carried to a ridiculous extreme in all of the conventions this year; but perhaps more so in the Democratic Convention than in any of the others. Here the shouting and waving of flags and state banners for Mr. Bryan was so persistent, long continued and hilarious as to give one the impression that it was produced under a stopwatch contract to be the greatest demonstration on record. The idolatry was so intense that the mention of Admiral Dewey's name did not excite the slightest notice or ripple of applause. Had the brave admiral identified himself with the Republican, Prohibitionist or Peoples' parties, he would not have been thus unhonored by his own party; but the Democratic Convention was so absorbed in the worship of its new god, that the mention of the name of the greatest naval hero of his age was passed by as "pearl cast before swine." Admiral Dewey may have shown lack of political acumen, but his fame as a great naval commander will

live and grow brighter with the lapse of time, while Mr. Bryan and his new democracy will occupy but a small and unimportant page in American history.

The expected happened in the nomination of William McKinley for president by the Republican Convention and William J. Bryan by the Democratic Convention. These had been foregone conclusions for many months. The surprises were the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, for vice-president, by the Republican Convention, and secondly, the resurrection of Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, for vice-president by the Democratic Convention. A man who has been politically dead as long as Mr. Stevenson has should make an excellent running mate for Mr. Bryan. The head of the ticket will not suffer any by comparison. There is no danger now of the "tail wagging the dog." It might have been otherwise had David B. Hill, of New York, been nominated.

The nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for vice-president was apparently brought about without his consent and against his wishes. While he is in no way superior to Mr. McKinley in strength of character, or in experience in the public service, or in personal attainments, his

name will add strength to the Republican cause, not only because he is a favorite son of a close state, which has the largest electoral vote of any state in the Union, but because he is, more than any other man in this country, the embodiment of the spirit of valor and patriotism of that great volunteer army that went out from the offices, shops, fields and factories of this country, to do battle for the Stars and Stripes in the late war with Spain. The valiant and true-hearted Americans everywhere will watch for the waving of the banner of Republicanism in his hands during the campaign in much the same spirit of devotion, as the followers of Henry of Navarre watched for the waving of his white plume.

The most striking contrast in the work of the conventions was in the control exercised by the nominees over their respective conventions. The McKinley forces failed absolutely to control the Republican Convention, either in the nomination for vice-president, or in the making of the platform or in any other respect, except the single one of re-nominating Mr. McKinley for president. On the other hand, Mr. Bryan held the vast convention of the Democrats in the "hollow of his hand." Strong men vied with each other to do his bidding. Embassadors were sent to Lincoln to learn his pleasure. Great leaders hastened to his home to sit at his feet a few brief moments and carry back to the awe-inspired and waiting delegates the communication of his slightest wishes. No monarch ever wielded a more kingly power or held a vast multitude in more abject control. Only one brave man stood up to fight for conservatism; for the ancient principles of Democracy, and he went home beaten and humiliated on every point. Even the "Tammany Tiger" became docile as a lamb. J. Sterling Morton, who was secretary of agriculture during the last term of President Cleveland, alluding to the absolute control which Mr. Bryan had over the convention, uses the following significant language in a recent interview which appeared in the "Chicago Record:" "It is a singular fact that the only convention ever held in the United States, which was absolutely governed by an autocrat

and operated entirely under his orders, should proclaim opposition to imperialism as a paramount issue of the campaign."

The Prohibition National Convention which met at Chicago nominated Wooley and Metcalf, and made its usual declaration in favor of prohibiting the sale or manufacture of spirituous liquors in the United States, or its importation into the same. This ticket, of course, is leading a forlorn hope. The only figure it may possibly cut in the campaign would be to repeat the history of the election of 1884, when Mr. St. John, as the Prohibition candidate, drew enough votes away from Mr. Blaine, the Republican candidate, to defeat him and throw the election to the Democratic candidate. Of course, the success of the Democratic ticket this year would be in the interest of temperance. The Democracy is noted for its stand against spirituous liquors and the prohibition party would do its cause a great service by aiding in placing the Democratic party in power; but fortunately the Democratic party is too completely wrecked for even Prohibition to save it.

"The Middle of the Road" Populists' Convention, held at Cincinnati, nominated Baker and Donnelley upon a characteristic Populist platform, and will draw a considerable vote away from Mr. Bryan. They are in a much more creditable position before the country than the Populist party proper, which, by its endorsement of Mr. Bryan as its candidate and of the Chicago platform, has identified itself with the revolutionary measures proposed by the present Democratic party. "The Middle of the Roaders" must be given credit at least for the courage of their convictions. The Populist endorsement of a Democrat for President has shown them to be devoid of any convictions or any animating purpose, except to secure the offices, no matter what sacrifice of principle it may involve. But such is the result when ever political parties holding different opinions attempt to fuse, and is the reason why such attempts are rarely ever successful. After all, our interest is in the two great parties and when we come to measure the real work

of their conventions, we naturally look to the platforms for determination of the principles and policies for which they stand. It is by these, rather than the transcendent applause for the nominees that the great contest of 1900 will be fought out and won or lost. What do these parties stand for and what do they represent, is the searching inquiry that will be made by the twelve or thirteen million of voters of this country between now and November.

Briefly outlined the salient features of the Republican platform are these:

Endorsement of the administration of President McKinley.

Adherence to the gold standard and the principles of sound money.

Opposition to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement among the leading commercial nations of the world.

Re-affirmation of the time-honored policy of protection to American industries and American labor.

Reciprocity with foreign countries in non-competing products.

Restriction of the immigration of cheap foreign labor.

Restoration of the American merchant marine.

Grateful appreciation of the splendid services of American soldiers and sailors in all our wars, and a liberal pension policy befitting such appreciation.

No discrimination on account of race or color.

Statehood for New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma.

Reduction of war taxes.

For the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal, and an open door in China.

Reform of the consular service.

Person and property of every citizen must be protected at home and abroad.

The "Monroe Doctrine" re-affirmed.

Tender of good offices of the President to end the war in South Africa, approved.

Restoration of order and the establishment of a just government in the Philippines.

Opposition to trusts.

The Democratic platform in addition to re-affirming the Chicago platform of 1896, makes the following additional declaration of its principles briefly stated:

No government except by consent of the governed.

The Porto Rican tariff enacted by the last Republican congress is condemned.

Prompt fulfillment of every pledge to Cuba.

Philippine policy of the Republican party is denounced.

Opposition to expansion except by peaceable means, and with the consent of the people of the territory to be acquired.

Declares imperialism the paramount issue of the campaign.

Opposition to militarism and imperialism.

Denounces trusts.

Declares specifically for free coinage of silver at the present ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent of any other nation, and denounces the "Currency bill" of the last congress.

Opposes government by injunction.

Favors the creation of a Department of Labor, in charge of a secretary, with a seat in the cabinet.

Favors liberal pensions and the immediate construction and ownership of the Nicaraguan canal.

Favors an intelligent system of improving the arid lands of the West.

Strict enforcement of the Chinese exclusion laws, and making them applicable to the same classes of all Asiatic races.

Extends sympathy to the Boers.

Favors reduction of war taxes.

By reaffirming the Chicago platform of 1896 some things not particularly mentioned in the Kansas City platform of 1900, are by reason of such reaffirmation a part of this year's platform. These are

Tariff for revenue only.

Income tax.

Opposition to life tenure in the public service.

This summary is sufficient to show the principles and policies for which the great parties are contending and shows the real issues between them to relate to expansion; the tariff; the money question; the policy to be pursued toward the people of our insular possessions and the extent of federal authority, in quelling riots and insurrections in the several states.

There is no issue as to trusts, for both parties declare by their platform against all trusts and combinations hurtful to legitimate business.

The anathemas of the Democratic platform against militarism and imperialism are like shots at shadows without substance or foundation. No one in this country favors militarism or imperialism nor is there the slightest tendency in that direction. All will concede that the government ought to be strong and powerful enough to uphold its flag where ever its sovereignty extends and protect the rights of its citizens wheresoever

they may be. A government that is not able to do that, had better abdicate. If such a government shall require a considerable standing army, it is no menace to the liberties of the people, but rather a guarantee that their liberties will be upheld and their rights of person and property defended. Our voting population, both native and foreign born, is too intelligent to be misled by this false cry of militarism and imperialism, which is lacking in sincerity, and instead of being the paramount issue of the campaign, is no issue at all.

Let us look a little more closely at the real issues, the real significance of the pending struggle. Mr. Bryan and the platform upon which he stands is pledged to the "tariff for revenue only" policy of the Democratic party, which is but another name for free trade. It is well known that Mr. Bryan personally is a free-trader, going so far, while a member of Congress, as to advocate free wool. The history of this country is replete with the bitter consequences of adopting a free-trade policy. The Democratic tariff of 1893, passed by a Democratic Congress and approved by a Democratic President, and known as the Wilson bill, was the primary cause of the great industrial depression, which followed its passage, and continued until the Dingley tariff bill of 1897, passed by a Republican Congress and approved by a Republican President, restored the policy of protection to American industries, and American labor. This latter act has had more to do with the restoration of prosperity, giving employment to labor and starting the wheels of industry in this country than all other causes put together. But now again, the Democratic party is preparing to strike down the policy of protection and inaugurate a free-trade policy and thus close the factories and turn labor empty-handed into the streets and highways and recall again a period of starvation and universal suffering, such as the people endured from 1893 to 1897. They tell us it is necessary to do this in order to destroy the trusts, which would be very much like Sampson pulling the house down upon himself.

The tariff is not responsible for the trusts. Trusts exist and have existed despite low and high tariffs, articles that are on the free list and articles that are not imported at all into this country, are the subject of trust combinations and in free trade England there are two hundred or more great trusts. One of the great questions made by the work of the conventions is whether the present area of prosperity and plenty shall be continued, or whether it shall be replaced by years of famine, hard times and general calamity, by the restoration of the "tariff for revenue only" policy of the Democratic party. The loss of revenue which would follow the destruction of the protective policy of the Republican party, the Bryan Democracy proposes to supply by an income tax upon the business energy and thrift of the country.

Mr. Bryan and the platform on which he stands, demands the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation. This issue was supposed to have been settled in the campaign of 1896. It was then presented and was the issue upon which the campaign was made by Mr. Bryan. The verdict of the people was given strongly against free coinage, as an independent proposition. The verdict of the people at that election has been enacted into law by the passage of the currency bill in the recent Congress. It would seem to the ordinary observer that the question as to our monetary standard was settled, and that the free coinage of silver by this country alone was no longer a subject for legitimate debate. But the Democratic platform of 1900, at the dictation of Mr. Bryan, demands the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation, and is beginning anew the agitation for free coinage. If the Democratic party should be successful they would consider themselves fully authorized by the American people to open the mints of our government to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and thus, under existing conditions, setting afloat 50-cent dollars and unsettling the industrial and financial conditions of the country to such an

extent as has never been equaled in its history.

This declaration of the Democratic Convention has made it necessary for every voter to ask and decide for himself the question whether he is ready to vote for such a change. It would seem from a patriotic standpoint, as well as a selfish one, that the American people would be willing to let well enough alone, and rather choose to endure the ills they have, than fly to others they know not of.

Mr. Bryan stands on a platform pledged against expansion and against the policy of the administration in the Philippine Islands, and if successful in the campaign, proposes to haul down the American flag from where the valor and the blood of American patriots have placed it and restore the islands to their former condition of anarchy and oppression, and call it independence. On the other hand Mr. McKinley stands upon a platform pledged to uphold and defend our sovereignty in those islands, to put down insurrection against the authority of the United States, and to establish there a just and humane government and to bring to the people thereof the blessings of liberty enlightened by law and order.

The Democratic platform demands that we should establish a stable government in the islands; that is just what the administration has been proceeding to do; and the Democrats propose after that is done that the people thereof should be given independence; and that we should then establish a protectorate over them. But why talk of independence for a people who are incapable of

self-government, or attempt to give them independence when it would mean a relapse into anarchy and savagery. The third demand that we should, after giving them independence, stand guard over them is quite too absurd for further consideration. The true policy is the one which the government has been pursuing, namely, the pacification of the islands, and the establishing over them a stable government and introducing among them American institutions and ideas and giving the people as large a share in their local government as they are capable of sustaining.

The work of the great conventions thus analyzed, shows that Mr. Bryan and his party, would lead us on to the jagged rocks of "free trade," "free silver," "free riot," and a policy toward our insular possessions, which would make us at once the laughing stock of the world; while Mr. McKinley and the party which he represents, would continue us in the smooth waters of successful industrial development, sound finances and the maintenance of the sovereign authority of our government over all its possessions.

More than all, and above all, the people are called upon in this campaign to say whether they want to return to the conditions existing in this country from 1893 to 1897 under Democratic rule, or whether they prefer the conditions of prosperity and plenty which returned to the country with the return of the Republican party to power and which give promise of one of the most splendid periods in our history, under a continuance of its policies and purposes.

II. FROM A DEMOCRATIC STANDPOINT.

By HON. L. B. COX.

THE hot enthusiasm of the Democratic convention at Kansas City stood in sharp contrast with the apathy, relieved only by the rally to Roosevelt, which characterized the proceedings of the Republican assembly held a few weeks earlier at Philadelphia.

If upon such signs as these a forecast of the national struggle could be based it would seem easy to mark the winning ticket; but experience teaches that such manifestations are far from infallible guides. When Senator Hill last ran for governor of New York, standing room

was at a premium wherever he spoke, and every meeting was attended by an exuberance of spirits which could not be controlled or restrained, and yet he was overwhelmingly defeated at the election which followed. So also in the national campaign of four years ago Mr. Bryan drew such audiences as no other orator on either side could command and the enthusiasm of his supporters knew no bounds, still all could not prevail against the less demonstrative voting strength of his opponent.

But this fervid worship of the Democratic candidate which is entertained by such a large proportion of the people of the country and the degree of zeal with which his candidacy is supported stand for something which the opposition might well heed and seek to placate. They voice an earnest and determined revolt against Republican tendencies and practices, which if not now able to achieve success will certainly win at no very distant day. The masses of the people are moved by a conviction, deep-seated and true, that the cause of the Republican party is not their cause, and they are uniting for its overthrow with a determination and energy which rarely fail to carry to success movements inspired by them. The opposing sentiment is rather one of stolidity, if the temper of the Philadelphia convention is to be accepted as any demonstration—a defensive attitude, which is to be maintained by intrenchments surmounted by siege guns.

Waiving all other considerations for the time being, it is a fact so clear as to admit of no denial or evasion that the Republican party is wholly out of sympathy with the masses of the people; its interests are no longer their interests, it does not command their confidence and it consequently has no just claim upon their support. Many candid Republicans make no secret of saying that the people are no longer to be trusted to conduct their own affairs, but that a ruler must be provided for them, and what these say many more think. The Republican party maintains its position through good leadership and discipline, through the cohesiveness and sympathy of the great organizations which have fat-

tened at its board, supported by unlimited means, rather than by the spontaneous and sympathetic loyalty of the masses of the people.

This tendency of the Republican party to doubt the common people and to abridge their control over governmental affairs is the vital political issue of the day, obscured and encumbered as it is by other considerations. The declared grounds of opposition, as set forth in party platforms, are simple evidences of the existence of antagonism to this underlying sentiment—weapons fashioned for use in the struggles of which this question is the real issue. It is to be admitted that there are many unavoidable defects in a system of government which is supported by unlimited popular suffrage, and that many miscarriages occur in its practical operations; but unrestricted suffrage is the basic principle of our republic, and if the nation is to stand and grow upon the foundation laid for it the Republican idea must be eradicated from the body politic. Popular government cannot thrive on distrust of its sources of power.

The principle embodied in this issue is amply sufficient in itself to engage the best efforts of the two great political parties, and had the Chicago convention of 1896 adopted a broad and simple exposition of this idea as its slogan the result of the campaign which followed would have been reversed. But, possessed by a spirit of madness, begotten by an unreasoning impatience with existing conditions, the convention, as is often characteristic of such bodies, swung to an extreme view of everything in sight, threw away this great opportunity for assured success, and saw fit to base the campaign upon really subordinate declarations and principles, which aroused intense opposition from the other party and alienated thousands of the strongest men in its own ranks. Political veterans were ruthlessly trampled under foot and virtually kicked out of the convention hall. Men who had brought the party up from its position of nothingness at the close of the civil war to success in three popular elections in the course of a generation were sent to the rear and raw recruits of

every complexion were sought in their stead. It is true that the personal popularity of Mr. Bryan carried him nearly to the point of success, but he failed of victory, while all around him the field was strewn with the dead and wounded. The fruits of the Chicago idea were the loss of southern states which had never before gone Republican, the wholesale loss of northern and western states upon whose vote every presidential election depends, the loss of every governor and legislature north of Tennessee and Virginia and east of the Missouri river, and the loss of both houses of Congress. The gain was a few inconsequential and altogether uncertain states in the middle west and on the Pacific Coast. It is from this wreck and ruin that the Democratic party must now seek to emerge.

Connected with, and in no small degree responsible for, this state of devastation is the most extraordinary policy on the part of the Democratic party of entering into all manner of alliances, state as well as national, with utterly incongruous parties or factions; this, too, when the character of its opponent and of the contests to be waged has imperatively demanded the closest organization and the most perfect unity of thought and action in its own ranks. The case resembles the battle of Arbela, where the promiscuous and undisciplined hosts of Darius assaulted the serried phalanxes of Alexander the Great. It is humiliating in the last degree to realize that a political organization of the history of the Democratic party should so far lose its position and self-respect as to suffer outside influences to shape its policy and actions, but this feeling of humiliation runs into incomprehension when the character of these allies is considered. The populist party is the sworn and active enemy of the Democratic party in all places where the latter is strongest, while the only point of contact with the silver republican party is upon the most vulnerable issue of the platform of 1896. It is not intended to say that there are not many worthy individuals in these parties, but their organizations are out of joint with the forces upon which Democracy must depend for solid and permanent success. There is golden truth in

the proverb that in unity is strength, and an indispensable prerequisite to the overthrow of the Republican party is the organization of one compact, well-disciplined, harmonious and intelligent force in opposition to it. Anything other than this is an element of weakness, inviting defeat rather than insuring victory. The appeal for the union of "all those who are opposed to the Republican party" is another admission of weakness. A mere opposition party never commands popularity; the party which has a declared, clearly defined affirmative policy of its own, and goes vigorously and unitedly about its accomplishment, is the only party which has any assurance of success.

In the Kansas City convention many familiar faces were missing, which did not portend well for party victory, but there were also to be discerned hopeful signs of regeneration. The strongest of these are the nomination of a straight Democrat for vice-president, and the evident disposition to break away from the screed of "free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation." A vote in the convention would undoubtedly have retired this proposition, and it prevailed in the committee on platform by the support of delegates from territories which have no electoral vote, and from states which under no conditions can be carried by the Democracy. Count on the one side Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Arizona, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Hawaii, and on the other California, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, West Virginia, and Wisconsin! From the latter group of states must be secured the votes which will decide the election, and they were all against this plank in the platform. In all, states representing 282 electoral votes were against this plank, while those for it represent 168 electoral votes only.

The drift of the Republican party towards centralization and class rule, long existing as an undertow, now running as a harvest moon tide, will hold to Mr. Bryan's support many voters who are

not in accord with all the declarations of the Kansas City convention, or with his personal views upon public questions. Of the specific planks of the platform some will attract, while others will repel the same individual, so that he is put to his election between the good and the evil which confront him.

The "paramount issue" is declared to be that of imperialism. This centres the fire of the campaign on this subject, and while the theoretical question is much broader and deeper than any practical application of it, undoubtedly the concrete topic of debate in this connection will be afforded by the Philippines situation. Much misrepresentation and confusion are sure to be bred in this discussion, in which the Democracy is apt to get the worst of the argument in the popular mind, but not so if the real principles which are involved are kept clearly and prominently in view. It is rarely possible to get a temperate, rational, candid popular discussion of political issues. Could this be had the verdict rendered would often be far different from what it is; but torn and confused by exaggerated and partisan appeals to his passions or his prejudices, befogged rather than enlightened, the voter gives the problem up and determines to vote as he has heretofore done, when he might fairly be convinced to the contrary, or he takes some impulsive action which second thought does not confirm. Thus elections are won and lost, and in the approaching contest these tactics, unless met and exposed in a masterful manner, are apt to redound to the advantage of the Republican party.

If the question now under consideration is reduced to the expediency or wisdom of foreign conquest and annexation of distant lands and alien people, in the abstract, or as instanced in the case of the Philippines, either as permanent dependencies or as future states of the Union, the Democratic contention greatly outweighs any that can be offered on the other side. This is not only the Bryan position, but is that of such Democrats as Cleveland, Carlisle and Olney. It is supported by arguments which for good sense and sound logic have certainly not yet been satisfactorily met.

But this naked position is not likely to stand as the point of discussion. Republican orators will endeavor to draw their opponents into a discussion of special aspects of the question, upon which they can appeal with better chances of success to popular favor and applause. Dewey committed no mistake in fighting the battle of Manila Bay, our forces committed no mistake in holding the Islands under subjection to the end of the war, we had the same right to take the Islands and their people under the treaty of Paris as we had to take Louisiana and its people from Napoleon by purchase in 1803, or California and its people from Mexico by treaty at the close of the Mexican war, and we got just as good a title to the Philippines as we did to the country ceded in either of the other cases. If the Republicans can throw the Democrats on the "off" side of these propositions they will gain a great advantage in popular discussions.

But as to the wisdom of such acquisitions, viewed as permanencies (beyond such places as are needed for naval stations or commercial depots), as to the necessity for the Filipino war, as to the losses and burdens thereby imposed upon the country, and as to results to which this experience may prove only an introduction, the Democratic position should win favor. The Filipino war might have been averted by a prompt announcement that our intention was the ultimate independence of the Islands, as soon as it could be conceded with credit to ourselves and safety to them; but it is only fair to say that their disposition was not a matter to be determined in a day, and the best settlement of the question was not clear at the time the Paris treaty was entered into. Since the war is on, and until some other adjustment of the case is regularly made, the writer, expressing his own views, believes that there should be no abatement of effort for the establishment of tranquillity and the supremacy of our rule in the Islands.

Another evasion of the true issue involved will be the general classification of the Philippines annexation with other movements for territorial increase which have been had in the past, and in this

connection Jefferson has been referred to as the father of the doctrine of expansion. This supposed support of the doctrine results from an inability or unwillingness to exercise ordinary discrimination. Jefferson's ideas of expansion were large and commendable, but nothing which ever emanated from him can be stretched so as to include the Philippines. He advocated such expansion as would remove from us the troubles which might result from questionable neighbors or embarrassing entanglements. The Jeffersonian idea has broken the hold of France, Spain and Russia on the North American continent; it has safeguarded our territory, it has taken in tracts of land homogeneous with that which previously belonged to the United States, it has provided homes for hundreds of thousands of home builders, and has in every way strengthened, upreared and solidified our nation. The annexation of Porto Rico (and Cuba, as well) accords with the Jeffersonian idea; the annexation of the Philippines is at utter variance with it. There is an expansion which kills, as well as an expansion which saves, and we should be careful to ascertain upon which we are now proposing to embark.

Upon the underlying principle involved in the "trust" issue there is very little real difference of opinion. Taking into view every consideration which trusts involve, the popular voice readily and accurately pronounces them an evil. Such being the case, the plain question is, how can they be most assuringly suppressed or combatted? There can hardly be room for more than one answer to this question. With very few exceptions every industrial trust in the land has its tap root in the Republican protective tariff system. With the single exception of the infamous ice trust in New York City, every organization of this nature is believed to be in sympathy with the Republican party, and is expected to render it active support in the approaching campaign. The Dingley tariff act has given birth to a pestilential brood of trusts, and more of them have come into existence under the three and a half years of the McKinley administration than the country had known in all its prior history.

Upon this issue our voters have only to ask themselves which party they can best rely upon to antagonize this admitted evil, and determine their action from their own ready response.

Of the important practical questions of the day there only remains that of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. How this question got such a hold upon the country it is not easy to understand. It undoubtedly has to some extent a fictitious importance, for while many of its advocates are undeniably sincere in their belief as to its efficacy, many others are really indifferent on the subject, while a considerable percentage of the vote counted for it is in reality opposed to the idea, although lending a support on other grounds to the party advocating this issue, and thus giving it to this extent an apparently increased strength, which it does not in fact possess. To a considerable degree it is used as political campaign thunder only, with no purpose of giving it further effect after it has served the immediate end in view.

The writer believes that if a more extended use could safely be made of silver, great good would result, but he is opposed to this idea of free coinage, does not believe in the proposition, and has no idea the country will ever be brought to support it. It has failed to carry the country at large, and it has failed to carry a single state among those which are usually looked upon as determining national elections. Upon this issue victory can never be achieved, and if victory comes at all it must be based upon other grounds and in spite of this handicap. While it seems to be a sort of fetich for conjuring up votes in opposition to the Republican party, it is actually a serious stumbling block in the way of Democratic success. It arouses the strongest antagonism to its advocates, it affords the Republican party the most effective plea to the business interests of the country, and enables it to perpetuate under the protection of this cover greater real offenses against the well-being and well-doing of the country at large than all the fancied wrongs of the gold standard can ever amount to.

What possibility of free coinage there

might be in case of Bryan's election is not clear. It certainly could not come as a result of his election, for the sentiment of the senate, at least, on this issue cannot be changed by one election. It might aid his candidacy in some directions, but it is highly problematical how far it could serve to carry state or congressional elections afterwards. Not improbably it would run its course and disappear, just as "fifty-four forty or fight," ran its course and was heard of no more after it had aided in carrying the country for Polk. This much is certain: Mr. Bryan cannot be elected without the support of men who are opposed to free coinage of silver, and the conservative influence of these men can be counted upon to check any movement radically opposed to their views.

It would hardly be fair to pass without notice one other plank of the Kansas City platform—that endorsing in general terms the Chicago platform of 1896. This is but the echo of a gun which has been fired and will attract but little attention from either side. Voters like live issues, and the questions now rife will absorb their attention to too great a degree to afford room for the consideration of what was exercising popular thought four years ago.

But after all it will not be surprising if the election shall turn upon questions not prominently mentioned in either platform. Should the present Chinese troubles take on the aspect of serious and long-continued war, calling upon the United States for heavy military drafts, it may very well follow that the new issue thus brought into the field will determine who shall be the next president.

Of the personnel of the candidates who head the tickets, perhaps no one believes otherwise of President McKinley than that he is a man of clean life and good intentions, but he is too much in the hands of his friends and the people distrust his friends. His advisers and directors give his party its present complexion, and it is enough to say that he and his party are in every essential particular one. Mr. Bryan to his adherents is fitted with wings, while to his opponents his distinguishing characteristics are horns and hoofs. Of course, neither

picture is correct. He is undoubtedly honest in the convictions which he entertains upon public questions and unflinchingly courageous in upholding them, but upon some of these issues his views are certainly at variance with many of the best thinkers of the country. He has implicit faith in the people, and has the confidence of his followers in greater degree than any popular leader since Andrew Jackson. His career is a splendid illustration of the possibilities which lie open to any aspiring American citizen, unsupported by wealth or influence. The dark pictures which his opponents are wont to forecast of conditions which may be expected to prevail under his administration, should he be elected, are not without a precedent. The same view was entertained of Jefferson's candidacy by the Federalists of his time, but the country easily survived his election. There was certainly no more halcyon day for the Democracy, and perhaps no more healthful period for the Republic, than during the administration of Andrew Jackson, and yet these gloomy forebodings were equally entertained at that time. History will but repeat itself should Bryan win the present contest.

Extreme action taken by any party is almost certain to beget re-action, and one of the most assuring things about our scheme of government is an existing elasticity which will permit the play of action and reaction without permanent injury to the political structure. The reaction against the radical views of the Federalist party evidenced by the election of Jefferson to the presidency was of incalculable value to the country, and so doubtless have been many subsequent changes of political ascendancy. There has never in our history been a more imperative demand for a change of policy than now exists, whatever new evils the change may be thought to introduce.

The rapid tendencies of the Republican party today are towards the creation of a large and burdensome standing army, not for the defense of the United States, but for the extension of our jurisdiction to an unbounded and unknown limit. The annexation of the Philippines is only the first step upon a career of

conquest and accretion, whose end no man living can now foresee. The consequential result of this policy is the abandonment of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, which no true American can view with equanimity. The growth of the trusts makes it only a matter of time, and brief time at that, before the omnipresent burden of their rapacity and greed will be fastened upon every industry and every avenue of individual advancement which the great and as yet not half developed resources of our country offer. We are moving toward the domination of an oligarchy of colossal corporate interests, the usurpation of the freeman's ballot by the agency which controls his daily bread. Every true interest of the country imperatively demands that a halt be called before further progress has been made. The danger line has been reached. We can now draw away from it, but after a four years' continuance of the present regime return may be impossible.

Recent years have witnessed many political changes, and conditions have

been such that none of us can be justified in sitting in judgment upon the motives which have animated some other. Perhaps we will do well enough if we can see clearly the path of duty which lies before our feet. The writer does not treat the subject from the standpoint of an original Bryan man, or of an advocate of the Chicago platform, nor yet from that of a person to whom party allegiance is superior to civic duty. But we are confronted by issues as momentous as any which have yet engrossed public attention, and we have come to a plain parting of the ways. The one is a continuation of the history of our country as it has heretofore been gloriously written, clouded overhead and rough under foot, it is true, but nevertheless in its ends certain and magnificent; of the other no one can or dares venture a prediction. What choice is there offered to one who has been brought up to believe in the principles of free popular and republican government, as enunciated by Jefferson and as cherished from his time to these waning days of the nineteenth century?

Fireweed.

The firewood flaunts her crimson flame
Along the woodland edges,
And floats the banners of her fame
From out the broken hedges.

Her brilliant colors brightly gleam,
'Midst last year's blackened clearing,
Along the borders of the stream,
Her standard she is rearing.

When summer fans with heated breeze,
And warms the rocky ledges,
Between the rocks with perfect ease,
Her slender stalk she wedges.

Beside the cool and limpid lake
Where wild woods ducks are nesting
Among the reeds and tangled brake,
She shows her ruddy cresting.

She heralds forth her treasured store,
Down dell with pennons streaming,
While rare and precious golden ore,
Deep in her heart lies gleaming.

Wherever fire has scorched the land,
The fallen forests burning,
The gorgeous fireweeds thickly stand,
Their blossoms outward turning.

Go now and rob the bees rich dew,
In time when days are sunny,
And feast on food for Gods and men,
The fireweed's amber honey.

Among burnt stumps and flame-sere trees,
Or dark and dismal sedges,
Oft to tempt the wandering bees,
Her sweetened breath she pledges.

Across the wild deserted field,
In wind swept pasture growing,
The fireweed lifts her fiery shield,
With long green streamers blowing.

When glows the hills at setting sun,
Which marks the day's declining,
The fireweeds standing one by one,
Like beacon light are shining.

Where drunk with honied breath by night
The bees are hiveward reeling,
The fireweed hides her beaming light
As o'er her dusk is stealing.

Though other flowers bloom as fair,
Their sweet perfume bestowing,
No other holds a heart so rare,
A honied well o'er flowing.

No clover white nor orange bloom
Such nectar sweet is yielding,
The fireweed's faintly fragrant plume
O'er all her scepter's wielding.

Ellis Foreman.

Our Point of View

China—

The great, unwieldy and venerable Chinese Empire, with its history dating back to the time of the Deluge, and possessing a literature which flourished before the art of printing was known in Europe, has reached a decisive turning point in its history. Its hitherto impregnable walls are falling into dissolution and ruin—a spectacle at once pathetic and portentous. The Chinaman has always been in abject ignorance of nations and civilization other than his own. He has plodded his way through the centuries without making any apparent progress, asleep, to all intents and purposes, and satisfied if only he were left alone. A time of awakening, however, was inevitable. This awakening has come partly through the Chinaman himself, and partly through external influences. The representatives of the Empire have had a taste of travel, and this has afforded them an opportunity for comparison and a desire to better their conditions at home. They have been bewildered by the stupendous commercial genius and activity of the civilized world, and they have seen in this an opportunity and a menace for China. Likewise the great commercial nations—England, Germany, France and Russia, and later the United States—have recognized in China an almost unlimited field for future commercial activity. So the movement of progress and reform commenced, moving slowly for a time, but steady, decided and irresistible as time itself. The hordes of common people retained their ancestral customs and belief and intense antipathy for all things foreign, but the movement had commenced and took the direction indicated by the the enlightened few. How wide the gulf between ignorance, bigotry and superstition on the one hand and the new order of things on the other is evident. The Empress Dowager, who is ambitious and highly educated, must

have recognized in the encroachments and increasing influence of foreign nations a danger to China, but she attempted to utilize the growing power in her own behalf. She violated all the precedents in receiving the ambassadors and other distinguished foreigners in person, an act which almost caused a ferment in China. The people demanded a stricter following of their Book of Rites which is as sacred to the Flowery Kingdom as the Bible is to Christendom. The Empress continued, however, to receive foreigners, and her influence has been on the side of reform, which has made some progress among the higher classes throughout the chief cities of China. New ports have been opened, railways projected, mines worked, factories builded and new treaties made. These are some of the things that have brought about the upheaval and awakening. Other factors are the result of the recent war with Japan, with its crushing defeats, enormous indemnities and consequent forced loans, and the internal dissensions over the succession to the throne. The missionaries may be considered as a factor in producing the present uprising of Boxers only insofar as they are foreigners. There are some seven thousand American missionaries in China representing the Protestant churches of the United States, besides a large number of Catholics and missionaries from other lands. They are a peace-loving people, and the good work they have accomplished can hardly be overestimated. There ought to be no patience with the sentiment that goes out to the world depreciating missionaries and missionary work. Whatever may be the cause of this uprising, however, it seems certain that the Boxer movement, merciless and horrible as it is, seals the doom of the old order of things in China. If the integrity of the Empire cannot be longer maintained it is to be hoped

that the great commercial nations will insist that no one nation shall get possession of the wrecked Empire. Already Russia's railroad in Manchuria virtually converts that Chinese province into a Russian dependency, while the proximity of the Siberian Railway to all northern provinces will more and more give Russia the commercial supremacy of that region. The influence of Japan and Russia will naturally predominate in Asia, but their rivalry and that of the European nations will probably prevent any one nation from obtaining the lion's share should there be a division after the present insurrection or war—it is impossible to determine which it is, as yet—is ended. The United States wants no Chinese territory. But whether we shall be forced to accept some in lieu of an indemnity which a dismembered Empire could not pay, events alone can deter-

mine. In any case we shall doubtless insist upon the "open door" policy. The ignorant and bigoted Boxers are making history, and the world will be profoundly affected by it.

* * *

Lincoln's Friendship for the South—

The persistence with which Lincoln endeavored to bring about the adoption of some plan whereby emancipation with compensation could be effected, shows him up in a clearer light as the greatest friend the South ever had. Within that rough exterior there lay a great heart that beat in sympathy for those who were oppressed by any form of injustice. In many respects Lincoln typifies the best and noblest in man, and the day is not far distant when the South will be as glad, as proud to own him as the North.

To the Columbia.

Breaks a vision calm, confiding,
As with swell on swell we turn,
To thy soft and peaceful gliding,
That Pacific ne'er can learn.
'Round thy gliding, glassy flowing,
Green and cool thy mantles lie;
Sweetly fair and brighter glowing
When we've seen but sea and sky.

Far within the Cascades leaven,
Shining like a northern light,
With proud head held high to heaven,
Stands St. Helens cool and white;
Adams, Hood, Ranier on duty,
Looking down on thee below,
Speak with voiceless grace and beauty,
Mingling lights of sky and snow.

Little cities peep with pleasure,
O'er thy mantles—green and wide;
Thou art great and ruling treasure,
Thou art inspiration—guide;
Airy castles draped with mosses,
Smile and kiss the beckoning sky,
Happy castles! free from crosses,
Smiling oft, as storms sweep by.

O, I deem thee peaceful river,
(All thy beauties I have seen)
Fresh and pure as new-mown clover,
Fair as any ball-room queen!
But thou canst not hear such prattle;
Flatterers' words are stiff and bare,
Meaningless as baby's rattle,
When the rattlers are not there.

Hope nor pain nor folly ever,
Break upon thee, grand sublime;
Smoothly flowing, winding river,
Passing through the round of Time.
Like a gull that dips the ocean,
Skims the wave and flies the foam,
Ever with a calm emotion,
Speaking oft of love and home.

While I speak—a deep commotion
(Every joy is crossed by pain,
Foolish thought—that life's emotion
Found thee not. O, smile again!)
Fills the air and roaring surges
Tear thy calm and fling thee wild;
Rapids—man hath called thy scourges
Like the beast—and thou the child.

But the right must conquer ever,
And I see thy form sweep on,
Laughing at the mad endeavor,
For thy life; to me, that's done;
For my vision fades upon thee,
To others now, thy tale thou'lt tell,
But my heart will oft embrace thee,
Lovely river, fare thee well.

B. Salisbury.

Men and Women

Most women are inclined to be very lenient to any offense on the part of a man which he can make them believe springs from their attractiveness.

Every woman has an ideal husband before marriage, and a very real one after it.

Many a woman who has made a man unhappy for a time by declining his offer of marriage has, afterward, earned his eternal gratitude for her discernment.

To know some women is to know the whole sex. They seem to combine in dazzling bewilderment the virtues and vices, the charms and counter-charms, of all womankind.

A married woman is always wiser than an unmarried one; but it is often the wisdom comes from disappointment, sorrow and discontent.

Men, as a rule, long to be loved only during youth. In mature age they long for power, and their longing is increased in proportion to its acquirement. Their love for women is readily appeased; their love for power is insatiable.

No woman is capable of inspiring so intense and lasting a love as one who thinks she is unlovable.

The man who weds a woman solely because he believes she loves him commits the greatest wrong towards her. She will certainly discover the fact, and will hate him and herself for all future time; him for having deceived her; herself for incapacity to keep her own secret.

The more love we give, the more we have, may be true of women, man seems to be possessed of a fixed amount. He can hardly form a new attachment without drawing heavily on his limited capital of affection invested in an earlier sweetheart.

Some shallow, sentimental women occupy most of their time in doing what they should not do, of repenting of it in super-abundant tears, and in continuing their offenses.

When a man feels irritated toward a

woman from insufficient cause, her patience and amiableness increase his irritability and aggravate justice into cruelty.

Many a woman is as remarkable for greatness of heart as for littleness of mind. She can feel deeply when she cannot see clearly, which may be the main reason for her tenderness.

Certain passionate, high-tempered women can never love without a mixture of shrewishness. This is naturally more endurable to lovers than to husbands, who would prefer, for peace's sake, a little less love and a little more amiability.

Junius Henri Browne, in The Century.

* * *

What Women Like in Men.

Women, I think, like manly, not lady-like men.

They like honesty of purpose and consideration.

They like men who believe in women.

They like their opinions to be thought of some value.

They like a man who can be strong as a lion when trouble comes, and yet, if one is nervous and tired, can button up a shoe, and do it with an amount of consideration that is a mental and physical bracer-up.

They like a man who can take hold of the baby, convince it of its power, and get it to sleep after they have been worrying with it and walking with it until their eyes are tired and they feel as if they had no brains.

They like a man who is interested in their new dresses, who can give an opinion of the fit, and who is properly indignant at any article written against women.

They like a man who knows their innocent weaknesses and caters to them; who will bring home a box of candy, the last new magazine, or the last puzzle sold on the street, that will do more than its duty in entertaining everybody for the whole evening.

The Home

What Is Home?

London Tid-Bits offered a prize for the best answer to the question: "What is Home?" Here are a few bright answers to it which were received:

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

An arbor which shades when the sunshine of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human bark finds shelter in the time of adversity.

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

An abode in which the inmate, the "superior being called man," can pay back at night, with fifty per cent interest, every annoyance that has met him in his business during the day.

The place where the great are sometimes small, and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel-casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

Home is the central telegraph of human love, into which runs innumerable wires of affection, many of which, though extending thousands of miles, are never disconnected with the great terminus..

The center of our affections, around which our heart's best wishes twine.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

A popular but paradoxal institution, in which woman works in the absence of man and man rests in the presence of woman.

Value of a Pure Home.

There is nothing on earth for which one ought to be more thankful than for having been brought up in the atmosphere of a pure home. Such a home may be narrow, and even hard. It may be deficient in material comforts and utterly lack the graceful amenities that lend a charm to human life, but it has in it the forces on which great characters are nurtured. One of our best friends—a man as sturdy as a forest oak—once said to me: "I was the son of poor parents, and from my youth up was inured to self-denial and hardship. But I do not remember ever to have heard a word from the lips of either my father or my mother that was not as chaste as the driven snow." Better such a recollection as that than an inheritance of millions of money.—Central Presbyterian.

* * *

The Bane of American Homes.

A physician writing in the July Woman's Home Companion speaks in strong terms about two pernicious habits sapping the strength of the nation, claiming that, "Hurry becomes a habit; so does worry. It is as impossible to throw off one as the other. The man who has been in a hurry all his life is no greater victim to the habit formed in youth than the woman who continually worries. Every phase of existence can be turned into some excuse for worry. When worry gets the upper hand housekeeping is an irksome task, and it is sure to poison the whole atmosphere of the home. Children brought up in such a home imbibe it just as naturally as they do other characteristics of their parents, and they grow up in the belief that the world would not progress if they did not give their daily modicum of worry to help it along. Those who do not worry are looked upon as idle and slothful, and yet they often accomplish more than the crowd of habitual worriers."

The Idler

A DEPARTMENT OF MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHAT.

"The first piece I ever had published I paid for," says Mr. Sousa. "It cost me \$25, and that \$25 was a great deal of money to me, an awful lot. Of course, the piece did not sell. Some friends of mine with a great big gob of kindness in their hearts bought copies. I think about \$4 worth. But the rest of the world, though it was hunting new tunes, paid no attention to the publication of my piece. It had not found me yet, and the fact that I was disappointed in the sale of my music did not disarrange its machinery in the least. The next time I thought I would try Philadelphia. I went up to the publishing house of Lee & Walker and showed my two compositions to the editor, with whom I struck up a friendship that has lasted ever since that day, and that was in 1872, when I was eighteen years old. He played over my pieces and they sounded beautiful. He was a good pianist and I never have been. He made some kind of a cabalistic mark on them; I suppose it meant O. K., and sent me down to see Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee liked the pieces, but I was a young man, an absolutely unknown young man, and all that—you know what they all say. Still the pieces were very nice, and they would publish them, giving me—I held my breath—giving me one hundred copies of each piece. My railroad fare from Washington to Philadelphia and my hotel bill amounted to about \$15, and for that I was to get one hundred copies of each of my two pieces. They would cost the publisher perhaps \$7. I thought that was pretty hard. But I accepted. I supposed that the music would be printed right away. It wasn't. After about a dozen letters from me during a period of six or seven months I finally got word that they might get the piece out the following quarter."

"Now that you have made a hit, don't

those pieces sell?"

Mr. Sousa shook his head and pressed his lips together. "The world does not turn back and look for what it once passed by. It wants something new."

"After awhile I sold my compositions for what I could get, anything from \$5 up to \$25. The "Washington Post March" and the "High School Cadet March" I sold for \$35 each. They made an independent fortune for the publisher, Coleman, of Philadelphia."

"And all you got out of it was \$70?"

Mr. Sousa nodded. He did not seem to feel bad about it. He seemed to think it was a kind of a joke on him, of course, but a good joke for all that. Probably he believes there are more marches just as good where they came from. Probably he has got over grieving about it in the last ten years.—Ainslie's Magazine.

* * *

There seems to have been a revival of interest in dramatic art in eastern colleges. At Yale there were two notable performances. Harvard has been active and the School of Technology has produced some clever work. Indeed, there is scarcely an institution of learning in all the East that has escaped the fever for theatricals this year.

* * *

"The Vision of Brother Martin," is the title of Villa's symphonic poem which was performed in Madrid this spring. It is in reality a psychological study of Martin Luther, giving his doubts, his hopes and plans.

A war symphony is something new in music, but an English woman, Miss Louisa White, is attempting it. Her theme is the trouble, past, present, and to come, in the Transvaal, and she is going on bravely with the work. The difficulty that confronts her just now is the uncertainty of how it is going to end.

Books

CONDUCTED BY DAVIS PARKER LEACH.

UNDER WESTERN SKIES.

By Frank Carleton Teck.

Blade Pub. Co., New Whatcom, Wash.

MOONLIGHT.

Like a great gull with silver wings
Stretched quivering o'er the sea,
The moon her glistening plumage brings,
And hovers silently.

The above beautiful lines are from a little book of poems entitled, "Under Western Skies," by Frank Carleton Teck, of New Whatcom, Wash., which was published last autumn and which has received very favorable notices from reviewers throughout the country and a warm welcome from the reading public.

Mr. Teck's work is strong, original, delicate in expression and very poetic; and the book has given him a high place among our younger writers of verse. The sonnet on "The Bluejay" is delicately beautiful and haunts the memory long; indeed, after having read it one cannot see or hear the "impish soldier of the firs" without recalling these lines:

Deep in the roomy wild of noble trees,
And waving dogwood and syringa blooms,
There is a nook walled in by dreamy glooms
And regal fern, and hung with luxuries
Of honeysuckle, fondled by the breeze
That robs the tall, sweet-breath spiraea
plumes,
Upon its murmuring voyage from the tombs—
The cooling bosom of the tragic seas.
List! Hear that weird voice strike the
solemn hill,
And pierce the sullen forest with its shrills,
Exultant melody!—the cedar stirs!—
A bold bird, mockish, thro' the stillness
whirrs,
And poised on limb above a babbling rill,
Laughs loud—the impish soldier of the firs!

One charm of Mr. Teck's work is that he does not tremble in describing a thing exactly as it seems to him. He doesn't use the word some one else has used; he uses his own—and the reader may like it or leave it alone, as he pleases. If a sunset that looked scarlet to every other beholder seemed green to this writer he would immediately and fearlessly write it down as a green sunset. Now, that is poetry.

Last! Hear that weird voice strike the
solemn hill,
And pierce the sullen forest with its shrill,
Exultant melody—* * *

Those are fine lines!

And here is his poem on "Pleasure":

There is no elixir of Life divine,
More eloquent than that we call the wine,
Blest with more scope to tempt mankind to
taste—

To sip, to drink, and as some will, to waste.

Within its bead the smile of welcome glows,
And down the ruby depth no sorrow shows.
But deep and far, whence siren sweetness
raced,

Tho' all the hosts of Hope and Health oppose—
Remorse rides down who dares behold her
shrine.

Mr. Teck is a young man. He was born in Northfield, Minnesota, in 1870, but has lived on Puget Sound for a dozen years at least. He is the editor of The Blade, New Whatcom, and a member of the Board of Trustees of the State Normal School at that place. About five years ago Mr. Teck was married to Miss Daisy Bell, a lovely and charming young woman who has made an ideal wife, and who has the warmest admiration of all who know her personally.

Ella Higginson.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

THE CANDIDATES AND ISSUES OF 1900.

The Men.

I have been asked to give my personal impressions of the candidates and issues. I think President McKinley a kindly man, well intentioned. In private life he would make a good neighbor, a pleasant friend. He is, in my judgment, a weak character, overruled and overpersuaded from his own principles by stronger wills or hope of political profit. Character belongs to the moral atmosphere—we feel it instinctively. No matter what we think of the men, we admit that Senator Hanna and Richard Croker are strong characters. In the same way it is accepted, even by his friends, that President McKinley is weak. It is not so much that he is able to change from silver to gold, from criminal aggression to benevolent assimilation, from free trade with Porto Rico to protective duties, nor that each of these changes has occurred under circumstances that lend color to the charge of sacrificing a conviction to political dictation. It is not so much that he surrendered the army and the Cuban campaign to politics and prefers the nomination of Judge Hazel by Senator Platt to the opposition to him by the New York Bar Association. I say it is not so much President McKinley's record that he is judged by as it is that indefinable something that proclaims character, even apart from special acts. It seems to me that even should history write down his term of office as a period of great achievements it will not write President McKinley as a great man. He is an astute politician, but not as Jefferson was, feeling the people sympathetically, yet leading them; not as Lincoln was, shrewdly playing every card, but along well-defined lines, never

sacrificing principle to politics. Mr. McKinley is a clever politician, but too clever to be great.

I read in the paper sometime ago a statement of one of his friends to the effect that he was the greatest president since Washington, that he followed the will of the people, and that was what he was put there for. That some people seemed to want a dictator, and the gentleman, I forget who it was, instanced Mr. Cleveland as a dictator who had disrupted his party.

For myself, I believe that the executive should be, for his four years, and within his constitutional limits, a strong, determined character with clearly-defined policies and fearless in carrying them out. If Cleveland and Thomas Brackett Reed be dictators, then I must admit a preference for dictators.

That many people agree with this view is evidenced by the fact that Governor Roosevelt was forced onto the ticket against his will and against the will of the Administration by a popular demand. That he is lending the ticket great strength is admitted. Why is Governor Roosevelt so admired? It may be summed up in the word "backbone."

Friends and enemies alike agree that, regardless of results, he will speak out his mind and adhere to his principles. He has only one kind of honesty and one kind of morality—not an honesty and morality for himself as a gentleman and a different one for himself as a politician.

Mr. Bryan seems to me to have held the people four years after he was a defeated candidate because of similar qualities. He differs wholly with Governor

Roosevelt on political issues. He is not so impulsive. He is more carefully a general, perhaps, but he has the same courage of his convictions, the same contempt for the office, if it is to be bought by surrendering his principles, and the same disregard for concealment, shilly-shallying and facing both ways.

These qualities have preserved him. He was not specially prominent when nominated in Chicago, and being defeated a small, self-seeking politician would have sunk out of sight. But it is safe to say that Mr. Bryan, even among those who opposed him in 1896, as I did—even among those who still differ with him on the silver question, as I do—has gained in esteem by closer and longer acquaintance. And there are many, I am sure, who feel as I do, that the country is safer in his hands than in the hands of a gentleman who has shown himself not wholly and alone the Chief Magistrate of the Nation.

Mr. Stevenson's record has been an unobtrusive one. The general impression I have of him is that of a man not of strong character, and more bound than Mr. Bryan is to the orthodox ways of the orthodox politician.

The Issues.

The issues are not made by conventions nor by newspaper declarations. They grow. There seems to me but one issue today.

As to the isthmian canal, both parties declare for it. As to the control of "trusts," both parties declare for it. How far trusts are an evil, how the evil is to be eradicated, neither party points out, and I venture to say with that tremulous problem in economic life neither party will radically deal. The republican party derives too much help from the great corporations and they are in senate and legislatures too well represented by that party to fear attack. Jeffersonian democracy teaches that men must be left free from state interference in the conduct of their business affairs, and political economy declares that the attempts to regulate trade by law have always worked evil. Yet on the other hand it is felt that such things as discrimination by a highway in favor of one customer,

as the Pennsylvania Railroad to the Standard Oil Company, or the combination to control and suddenly force up the price of necessities are somehow morally wrong and economically injurious, but the remedy on true democratic lines seems to me too shadowy to make a clear-cut issue.

If an income tax is desired, or even if the power is to be given to Congress to decide whether such tax is desirable or not, an amendment to the Constitution is required (unless the Supreme Court be so modeled as to cause it to reverse itself—a demoralizing, vicious expedient). Neither party touched on the income tax, except that the Democracy re-affirmed the Chicago platform.

The Democrats declare for election of Senators by the people. The numerous and increasing instances of tying up of legislatures and purchase of Senatorial seats makes this so popular a demand it can hardly be called an issue. The only reason the Republican party did not advocate it is because it preferred silence rather than openly antagonize the corporations from which it expects its campaign fund, and which corporations secure their senatorial representation easiest in this way.

The money question was the distinct issue last campaign. So vital was it that it broke the ranks of the Democratic party. The Chicago plank, which is now the Kansas City plank, was defeated. I cannot believe anything has occurred in the interval to put new life in it. The very adoption of this plank at Kansas City by the vote of Hawaii and some states feeble in the electoral college, shows that it is a mere form and not a live issue. I am well aware that the Republican and semi-Republican press are pushing it to the front. The reasons are perfectly obvious—few will be deceived. Issues, I repeat, are not made by conventions, nor by Mr. Bryan, nor by Mr. Hanna.

It is a pity we have no such referendum system as the English, by which we can go to the voters on a single question, but there is one question today so dominant that this campaign will, in spite of everyone, be fought upon it.

The tariff, the protective policy, as

against the tariff for revenue policy, I do not regard as a great issue, for when the Democrats were wholly in power they failed to justify, in the Wilson bill, any expectation which had been formed. Perhaps they will do better this time if they get into power, but I confess I have little hope of a clean-cut revenue bill in which every protective feature shall be discarded.

The issue which is in the air, which is parting son from father and friend from friend—which has filled Congress, filled the press, is filling the mails and incidentally the pockets of some contractors, is the issue—shall we expand on our own continent or its adjacent islands, in our own climate and where we may reasonably hope to erect a state some day, or shall we expand into distant seas in the tropics, where Nature forbids us ever to hope to create an American state? Shall we be Republic or Empire? Shall we be a world-power, with great navies and armies; shall we hunt after responsibility and entangling alliances, or shall we be a world power as we have heretofore been—by our moral force and great economic potential energy, by the vitality of our population and our institutions? Is it to be self-government, or shall we govern dependencies?

This is the issue. If Bryan is seated what can he do for silver? Nothing. The Senate is against him, even if he secures the House. But the representation by ratio of population will prevent there being a silver house, as is clearly shown by the Kansas City convention. What can he do for a return to the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence? Much. He will have a House with him, he will have, before his term expires, a Senate with him. But in his sole power as executive, as commander of the armies and navy of the United States, as the treaty-making power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. As the nominator of offices and the absolute appointer of many offices, he can do much to remedy the evil that has been done (as I regard it) and to educate popular sentiment toward a final right doing (as I regard it). To me there is but one issue, but one national peril in this campaign. If any other issue is flooding the country with tracts and speakers, I want to know what it is. Four years ago each party was receiving tracts on the money question by the carload. The air hummed with it. Today the same thing may be said of "Imperialism"—no one talks silver.

C. E. S. Wood.

I Think of Thee.

I.

I am alone, and hear the sigh
Of twilight winds within the tree,
I see the star gleams sink and die
Behind the hills—and think of thee;
In revery my soul had flown
To hours thou fondly passed with me,
From which I wake to be alone—
To be alone and think of thee.

II.

The bird without a mate may sing
Within its bower and joy may know,
The lonely mountain haunt may bring
The flower the love which bids it glow;
But from my lips no joyful strain
Can bid my heart less lonely be,
Nor can my cheeks their rose regain,
If thou art far away from me.

III.

This evening's hour I fondly wait,
Thy welcome step upon the lawn,
I hear the turning of the gate,
And roses glow my cheeks anon;
Yet, quickly every sound has flown,
Except, the winds within the tree,
And I remain this hour alone—
To be alone, and think of thee.

Valentine Brown.

The Month

In Politics—

The Republican National Convention met in Philadelphia in June and nominated Wm. McKinley for president and Theodore Roosevelt for vice-president. The Democratic Convention met in Kansas City in July and nominated William Jennings Bryan for president and Adlai Stevenson for vice-president.

The platforms adopted by the respective parties are given elsewhere in this number. The Democratic platform declares "Imperialism" to be the leading issue, and it looks as if the campaign will be fought out upon it. There have been some rumors of a third party to be organized by the anti-Imperialists and Gold Democrats. In case such an organization should be effected, and men of more or less prominence put in the field, it would have the effect of insuring the re-election of Mr. McKinley. The only hope of the Democratic party in this campaign lies in the unification of all the forces opposed to Imperialism with the support of the Gold Democrats, Silver Republicans and Populists.

* * *

The situation in China is daily becoming more complicated. If the rumors of a Chinese invasion of Russian territory are corroborated, Russia will have ample cause for declaring war against China, and in that case would have a great advantage over the other powers when a division of the empire comes to be made. Prince Tuan is reported to have organized a large army and to have set a day for a general uprising. The London Spectator, in summing up the situation in China, takes the gloomiest view possible. "China in anarchy," it says, "which is the alternative to success in the present effort of Europe, may involve a series of wars of which no man can foresee the end."

* * *

Although it has been repeatedly published that the wars in South Africa and

the Philippines are ended, facts do not bear out such statements. The recent activity of the Boers was a great surprise and shock to England, and there are many who still predict the ultimate triumph of the Boer cause.

In Science—

Emperor William has ordered the construction of a number of automobiles for army use which will use alcohol as a combustible. The alcohol automobile has already been successfully tried in Germany as express and delivery wagons.

* * *

In the recent trial trip of the Raddatz submarine boat at Milwaukee, Wis., the new craft travelled a mile under water and returned. Its source of power is storage batteries.

* * *

The Scientific American says that a new process for the extraction of rubber from the rubber tree consists of cutting up the bark and roots and soaking in dilute sulphuric acid. This decomposes the woody portions without affecting the India rubber. In this way the rubber and the bark and roots are separated.

* * *

On 13 per cent of the Russian railroads the locomotives are fired by petroleum residue.

* * *

A satisfactory substitute for gutta percha has been invented by a Strasburg engineer.

In Education—

One hundred and seventy-eight men received degrees from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology this year.

* * *

About thirteen years ago the first course in electricity was established. There are today at least twelve schools of electrical engineering of the highest order, splendidly equipped and provided with excellent instructors.

The Cuban contingent at Harvard this summer is regarded as an "educational experiment" and one in which all America is vitally interested.

President Harper, of Chicago University, has returned from Russia, and reports the Czar as very much interested in American colleges and education. Mr. Harper says: "I was wonderfully impressed with the fine educational advantages available to the upper classes of the country, but equally with the lack of school facilities for the mass of the people. Russia, however, is steadily progressing, and I believe those in power are working for universal education. But this end cannot be attained at a jump, and at present there are not enough teachers in the empire for its accomplishment."

A Massachusetts school board has decided that married men make better principals for grammar schools than single men. An Oregon school board has resolved to drop its married women teachers, not because they are inefficient, but because they believe that only those women who are dependent upon their own exertions for support should be given positions in the schools.

Senator Depew who, with General Miles, was a guest of honor "Founder's Day" at Girard College, said in his anniversary address:

For 52 years Girard College has been the inspiration of its faculty and students. Over 6,000 youths have graduated from it and entered upon the active duties of life. So thoroughly have the principles and precepts of the founder been imbedded in their plastic minds and characters that 90 per cent. of them have succeeded in their various avocations and become useful and patriotic citizens.

By wise management the endowment of Girard has grown from \$5,000,000 to \$26,000,000, giving it an estate larger than that possessed by any university in the world.

In Art—

The best representation Great Britain has in the Paris Exhibition is in the way of pictures. Kingston House, upon which has been expended a large sum of money, contains paintings by Reynolds,

Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence, Raeburn, Turner, Burne-Jones and others, with one by Hogarth.

Titian's "Perseus and Andromeda," after a disappearance lasting half a century, has been recovered and restored to public view. It is pronounced by those competent to judge, to be "equal to anything else painted by Titian," and belongs to the same period as his "Venus and Adonis," "Diana and Calisto" and other famous pictures. It was found in the obscurity of a bathroom in Herford House, by Mr. Claude Phillips, an art connoisseur.

In Religious Thought—

The Unitarian Conference held at Berkeley in May brought out a consensus of opinion to the effect that "The world has not outgrown Jesus." "We are Christians in the broadest sense when we accept him as a leader to higher, fuller life," is an editorial comment in a recent number of the Pacific Unitarian.

There was also at the same time and place, a woman's conference, at which Miss Elizabeth Easton presided.

"Nothing but the gospel of Christ can save India," is the opening sentence of a lengthy article in Missionary Tidings, by W. M. Forrest. He might have said with equal truth, that nothing but the gospel of Christ, lived, not preached, can save the world.

"That church," says the Christian Register, "is free which holds itself strictly to the purposes of its organization, and leaves its minister and members in their public relations and in private affairs to think and act as they are moved by their own consciences."

Leading Events—

June 16.—England sends a cruiser to Tien Tsin.

June 17.—Chinese forts at Taku fire on foreign vessels.

June 18.—Russia demands an indemnity of fifty million taels for damage done to the Trans-Siberian railroad. England orders Seventh Bengal Infantry to Hong Kong. Confirmation of report of Baron Von Ketteler's murder by the Boxers received.

June 19.—Three Chinese forts seized and destroyed.

June 20.—Boer forces routed at Heilbron.

June 21.—Republican convention nominates William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt for president and vice-president respectively.

June 22.—Heavy loss by fire in Pittsburg. Great excitement in China.

June 23.—American and Russian troops are forced to retreat before the Chinese army at Tien Tsin.

June 24.—Chinese outrages continue.

June 25.—Seymour reaches Tien Tsin.

June 26.—Famine and the plague prevail in India.

June 27.—Korea shows sympathy with the Boxers.

June 29.—End of the Boer war confidently expected by the British.

June 30.—Battleship Oregon disabled off Chinese coast. Pay of United States soldiers will be increased.

July 1.—The great Hoboken dock fire occurred in which 200 lives and \$10,000,000 in property were lost.

July 2.—The situation in China very alarming, although reports contradict themselves.

July 3.—France declares her intention of protecting Frenchmen in Pekin. The Kaiser announces his determination to avenge Von Kettler's death.

July 4.—The Tacoma car disaster occurred in which 36 lives were lost and many persons injured.

July 5.—William Jennings Bryan's nomination as Democratic candidate for presidential honors. Fire in Standard Oil Works at Bayonne, N. J.; loss estimated at \$2,500,000.

July 6.—More horrible massacres in China.

July 7.—Japan volunteers to send an army to China to subdue Boxers. Will be paid for so doing by the different governments.

July 8.—Wreck of yacht on Lake Erie by which several lives were lost. Two more British warships ordered to China. Report from Luzon that the insurgents are slowly accepting amnesty provisions.

July 9.—The great St. Louis strike has been resumed. Empress of China reported to be again in command.

July 10.—MacArthur orders more troops to China. Boxers retire from Senekal. Diaz re-elected president of Mexico. Fish oil works near Astoria wrecked by boiler explosion. Three men killed.

July 11.—Germany sends new minister, Dr. Mumm von Schwartzentien, to China. National Educational Association meets at Charleston, S. C.

July 12.—Another British force falls into the hands of the Boers.

July 13.—The World's Christian Endeavor Convention opens at London.

July 14.—Panic in Paris at exposition; many injured.

July 15.—Fire at Prescott, Arizona; loss amounted to more than \$1,000,000. Battleship Oregon heard from.

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The Financial World

During 1899, 2,196 railway locomotives, valued at \$25,000,000, were built in this country. Four hundred and eighty were shipped to foreign countries.

* * *

Bank clearings in 80 cities in June showed a decrease of 11.4 per cent from those of a year ago, but a gain of nearly 21 per cent over June, 1898, of 24½ per cent over June, 1897, and of nearly 85 per cent over the low-water mark of June, 1894.

* * *

Exports for eleven months of the fiscal year now ended have been classified and analyzed at Washington. It is shown that the exports of manufactures increased 28 per cent, the value of the shipments in May (\$40,460,367) having been exceeded in only one month before,—March of the present year. The monthly average in the calendar year 1899 was less than \$32,000,000. The total for the eleven months was \$393,800,000, and the total for the entire year was probably not less than \$428,000,000, or \$90,000,000 in excess of the preceding year's shipments. The most striking advance is shown in the exports of articles composed wholly or in part of iron or steel.

* * *

The condition of the national finances as revealed in the annual balance sheet is extremely gratifying, showing a surplus of \$81,229,777. Secretary Gage, in his last annual report, estimated the surplus at the end of the fiscal year 1900 at \$40,000,000. The total receipts, exclusive of the postal service, are \$568,988,948, and the expenditures \$487,759,171. This showing will make the demand for a reduction of taxes imperative. With the gradual reduction of the expenses in the Philippines, the surplus of the year 1901 should be more than \$100,000,000, provided we do not get into any new wars.—The Nation.

* * *

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**Be Well
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Feel Well**

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helped late sown wheat in sections, but have come too late to repair the damage done or materially benefit the crop generally in the Northwest. At the same time the bountiful harvest of winter wheat in the Southwest Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, is virtually secured and must be recognized for the moment as a factor against any extreme sustained advance, when taken with our already liberal visible supply, allaying fears of immediate scarcity and temporarily overshadowing anxiety as to prospective supplies. This situation has had a quieting effect on speculative sentiment, and the trade is awaiting further developments. The most reliable authorities in the Northwest see no occasion to revise their recent estimates of a yield for the three states aggregating from 70,000,000 bushels to 90,000,000 bushels, and we do not believe that such a usually great surplus producing section, marketing much of its product in Europe, can harvest a crop from 100,000,000 bushels to 120,000,000 bushels less than an average without its being felt here and abroad. Receipts at Minneapolis and Duluth are very light, and likely to continue so, with cash wheat strong and Minneapolis millers taking practically everything. This situation is bound to be felt before long. Europe is beginning to show some anxiety and an inclination to anticipate requirements, making inquiries for wheat, and advancing bids to about a parity, but we look for the situation to be fully appreciated and recognized by the trade when Eastern men begin to bid for Duluth wheat, cost, insurance and freight."—Norton & Switzer's Chicago Commercial Letter.

* * *

A report on the Klondike gold fields shows that the yield of the precious metal for the last three years has been: 1897, \$2,500,000; 1898, \$10,000,000; and 1899, \$16,000,000. The director of the mint, George E. Roberts, estimates \$300,000,000 to be the world's gold output for 1900.

Mr. Rockefeller has given the Chicago University over seven and a half millions of dollars.

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Tioga, Long Beach, Washington.

Mining

That Oregon is rapidly pushing to the front ranks of gold producing states, is more apparent each year, as the vast quartz bodies, which have hitherto been untouched in the mad rush for placer diggings, are being opened up and dividend-paying mines take the place of the cabin of the hunter and hearty prospector.

* * *

Gold has been known to exist in Oregon for many years, but owing to the limited knowledge—or ability—of those seeking it, and the primitive methods employed in its extraction, the annual output of the yellow metal has not compared favorably with some of the more eastern states, where gold is found chiefly in quartz formation.

* * *

As one difficulty after another presented itself to the placer miner, his thoughts naturally turned toward his more successful brother mining in quartz, and his energies have since been spent in that direction. That his labor has been successful is no longer a theory, but a demonstrated reality.

* * *

One of the most striking features to be considered in connection with quartz mining in Oregon is the fact that the formation is confined to no particular tract or district, but is distributed from one end of the state to the other. After assurance was given that quartz mining was destined to be successful in this state, miners from Colorado, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico and the Black Hills began to pour in, and to prospect the mountains and locate and develop claims. Where but a few years ago lay these undeveloped claims, we now have the rich gold fields of Eastern Oregon, the productive mines of the Bohemia district and the attractive resources of the southern part of the state.

* * *

Foremost among the mines of Eastern Oregon are Golconda, paying half a cent

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per month dividend; Free Coinage, Bonanza, Red Boy, producing about \$40,000 per month, and many others equally good, if not as prominent producers. Reports of rich strikes, in the different properties, formerly created considerable excitement among mining men. Of late these reports have come with such frequency as to be but little commented upon. However, reports of two rich strikes, made simultaneously in different parts of the state, again sent mining interest to fever heat, i. e., that on the Red Boy in Eastern Oregon, and the Knott, in the Bohemia district; the latter being on old abandoned shallow workings, which, upon renewed activity and deeper sinkings, showed wonderfully rich ore. This strongly confirmed the opinion of old and experienced miners that the deeper the workings the more gold will be found in the quartz.

* * *

Prominent among the mines of Bohemia are Musick, Grizzly and The Helen Mining Company, the latter owning 110 acres located on Grizzly Mountain, in the heart of the district. This latter is one of the very few mining propositions to be found anywhere which has been self-supporting from the start; enough ore and of sufficient value having been extracted during the process of development to place the mine on a basis where it is yielding the shareholder 20 per cent. per annum on his investment.

* * *

Southern Oregon, long famous for its placer workings, is rapidly gaining prominence with other sections of the state as a quartz mining district, it having been discovered in many of the older workings that the values in gold came from the lode formations, which, to the experienced eye, are easily traced. While comparatively few properties in this section are on a dividend-paying basis, no district boasts of more promising prospects than those of Southern Oregon, prominent among them might be mentioned The May Queen and Greenback, both located in Josephine County. The latter was recently purchased for \$30,000, and is now netting the owners about that per month.

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Chess

Showalter and Albin.

French Defense.

SHOWALTER.

ALBIN.

White.	Black.
1 P-K 4	1 P-K 3
2 P-Q 4	2 P-Q 4
3 Kt-Q B 3	3 Kt-K B 3
4 B-Kt 5	4 B-K 2
5 B x Kt	5 B x B
6 P-K 5	6 B-K 2
7 Q-Kt 4	7 Castles
8 B-Q 3	8 P-Q B 4
9 P x P	9 Kt-Q 2
10 Q-R 3	10 P-B 4
11 P-B 4	11 Kt x B P
12 Castles	12 B-Q 2
13 K Kt-K 2	13 P-Q Kt 4
14 P-K Kt 4	14 P-Kt 5
15 P x P	15 P x Kt
16 P x P	16 Kt x B ch
17 R x Kt	17 P x P ch
18 K-Kt	18 B-Q Kt 4
19 R-K Kt 3	19 B-B 4
20 P-B 5	20 B x Kt
21 Q-R 6	21 Q-B 2
22 P-B 6	22 R x P
23 Q x R	23 R-K B
24 Q-Kt 5	24 Q-K 2
25 Q x Q	25 B x Q
26 K R-Kt	26 P-Kt 3
27 R-Kt 3	27 B-B 5
28 R-Kt 7	28 R-K
29 R-Kt 3	29 P-Q 5
30 R x P	30 B x P
31 R-Q 3	31 R-Kt
32 R-Q	32 B-Q Kt 5
33 R-R 6	33 B-Q B
34 R-Q B 6	34 B-Q 2
35 R-B 4	35 B-B 6
36 R x B	36 P x R
37 R x B	37 R-K B
38 R-Q	38 R-B 5
39 R-K	39 K-B 2
40 P-Q R 3	40 R-B 7
41 P-R 3	41 K-K 3
42 K-R 2	42 R x P
43 K-Kt	43 R-Q 7
44 P-Q R 4	44 P-B 7 ch
45 K x P	45 R-Q 8
46 Resigns.	

* * *

Emanuel Lasker is not only Champion of the World, but he is, without doubt, the strongest chess-player in the world, and probably the greatest since Morphy vanquished every antagonist. Lasker's latest victory ranks among the most brilliant

John H. Mitchell

Albert H. Tanner

MITCHELL & TANNER

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achievements in the history of chess, and his wonderful score has never been surpassed. He lost only one game out of twenty-seven in the recent London tournament. This borders upon the marvelous when we consider the fact that, with the exception of Tarrasch and Charousek, the greatest masters in the world were his opponents. Lasker is a most conservative player, and while his games may not be called brilliant, they all show a machine-like precision and freedom from errors.—Literary Digest.

* * *

The Two Veterans.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT.

Steinitz, White.	Blackburne, Black.
1 P—Q 4	1 P—Q 4
2 P—Q B 4	2 P x P
3 P—K 4	3 P—K 4
4 P—Q 5	4 Kt—K B 3
5 Kt—Q B 3	5 B—Q B 4
6 B x B	6 Kt—Kt 5
7 Kt—R 3	7 P—B 4
8 B—K Kt 5	8 Q—Q 3
9 P x P	9 B x P
10 Castles.	10 Q—K Kt 3
11 Kt—Kt 5	11 B—Q 3
12 B—R 4	12 P—K R 3
13 R—B sq	13 Kt—Q 2
14 Q—K 2	14 Castles.
15 Kt x B P	15 Kt—Kt 3
16 Kt x R	16 R x Kt
17 K R—Q sq	17 Kt—Q 2
18 B—K Kt 3	18 Q Kt—B 3
19 B—Q 3	19 P—K 5
20 B—Kt sq	20 Kt—R 4
21 Q—Kt 5	21 Kt x B P
22 B x Kt	22 B x Kt
23 Q—B sq	23 B x B ch
24 K x B	24 B—Kt 5
25 K—Q 4	25 Kt—B 3
26 P—Q 6	26 Q—R 4 ch
27 K—Kt sq	27 B—K 7
28 P—Q 7	28 Kt—Kt 5
29 P—Queens ch	29 R x Q
30 R x R ch	30 K—B 2
31 R—B 7 ch	31 K—K 3
32 Resigns.	

* * *

Chess-Slips.

A writer on "Chess-Slips and How They Are Caused," says: "We have on many occasions seen games lost through the conductor of the side where victory fairly brooded allowing himself the pleasure of demonstrating his win to a gentleman at his side. The solace—nay, inspiration—to be derived from a cigar is so well believed that mention of the circumstance only will be necessary, yet how frequently the temporary aberration caused by 'lighting up' has induced a slip transferring possible triumph to the opposing camp."

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WOMEN ARE MAKING MON-
EY SOLICITING SUBSCRIP-
TIONS FOR THE PACIFIC
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Drift

The Penalty of Erudition.

A callow youth was placed by his father in the office of the village attorney to study law, at a salary of nothing a week. At the end of the first day's study he came home and his father said: "Tobe, how do you like the law?"

"Tain't what it's cracked up to be," he replied. "I'm sorry I learned it"

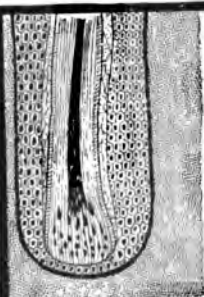
Cheap for Bait.

Some young men from Boston applied to an old fisherman up in the country to see if he could get them some bait. He thought he could, and started off. Three hours afterwards he appeared with a ten-quart pail full of angle worms. The boys were alarmed lest there should not be money enough in the party for such a wealth of bait, but they put on a bold front, and some one asked, "How much do we owe you?" Well, I don't rightly know," answered the old man; "the ground is kinder solid and the worms is far down, and it's been hard on my back to dig 'em; but I've half a mind to go fishin' myself tomorrow, an' if you'll give me half the bait we'll call it square."

For a Welch rarebit, grate one pound of soft American cheese. Put this into a saucepan with half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, two whole eggs beaten until light, with two tablespoonfuls of milk. Stir until the cheese is melted. Pour over slices of hot buttered toast and serve immediately.—July Ladies' Home Journal.

What to Eat in Summer.

Three months of vegetarianism would do every one good, but since we are not all inclined to such radical changes there is left to us the sensible change to lighter meats, which proves as delightful as beneficial. Lamb, veal, poultry, boiled and broiled ham, bacon, and above all, fish, give a wide range of choice. Fish is the ideal summer meat-food both for health's sake and enjoyment. For hot-weather breakfasts there should always be one dish that has a "snap" to it; something to provoke appetite. This is just the role for delicately-prepared salt-fish dishes (prominently among them haddie), for curries, and other highly seasoned dishes that are not too heavy. Bacon should rarely be left off the breakfast menu.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in the July Woman's Home Companion.



**THE
ROOT
OF YOUR
HAIR**

should look
like this,
but if you have

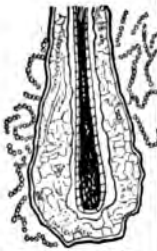
DANDRUFF

THE GERM

destroys and with-
ers it like this.

“Destroy the cause
you remove the
effect.”

No Dandruff, no
Falling Hair, no
Baldness, if you



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A popular and witty minister, on ascending the steps of the church one Sunday afternoon, saw an old woman struggling against rheumatism to reach the top of the steps, and at once taking her by the arm he gently assisted her up. On reaching the top she asked him who was to preach. "Oh, Rev. B—," he replied, giving his own name. "Oh, gracious!" exclaimed the old woman, "help me down again. I would rather listen to a man sharpening a saw. Please help me down again. I do not care to go in." The minister was at first inclined to refuse, but the humor of the situation tickled him, and he remarked as he reached the bottom of the steps, "You are quite right, my good woman; I would not go in myself if I were not paid for it."

* * *

The Day's Demand.

God, give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and
willing hands,

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without
winking.

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the
fog

In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn
creeds,

Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! freedom weeps;
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice
sleeps.

J. G. Holland.

* * *

A Quick Diagnosis.

One of the anecdotes related by Weir Mitchell in the July instalment of his Century serial, "Dr. North and His Friends," might well be a personal experience of the author's:

I once went to Harrisburg and had to return during the night. The train was crowded. At last, in the stifling, dimly-lighted smoking-car; I found a man asleep across two seats. I awakened him, and saying I was sorry to disturb him, sat down.

After a little he said, "Do you know Dr. Owen North?"

Rather astonished, I said, "Yes."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Oh, a very good fellow."

"He is like all them high-up doctors, I guess. He gets big fees. I want to know."

"No," said I. "That is always exaggerated. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I've had a lot of doctors, and I ain't no better, and now I haven't much money left."

Upon this my friend confided to me all his

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They banish pain and prolong life.

One gives relief. Accept no substitute.

Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the packet.

Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York, for 10 samples and 1000 testimonials.

THEY REGULATE THE BOWELS.

THEY CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A SINGLE ONE GIVES RELIEF

DON'T SET HENS THE SAME OLD WAY.
THE NAT'L HEN INCUBATOR beats old plan \$ to 1. Little in price but big money maker. Agts. wanted. Send for cat. telling how to get one free.
Natural Hen Incubator Co., B 10 Columbus, Neb.
Rev. H. Houser made a 100 Egg Hatcher. cost \$1.00

A Free Trip to Paris!

Reliable persons of a mechanical or inventive mind desiring a trip to the Paris Exposition, with good salary and expenses paid, should write
The PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

physical woes in detail. We parted before daybreak. It was too dark in the car for either of us to see plainly the face of the other.

About ten next day the man entered my consulting-room. As I should not have known him, except from a rather peculiar voice, I too, remained unidentified. I could not resist so comic an opportunity. I said, looking at him, "Sit down. You have a pain in your back."

"That's queer. I have."

"And you are blind in your left eye, and your digestion is very bad," and so I went on.

At last he said: "I never saw a doctor like you. It scares a man, 'most. Can you cure me?"

I said "Yes," and wrote out my directions. It was really a simple case.

When he produced a well-worn wallet I declined to take a fee, and said, "I owe you for the seat, and the good sleep I disturbed last night."

"Thunder! I see. You were the man. But law! why did you give it away? I'd have sent you the whole township."

* * *

Cleanly Woman.

Erroneously Thinks By Scouring Her Scalp That She Cures Dandruff.

Cleanly woman has an erroneous idea that by scouring the scalp, which removes the dandruff scales, she is curing the dandruff. She may wash her scalp every day, and yet have dandruff her life long, accompanied by falling hair, too. The only way in the world to cure dandruff is to kill the dandruff germ, and there is no hair preparation that will do that but Newbro's Herpicide. Herpicide, killing the dandruff germ, leaves the hair free to grow as healthy Nature intended. Destroy the cause, you remove the effect. Kill the dandruff germ with Herpicide.

* * *

Rothschild's Maxims.

The elder Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank placarded with the following maxims:

Shun liquors.
Dare to go forward.
Never be discouraged.
Never tell business lies.
Be polite to everybody.
Employ your time well.
Be prompt in everything.
Pay your debts promptly.
Bear all troubles patiently.
Do not reckon upon chance.
Make no useless acquaintances.
Be brave in the struggle of life.
Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.
Never appear something more than you are.

Take time to consider, and then decide positively.

Then work hard, and you will be certain to succeed in life.

SIMPLY THIS

...THE...

WILLAMETTE CORN CURE

Allays pain, removes
the corn, and leaves a
natural skin in its place

This is guaranteed. Think about it, if you have a corn. You can get the Willamette Corn Cure from any druggist, for 25 cents a bottle, or from the manufacturers—

Boericke & Runyon

303 Washington St.

Portland, Oregon.

MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTHLY WHEN PURCHASING.

The Cunning of the Crow.

In the inn garden I saw a dog eating a piece of meat in the presence of several covetous crows, says a contributor to Our Animal Friends. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented. At last a big, strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine, where the others were congregated, and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, letting go of the big piece unwisely for a second, on which two of the crows flew away with it to the pine, and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate or rather gorged it, the deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them inanely.

* * *

When Jimmy Comes From School.

When Jimmy comes from school, at four,
J-e-r-u-s-a-l-e-m! how things begin
To whirl and buzz, and bang and spin,
And brighten up from roof to floor;
The dog that all day long has lain
Upon the back porch wags his tail,
And leaps and barks and begs again
The last scrap in the dinner pail,
When Jimmy comes from school.

The cupboard latches clink a tune,
And mother from her knitting stirs,
To tell that hungry boy of hers
That supper will be ready soon;
And then a slab of pie he takes,
A cooky and a quince or two,
And for the breezy barnyard breaks,
Where everything cries, "How d'y do,"
When Jimmy comes from school.

The rooster on the garden fence
Struts up and down, and crows and crows,
As if he knows, or thinks he knows,
He, too, is of some consequence;
The guineas join the chorus, too,
And just beside the window-sill
The red-bird, swinging out of view,
On his light perch begins to trill,
When Jimmy comes from school.

When Jimmy comes from school, take care!
Our hearts begin to throb and quake
With life and joy, and every ache
Is gone before we are aware;
The earth takes on a richer hue,
A softer light falls on the flowers,
And overhead a brighter blue
Seems bent above this world of ours,
When Jimmy comes from school.

James Newton Mathews.

*It has been said that
one-fourth of a man's
life is spent in dining*

*HOW IMPORTANT, then, that
our surroundings and food should
be such as to induce appetite, and
produce that delightful feeling that
a satisfactory meal gives.*

✽

*IF YOU wish to dine luxuriously
...with ...*

**Pleasure
Comfort
Satisfaction**

*and listen to delightful music by
the celebrated Ladies' Venetian
Orchestra, go to the*

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of the Northwest. Charges rea-
sonable. Our 50c Table d'hôte
Dinners are famous.*

Heard and Told.

A reporter for the New York Tribune chronicles what he calls a "one-sided conversation" which he overheard recently in a railway car. The moral of the tale lies so much on the surface that it would be an impertinence to enlarge upon it. A mother and her little girl occupied one of the seats, and the mother was absorbed in a book.

"Mamma," the child began, "you didn't speak to Mrs. Brown when we got on." Her mother did not hear her.

"She's sitting in front of us"—this in a loud whisper.

"Aren't you ever going to speak to her again?"

"No, dear," said the mother, not lifting her eyes.

"Not if she takes back what she said about the choir?"

"No, dear."

Some of the neighbors began to smile, and general conversation was all at once suspended.

"And I can't go to her house again?"

"No, dear."

"Has she got it on?"

There is no answer to this question, which is followed by a louder whisper:

"Mamma, is that the bonnet you told Papa about?"

"Yes, darling."

"And those the feathers?"

"Yes, dear."

"What made you say she looked like a fright in it?"

No answer.

"You told Papa so."

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, she's looking at you"—in a loud-whisper. Some one titters.

"Yes, dear."

"She looks angry."

The brakeman slams the door and the mother looks up just in time to hear the child go on:

"I guess she heard what you said about the bonnet."

"What bonnet, dear?"

"Mrs. Brown's, you said—"

"Stop your chattering," said the mother, sternly, while a blush steals up from her throat to her forehead. "Don't open your mouth again."

Then she returns to her book, but somehow she forgets to turn the leaves, and the blush lingers on her cheek till the train draws into the station and the passengers push their way out of the car.

* * *

St. Helen's Hall.

Miss Eleanor Tebbets, of St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon, leaves August 1 for Southern California. She will visit San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Mateo and Mt. Hamilton before her return to her winter's work. Miss Vail will spend her vacation at San Jose, and Miss Honora Cannon leaves

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A few of the young lady boarders still remain but they will soon leave for their respective homes.

* * *

A Young Preacher's Triumph.

An interesting incident occurred at the time of the ordination of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis in his first pastorate. Mr. Hillis had already been examined in theology and licensed to preach by the Chicago Presbytery. But the Presbytery of Peoria insisted on a second examination. During the week following his first sermon the leading clergymen of that district gathered in his church and were about to begin the quizzing process. Hebrew was the first subject for examination. At the last moment it was discovered that the Hebrew committee had forgotten to bring a Hebrew Bible. While the dismay thus occasioned was at its height the young candidate—who occupied an embarrassing seat on the platform before the divines and many of his parishioners—came to the rescue by offering to repeat in the original the first chapter of Genesis, the committee meanwhile to follow him closely and correct any mistakes. He then began, and recited verse after verse from beginning to end of the chapter. Meanwhile the faces of the committee presented a curious study. As the young minister modestly concluded and resumed his seat one of the committee was on his feet instantly, moving that the Hebrew examination be ended. The "aye" that followed was heard a block away. So the examination went on, to the continued surprise of the examiners.—George T. B. Davis in the July Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

How Congress Spring Was Named.

When John Taylor Gilman, a member of Congress, visited the log houses which chiefly constituted Saratoga in its early history, he was accompanied one day on a hunting ramble by the young son of the woodsman with whom he boarded. When they returned to the cabin the boy enthusiastically shouted, "Oh, ma, we've found a new spring!" Who found it? he was asked. Turning to the distinguished lawmaker the little fellow admiringly exclaimed: "Why, the Congress!" And to this day the name has clung to one of the most celebrated of the springs which made the place a sanitary resort long before it became the seat of summer fashion.—July Ladies' Home Journal.

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The Impeachment and Trial of President Andrew Johnson.
By HON. GEO. H. WILLIAMS.

The Pacific Monthly

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SEPTEMBER, 1900

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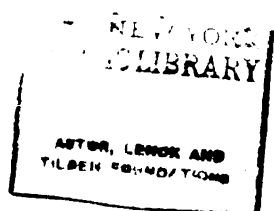
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Geo. H. Williams.

The Pacific Monthly.

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SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 5.

The Impeachment and Trial of President Andrew Johnson.

By GEO. H. WILLIAMS.

One of the most exciting events growing out of the Civil War was the impeachment and trial of President Andrew Johnson, "all of which I saw and a part of which I was." I will give in what follows a condensed account of this interesting trial which occurred 32 years ago.

On the 21st day of February, 1868, Mr. Covode, of Pennsylvania, offered in the House of Representatives the following resolution: "Resolved, That Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanor." This resolution was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction and reported back by that committee with a recommendation that it pass, and it was adopted by the House by a vote of 126 to 47. Thereupon a committee of two, consisting of Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, and John A. Bingham, of Ohio, was appointed to inform the Senate that in due time the House would exhibit articles of impeachment against Andrew Johnson, and those gentlemen appeared in the Senate and gave the notice as required by the resolution.

Geo. S. Boutwell, Thaddeus Stevens, John A. Bingham, James F. Wilson, John A. Logan, Geo. W. Julian, and Hamilton Ward were appointed by the House a committee to prepare the articles of impeachment. Articles of impeachment were by them reported to the House, and, after amendment and discus-

sion, adopted. The House then voted by ballot for the election of seven members of the House to be managers of the impeachment proceedings and John A. Bingham, Geo. S. Boutwell, James F. Wilson, Benjamin F. Butler, Thomas Williams, Thaddeus Stevens and John A. Logan were chosen as such managers. On the 4th of March, 1868, said managers appeared in the Senate and Manager Bingham notified that body that the House had prepared articles of impeachment against Andrew Johnson, and was ready to proceed whenever the Senate was ready to hear the case.

When the President is impeached the Constitution requires the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to preside at the trial, and a concurrence of two-thirds of the Senators in the guilt of the accused is necessary to a conviction.

On the 5th of March, Chief Justice Chase, escorted by a committee of the Senate, appointed for that purpose, appeared in the Senate and took the vice-president's chair. Mr. Justice Nelson, the Senior Justice of the Supreme Court, administered an oath to the Chief Justice which was to the effect that upon the impeachment trial of the President, he would do impartial justice according to the Constitution and laws. To each of the senators when his name was called, a similar oath was administered by the Chief Justice, but when the name of Wade was called, Senator Hendricks objected and a long discussion

ensued. The point made by Mr. Hendricks was that as Wade was President pro tem of the Senate and as there was no vice-president, if President Johnson was impeached and removed from office, Wade would become President and therefore was an interested party. Hendricks finally withdrew his objection and Mr. Wade took the oath.

After rules of procedure for the trial were adopted the Chief Justice announced that the court was organized, and the sergeant-at-arms made proclamation to that effect. On motion of Senator Howard it was ordered that the Secretary of the Senate notify the House that the Senate was ready to proceed with the trial, and notice was accordingly given. In a short time the managers appeared in the Senate and demanded that process issue commanding that the President appear before the bar of the Senate and answer the Articles of Impeachment exhibited against him. Such process was issued and duly served.

On the 7th of March, Henry Stanbery, then Attorney General, Benjamin R. Curtis, Jeremiah S. Black, Wm. M. Evans and Thomas A. R. Nelson appeared as counsel for the President, and asked for forty days in which to prepare their answer. This motion, after a lengthy discussion, was denied, and the President was given until the 23rd of March in which to file his answer. On that day the counsel for the President, including W. S. Groesbeck, appeared and filed their answer, which was an elaborate document with many exhibits attached. They then moved for an order that they have thirty days after the reply to the answer was filed to prepare for trial. This motion, after a protracted argument, was denied, and the 30th of March fixed as the day for the commencement of the trial.

Meanwhile, the managers were to file their reply, which was nothing more than a formal denial of what was stated in the answer. There were eleven articles of impeachment, the sum and substance of nine of which were that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, in violation of the Act to regulate the tenure of certain civil officers

and in violation of the Constitution, had removed Edwin M. Stanton from the office of Secretary of War while the Senate was in session and, without consulting that body, had appointed Lorenzo Thomas Secretary of War, ad interim. The tenth article was a summary of the speeches the President had made, in which he had abused and reviled Congress and declared that it was trying to break up the government, and the eleventh was a compendium of all the others.

Benjamin F. Butler made the opening address on behalf of the prosecution. He argued and cited authorities to show that the act of the President in removing Stanton was contrary to the tenure of office act and an impeachable offense. He also reviewed, at considerable length and with great severity, other acts and speeches of Mr. Johnson after he became President.

When General Butler concluded, the managers introduced their evidence, consisting of a large number of documents and the oral testimony of twenty-five witnesses. Benjamin R. Curtis, an ex-Justice of the Supreme Court, then opened the case for the defense.

Judge Curtis was a great lawyer and made a great speech. He appeared the personification of solidity and strength. He claimed that the removal of Stanton was not prohibited by the tenure of office act, and, if it was, the President had a constitutional right to appoint or remove a member of his cabinet without consulting the Senate. He also claimed that the President was not impeachable for anything he had said, however unjust or injurious it might be to any other department of the government.

Sixteen witnesses were examined for the defendant, including General Sherman. There was much wrangling over the evidence and it took ten days to introduce it. Geo. S. Boutwell, on behalf of the managers, made the first argument after the evidence was closed. His speech was able and excellent while he confined himself to the law and facts of the case, but he made a wretched faux pas when he ventured into the realms of imagination. He said in his peroration:

"Travelers and astronomers inform us that in the southern heavens, near the southern cross, there is a vast space which the uneducated call the hole in the sky, where the eye of man with the aid of the powers of the telescope has been unable to discover nebulae or asteroid, or comet, or planet, or star, or sun. In that dreary, cold, dark region of space which is only known to be less than infinite by the evidences of creation elsewhere, the great Author of celestial mechanism has left the chaos which was in the beginning. If this earth was capable of sentiments and emotions of justice and virtue which in human mortal beings are the evidences and pledges of our divine origin and immortal destiny, it would heave and throw with the energy of the elemental forces of Nature and project the enemy of two races of men into that vast region, there forever to exist in a solitude eternal as life, or as the absence of life emblematical of, if not really that 'outer darkness' of which the Savior of Man spoke in warning to those who are the enemies of themselves, of their race, and of their God."

This was meat and drink for Wm. M. Evarts who was to follow. I quote what Mr. Evarts said in reply exactly as it was published:

"I may, as conveniently at this point of the argument as any other, pay some attention to the astronomical punishment which the learned and honorable manager, Mr. Boutwell, thinks should be applied to this novel case of impeachment of the President. Cicero, I think it is, who says that a lawyer should know everything, for sooner or later there is no fact in history or science, or of human knowledge, that will not come into play in his argument. Painfully sensible of my ignorance, being devoted to a profession which 'sharpens and does not enlarge the mind,' (Laughter) I yet can admire without envy the superior knowledge evinced by the honorable manager. Indeed, upon my soul, I believe that he is aware of an astronomical fact which many of the professors of that science are wholly ignorant of. But nevertheless, while some of his honorable colleagues were paying attention to an unoccupied and unappropriated island in

the surface of the seas, Mr. Manager Boutwell, more ambitious, had discovered an untenanted and unappropriated region in the skies, reserved, as he would have us think, in the final counsels of the Almighty as the place for the punishment of convicted and deposed American Presidents (Laughter). At first I thought his mind had become 'enlarged,' that it was not 'sharp' enough to discover the Constitution had limited the punishment, but on reflection I saw that he was as legal and as logical as he was ambitious and astronomical (Laughter) for the Constitution has said, 'removal from office,' and had put no limit to the distance of removal (Laughter), so that it may be without shedding a drop of blood or taking a penny of his property or confining his limbs, instant removal from office and transportation to the skies (Laughter). Truly, this is a great undertaking, and if the learned manager can only get over the obstacles of Nature the Constitution will not stand in his way. He can contrive no method but that of a convulsion of the earth, that shall project the deposed President to the infinitely distant space, but a shock of Nature so vast in energy and for so great a result on him, might unsettle even the footing of the firm members of Congress. We certainly need not resort to so perilous a method as that. Why, in the first place, nobody knows where that space is but the learned manager himself, and he is the necessary deputy to execute the judgment of the court (Laughter). Let it then be provided that in case of your sentence and removal from office, the honorable and astronomical manager shall take into his own hand the execution of the sentence with the President made fast to his broad and strong shoulders, and having already essayed the flight by imagination, better prepared than anybody else to execute it in form; taking advantage of ladders as far as ladders will go, to the top of the great capitol, and spurning then, with his foot, the crest of Liberty, let him set out upon his flight (Laughter) while the two Houses of Congress and all the people of the United States shall shout *sic itur ad astra*. But here a distressing doubt strikes me. How will the man-

ager get back? (Laughter). He will have got far beyond the reach of gravitation to restore him, and so ambitious a wing as his could never stoop to a downward flight. Indeed, as he passes through the constellations, that famous question of Carlyle, by which he derides the littleness of human affairs upon the scale of the measure of the heavens, 'What thinks Boetus, as he drives his dogs up the zenith in their race of sidereal fire,' will force itself upon his notice—what, indeed, would Boetus think of this new constellation? (Laughter). Besides, reaching this place beyond the power of Congress to send for persons and papers (Laughter), how shall he return, and how decide the contest there become personal and perpetual—the struggle of strength between him and the President? (Laughter). In this new revolution thus established forever, who shall decide which is the sun and which is the moon—who determine the only scientific test which reflects the hardest upon the other?" (Laughter).

To understand the allusions of Mr. Evarts it is necessary to state that Mr. Boutwell had spoken of men whose intellects "were sharpened but not enlarged by the practice of law," and some of the managers had endorsed a claim for an island called "Alta Vela."

Mr. Thomas A. R. Nelson, next after Mr. Boutwell, addressed the court. He was from Tennessee, a personal friend of the President. He put a good deal of feeling and poetry into his speech. It was more an appeal to the sympathies and prejudices of the Senators than to their judgment.

Mr. Wm. Groesbeck followed for the defense. His argument was logical and lawyer-like—not showy and brilliant, but strong, clear and solid from beginning to end. He was a pleasing and persuasive speaker.

Thaddeus Stevens, of the managers, then read a part of his speech, but was too feeble to proceed, and General Butler finished the reading.

Thomas Williams, of the managers, followed in a lengthy argument, showing much labor and research in its preparation.

Then came Wm. M. Evarts for the

defense. He was one who could wield the battle axe of Richard or the cimeter of Saladin. His argument scintillated with sarcasm and wit without weakening its strength. He ridiculed, unmercifully, the charge against the President for what he had said in his speeches. If he did not convince the Senators, he entertained them with a very brilliant speech.

Manager Bingham closed for the prosecution. He was one of the ablest men Ohio ever had in the House. He made a powerful speech and in my opinion successfully answered the arguments for the defense.

Now the time had come to vote. Each Senator was to arise in his place as his name was called and answer "Guilty" or "Not Guilty," as each article of the impeachment was read. It was well understood that all the Democrats would vote against conviction, and as the trial progressed it became evident that some of the Republicans would vote with them.

Benjamin F. Wade was President of the Senate and Fessenden, Trumbull and Grimes did not hesitate to say that he should never be President of the United States if they could prevent it. Wade was an ultra anti-slavery and anti-secession man, with the courage of a lion and the tenacity of a bull dog. He was hot-headed and impulsive, and enjoyed a fight. The above-named Senators did not like him on that account, and said they were afraid that if he became President he would do some rash act that would retard or prevent the restoration of the Union.

I was of the opinion then, and am now, that if Fessenden, Trumbull, Grimes, Henderson, or some other of the more conservative Senators had been President of the Senate, Mr. Johnson would have been impeached and removed from office.

Though this was a judicial proceeding, it was treated and denounced by the Democrats as a Republican move, and inevitably, therefore, assumed somewhat of a party aspect. Appearances indicated that it was highly probable that the prosecution would fail, and in that event it was considered desirable for the Republicans to make as good a showing

as possible, and it fell to my lot to attend to that business. I canvassed the Senate and found that all those classed as Republicans would vote for the eleventh article of the impeachment excepting seven—Fessenden, Trumbull, Henderson, Grimes, Van Winkle, Willey and Ross. Accordingly I moved for an order that the first vote be taken upon the eleventh article, and the order was made. Those voting "Guilty" when their names were called were: Anthony, Cameron, Cottell, Chandler, Cole, Conkling, Conness, Corbett, Cragin, Drake, Edmunds, Ferry, Frelinghuysen, Harlan, Howard, Howe, Morgan, Morrill of Maine, Morrill of Vermont, Morton, Nye, Patterson of New Hampshire, Pomeroy, Ramsay, Sherman, Sprague, Stewart, Sumner, Thayer, Tipton, Wade, Williams, Wilson and Yates, 34. Those voting "Not Guilty" were: Bayard, Buckelow, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Henderson, Hendricks, Johnson, Grimes, McCreery, Norton, Patterson of Tennessee, Ross, Salesbury, Trumbull, VanWinkle, Vickers and Willey, 19.

Conviction failed by one vote. Two-thirds of the Senate not having voted "Guilty," the Chief Justice declared the President acquitted on the eleventh article. This vote was taken on the 16th, and I moved that the court adjourn until the 26th of May, and it was so ordered. I wanted that time in which to find out what could be done with the other ten articles, and I ascertained that the same vote could be obtained on the second and third articles. These three articles were the only ones upon which the Republicans could be united, excepting said seven. Accordingly, when the court convened on the 26th, I moved that the vote on the second and third articles be taken in succession, and the vote was exactly the same as on the eleventh article. I then moved that the Senate, sitting as a court of impeachment, adjourn sine die, which motion prevailed by a vote of 34 to 16, and this great trial which continued fifty-one days came to an end. The intention and effect of confining the vote to the above-named three articles were, so far as the Republicans were concerned, to throw the responsibility of defeating the impeachment upon said

seven Senators. It was an effort to retire in good order from a field of battle and defeat.

Many of the Senators read and filed written opinions, in which, necessarily, there was much repetition, but there was also much diversity of views as to the construction of the Constitution and the validity and effect of the tenure of office act. I was the author of this much abused act. President Johnson was arbitrarily removing from office Union men and Republicans, and filling their places with rebels and Democrats.

The object of this act was to prevent such removals without the advice and consent of the Senate. When the bill passed the Senate it did not include the Heads of Departments, but it was amended in the House so as to expressly include such officials. When it was returned to the Senate it went to a conference committee, and the conferees on the part of the Senate were Williams, Sherman and Buckalew. We agreed with the conferees on the part of the House as follows:

That every person holding any civil office to which he has been appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and every person who shall hereafter be appointed to such office and shall become duly qualified to act therein is, and shall be, entitled to hold such office until a successor shall have been in like manner appointed and duly qualified, except as hereinafter provided. Provided, That the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War, of the Navy and of the Interior, the Postmaster General, and the Attorney General, shall hold their offices respectively for and during the term of the President by whom they have been appointed, and for one month thereafter, subject to removal, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Senators Fessenden, Trumbull and Henderson were very able men, and their opinions were ingenious and plausible, but extremely technical. They did not undertake to justify the sayings and doings of the President, but based their opinions wholly upon propositions of law. Judge Trumbull went so far in his opinion as to say that President Johnson was not a fit man to be President. Their claim was that Stanton was not within the purview of the tenure of office act.

Senator Sherman put his opinion upon

the ground that the appointment of a Secretary of War ad interim, while the Senate was in session, without the advice and consent of that body, was a violation of the tenure of office act. In his summing up at the conclusion of his opinion he voiced the prevailing sentiment of a majority of the Senate, as follows:

The great offence of the President consists of his opposition, and thus far successful opposition, to the Constitutional Amendment proposed by the Thirty-ninth Congress, which, approved by nearly all the loyal states, would, if adopted, have restored the rebel states and thus have strengthened and restored the Union convulsed by civil war. Using the scaffoldings of civil governments formed by him in those states without authority of law, he has defeated this amendment—has prolonged civil strife, postponed reconstruction and reunion and aroused again the spirit of rebellion overcome and subdued by war. He alone, of all the citizens of the United States, by the wise provisions of the Constitution, is not to have a voice in adopting amendments to the Constitution, and yet he, by the exercise of a baleful influence and unauthorized power, has defeated an amendment demanded by the result of the war. He has obstructed, as far as he could, all the efforts of Congress to restore law and civil government to the rebel states. He has abandoned the party which trusted him with power, and the principles so often avowed by him which induced their trust. Instead of co-operating with Congress by the execution of laws passed by it, he has thwarted and delayed their execution and sought to bring the laws and the legislative power into contempt. Armed by the Constitution and the laws with vast powers, he has neglected to protect loyal people in the rebel states, so that assassination is organized all over those states as a political power, to murder, banish and maltreat loyal people and to destroy their property. All these he might have ascribed to alleged want of power or to difference of opinion on questions of policy, and for these reasons no such charges were exhibited against him, though they affected the peace and safety of the nation. When he adds to these political offenses the wilful violation of a law by the appointment of a high officer during the session of the Senate and without its consent, and with the palpable purpose to gain possession of the Department of War for an indefinite time, a case is made not only within the express language of the law a high misdemeanor, but one which includes all the elements of a crime, to-wit: a violation of express law, wilfully and deliberately done with the intent to subvert the Constitutional power of the Senate, and having the evil effect of placing in the hands of the President unlimited power over all the officers of the government.

Senator Yates maintained, in his opinion, that the appointment of a Secretary of War during the session of the Senate was a violation of those clauses of the Constitution which provide that the President shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint all officers of the United States, excepting those inferior officers whose appointment is vested by Congress in the heads of departments or courts of law, and which further provide that the President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate.

His argument was that in these provisions there is a clear implication, even if the President had a right to remove Stanton, that he had no right to fill the vacancy so created while the Senate was in session without its consent. Many Senators concurred in this view.

Senator Sumner read an elaborate opinion, replete with learning and rhetorical embellishments. He commenced in this way:

This is one of the last great battles of slavery. Driven from these legislative chambers, driven from the field of war, this monstrous power has found refuge in the Executive Mansion, where, in utter disregard to the Constitution and laws, it seeks to exercise its ancient, far-reaching sway. All this is very plain. Nobody can question it. Andrew Johnson is the impersonation of the tyrannical slave power. In him it lives again. He is the lineal successor of John C. Calhoun and Jefferson Davis, and he gathers about him the same supporters—original partisans of slavery, north and south—habitual compromisers of great principles, maligners of the Declaration of Independence, politicians without heart, lawyers for whom a technicality is everything, and a promiscuous company who at every stage of the battle have set their faces against equal rights—these are his allies. It is the old troop of slavery with a few recruits ready, as of old, for violence—cunning in device and heartless in quibble, with the President at their head, they are now entrenched in the Executive Mansion.

I quote from the opinion of Senator Buckalew to show how the Democrats of the Senate regarded the conduct of President Johnson. After contending that the tenure of office act was unconstitutional, and did not apply to Stanton, he said:

In my opinion the acquittal of the Presi-

dent from all the charges preferred against him is authorized by law and demanded by justice. He has committed no high crime or misdemeanor. He has trampled upon no man's rights. He has violated no public duty. He has kept his oath of office unbroken, and has sought, in a lawful manner, to vindicate and preserve the high constitutional powers confided to him by the people. He cannot and ought not to be punished for his opinions upon public measures and public policy, and in contemplation of law his conduct in all the matters brought before us for review has been irreproachable. What he has done indicates not criminal intent, but patriotic purpose and besides that, true courage sustained and invincible which grapples with difficulty and defies danger.

I stated in my opinion the following facts as bearing upon the question as to whether the tenure of office act applied to Stanton:

On the 12th of December the President communicated to the Senate the fact that on the 12th of the preceding August he had suspended Mr. Stanton, and gave his reasons therefor, and the Senate, assuming that Mr. Stanton was within the protection of the Tenure of Office Act, proceeded to consider the President's reasons, and under the leadership of the distinguished Senator from Maine, Mr. Fessenden, refused by an overwhelming vote of 35 to 6, to concur in the suspension. Every one of the majority then understood that the effect of that vote was to re-establish Mr. Stanton in his office under the provisions of the Tenure of Office Act. On the 21st of February, 1868, the President informed the Senate that he had

removed Mr. Stanton and appointed Adjutant General Thomas Secretary of War, ad interim, and the Senate proceeded to consider that communication, and after a protracted argument decided by a vote of 27 to 6 "that under the Constitution and laws of the United States, the President has no power to remove the Secretary of War and to designate any other officer to perform the duties of that office ad interim." Among those who voted to affirm that doctrine was the distinguished Senator from Illinois, Mr. Trumbull. Now, after these proceedings which go upon the express ground that Mr. Stanton is within the provisions of the Tenure of Office Act, we are asked to eat up our own words and stultify ourselves by holding that this act does not apply to Mr. Stanton.

I have given extracts enough to show the drift and division of opinion among the Senators. Judge Black withdrew from the defense at an early day on account of some misunderstanding he had with the President about the *Alta Vela* claim. Chief Justice Chase presided with his usual dignity, but it was evident from his rulings that his sympathies were with the President.

Whether the result of the trial was for the best or not, no one can now tell, but as our country came out of its domestic conflicts and trials with renewed vitality and strength, it is wise to conclude that

All's well that ends well."

Earthly Joys.

I

Shall there be in every joy
Some alloy?
Must the gold of life we gain
Know a baser metal's train?
Will the sunset in the sky
Fade and die?

II

There must be in every joy
Some alloy;
Gladness may our portion be,
Heaven await for you and me,
Yet a sigh—but a sigh,
Tells alloy of pain is nigh.

III

Can our paths be lined with flowers,
Dainty ever blooming flowers,
And no thorns nor branches sere
Rise anear?
Can we look upon the hours
Without fear—without fear?

IV

Pansies rare glow tinted light,
Gold improves the lily white,
Night and day, day and night,
Contrast good and ill;
Only by the contrast we
Find the joy which is to be;
Never pure—never pure,
Earthly joys instill.

Valentine Brown.

Geo. H. Williams.

By LISCHEN M. MILLER.

THE subject of this brief sketch is too well-known to need any introduction to our Oregon readers. He has been an honored and familiar figure in public affairs ever since the existence of this commonwealth as a State, and played a leading part in its territorial life.

"I have lived a good many years," remarked General Williams in a recent interview, "and have seen the making of some interesting history."

But more than that, he has helped make it. Not only local, but national history as well will show the impress of his thought and action. In that troubled and trying period immediately preceding and subsequent to the civil war, more than one serious crisis was averted, more than one important step decided by his cool judgment, firm grasp of the determining factors of the situation, and unprejudiced regard for relative political values.

Born in New York in the year 1823, in the month of March, he grew up, received his education, and was admitted to the bar in that state. In 1844, at the age of twenty-one, he removed to Iowa, then a frontier territory, and began the practice of his profession. When the territory became a state he was elected Judge of the first judicial district at the first state election, though he had not yet seen his twenty-fifth birthday. He served the new commonwealth in the capacity of Judge for five years.

It was in Iowa that his active acquaintance with affairs of state began. In 1852 he was one of the presidential electors at large, and canvassed the state for Franklin Pierce. The next year, 1853, he received his appointment as Chief Justice of Oregon Territory, and was re-appointed in 1857 by President Buchanan. Afterwards he saw fit to resign his position, intending to devote himself exclusively to the practice of law.

But the state had need of him. Oregon demanded his services, and he was made a member of that memorable convention

which met to frame the constitution for the new star in the national constellation. As chairman of the Judiciary Committee he was in a position to make his influence felt in that convention. He was active in preventing the introduction of slavery into the newly-organized commonwealth, and in the formation, in 1860, of a Union party, which brought no mean support to the administration at a time when such support meant much to the great sad soul who guided the "Ship of State" through the tempestuous seas of civil war.

In 1864 Judge Williams was elected Senator from Oregon, and, on going to Washington, renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, whom he had met in Chicago in 1847.

Young, keenly alive to the requirements of the hour, in full vigor of early manhood, Senator George H. Williams was well qualified to represent in the nation's senate chamber the growing commonwealth. And he made his presence felt, taking rank as an able debater and a man of force from the first moment that his voice was heard in the halls of Congress. He was at once accorded recognition and given a place upon several important committees. For instance, the committees on finance, on public lands, and on reconstruction, all of them calling for endeavor that taxed human wisdom and intelligence to the utmost. But while taking an active part in the affairs of the nation at large, he never lost sight of Oregon and her needs. The welfare of his own state was never neglected.

If, as I heard a man of profound judgment say not long ago, "a great statesman must possess constructive ability," then Judge Williams may be justly so entitled. His work has been mainly of that nature. He became a member of the senatorial body at a time when national affairs were in a condition that may be described as at once serious and critical. It was a period literally of reconstruction. Firmness, combined with the most delicate tact, was required of

those who had not only the courage to do, but the wisdom to discern what should be done. It was Senator Williams who originated the military construction bill and the Tenure-of-Office act. The former, after long and earnest debate in both houses, and strong opposition from the Democratic Party and the President, passed and became a law. A law to which, with its amendments, may be traced the order that grew out of chaos, and the permanent restoration of the Union to peace and prosperity. The bill to regulate the tenure of office was also passed over the president's veto, and proved the salvation of the Republican party.

In 1871 General Willams was appointed one of the joint high commissioners to frame a treaty for the settlement of the Alabama claims, the Northwest boundary line and other questions in dispute with Great Britain. It was due

to his sagacity and firmness that the disputed territory was saved to this country. General Grant, in December of that same year, gave him the appointment of Attorney-General of the United States. And when, by reason of the death of the illustrious Chase, the place of Chief Justice became vacant, Judge Williams was named as his successor. However, seeing that Congress was reluctant to so honor the far West, and feeling that party loyalty demanded it, the Attorney-General withdrew his name.

To men like Judge Williams, men of ability, of stern integrity—men who never shirk personal responsibility—society at large owes much. To this man, in particular, Oregon owes more than mere words can say. His name has brought her honor among states, and she is proud to claim him whom, it is but justice to designate, as her greatest statesman.

The Legend of the Columbia.

By MARTHA C. HAYWARD.

LONG ago, when earth was young, the area lying between the Cascade Range and the Blue Mountains was covered by a vast inland sea. Often the winds, sweeping down these heights in contrary direction, lashed the waves into furious commotion.

Now, Manitou, ruler of the affairs of Nature, dwelt upon the lofty summit of Mt. Hood. Chancing one day to part the cloudy curtains of his abode, he looked out upon the sea in one of its most terrific aspects. His anger was aroused, and stamping his foot until the mountains trembled, he exclaimed:

"The Great Spirit Manitou is weary of strife and tumult among the elements! This ceaseless beating of the waves! This horrid howling of the winds! Go to, now! I will let loose these seething waters, and they shall become a noble river."

Hastily he descended the mountain. With gigantic force he rent huge rocks asunder, piling them on either side in

frowning cliffs, and beetling crags. He uprooted the towering trees, tossing them aside in an intricate tangle of roots and stumps.

Thus he speedily tore away the mountain barriers. The hitherto imprisoned waves surged forth through the rocky chasm, here in lovely cascades, there in foaming rapids. At last, of the great sea eastward there was left only a gentle stream falling from the bosom of a quiet lake on the slope of the Rocky Mountains in the far north; trailing like a silver ribbon through rocky gorges and narrow defiles, and across the level plains that had arisen from the sea.

Westward from the Cascade Range the great Manitou guided the whirling waters into a channel, growing wider and deeper, until a majestic river, which should one day bear on its swelling tide the ships of a world's commerce and pleasure swept over its sandy bar and was lost in the boundless depth of the Pacific.

Direct Primary Elections.

By E. W. BINGHAM.

UNDER our form of government the electors naturally assort into parties to enforce their opinions by concert of action at the elections. Political parties are a necessity. They are, in fact, the only instrumentalities through which the people can govern. A political party has been defined as an association of electors who agree upon certain lines of policy, and the purpose for which it exists is to impose that policy upon the government by electing its candidates who favor such policy. Men are prone to cling to the political organization which they have once joined. To these natural impulses are added the powerful incentive of the spoils of office—Federal, State, County and City. All the offices are either elective or obtainable by appointment through the influence of those who are elected. The terms are short and the elections frequent. To the victors belong the spoils, is the rule, in spite of civil service reform.

The quality of the administration of public affairs depends upon the character of the office-holders, the manner in which they obtain the offices and their tenure—or the terms upon which they can retain them. Nearly all the offices are filled from among the nominees of the leading political party in the community—such a nomination often being equivalent to an election. Under such circumstances the struggle for the offices is in the party primaries, caucuses, or conventions, rather than at the general election. Hence the method whereby the party nominates its candidates becomes of great importance to the public as well as to the members of the party. Next in importance, after a fair vote and an honest count, comes the method of making the nominations. The party must have some method of making its nominations. If no method is prescribed and regulated by law in the interests of the public, the party managers naturally adopt that method which best serves their own purposes. As they com-

monly want the spoils they arrogate to themselves the right of selecting the candidates. The office holders, having obtained the offices from the "party bosses" by gift, by barter, or purchase outright, come to feel that they are beholden to them and not to the people. And, having parted with a large percentage of the legitimate emoluments of the offices in order to get them, they are stimulated to recoup themselves. The bosses of the party in power come to wield great influence in all departments of the government, and the power they exercise is dangerous because it is irresponsible. It tends toward a government of the party bosses instead of a government of the people. It develops into a perversion of government in the interests of the bosses and the office-holders, at the expense of the people.

In his "American Commonwealth," Mr. Brice says:

"There are three ways by which in self governing countries candidates may be brought before electors:

One is by the candidate's offering himself, appealing to his fellow-citizens on the strength of his personal merits or his family connections, or wealth, or local influence

Another is for a group or junta of men influential in the constituency to put a candidate forward, intriguing secretly for him or openly recommending him to the electors. * * *

The third system is that in which the candidate is chosen neither by himself nor by the self-elected group, but by the people themselves * * *. This plan offers several advantages. It promises to secure a good candidate, because presumably the people will choose a suitable man. It encourages the candidate, by giving him the weight of party support, and therefore tends to induce good men to come forward. It secures the union of the party, because a previous vote has determined that the candidate is the man whom the majority prefer, and the minority are therefore likely, having had their say and been fairly out voted, to fall into line and support him."

Other advantages of this third method suggest themselves. One of the most important is that the office-holders are di-

rectly beholden to the people, and are, therefore, more apt to serve the people well.

Here in Oregon our method of making party nominations is for each party to hold a primary election (1) to select delegates to the several county conventions. The county conventions make the minor county nominations, and then elect from their members delegates to the state and congressional conventions. These make the nominations for the state officers and members of congress.

The present Primary Law was gotten up by the "machine politicians," and is a fair specimen of machine legislation regulating elections. The bosses take care not to legislate themselves out of control. There is a pretense (which deceives no one) that the delegates are chosen by the electors of the party to execute the wishes of their constituents. But in fact the conventions are systematically packed with the henchmen of the bosses.

Often there is a terrific struggle between the bosses of rival factions for control, which sometimes results in fraud and violence. The system necessitates work and management of a peculiar character and breeds a class of professional politicians who make political work of this sort in the management of caucuses, primaries and conventions, the chief business of their lives. They often efface themselves—power concealed excites less envy. It is an error to suppose there is anything new about the system, or in the frauds and tricks that are practiced; they have existed from the beginning. When the conventions are ready for business, the bosses have already laid out the work to be done—there is a "slate," and it is generally nominated. Sometimes the bosses "pander a little to the moral sense of the community," and nominate some good men, but they astutely retain control of the main offices and principal departments of the government, and take care to perpetuate their control of the party machinery. In short, here in Oregon we have an example of fairly good "boss rule" by a dominant party. The large number of intelligent and patriotic citizens exert little or no influence in the administration of public affairs; in fact

none at all, unless they train with some of the bosses, and they soon become disgusted if they do that.

The power of bossism lies in the system of electing delegates and holding conventions to make the nominations for public office. The bosses having control of the party organization so conduct the party primaries as to elect enough of their creatures to give them control of the conventions. If they should happen to lack a few of a majority they buy or make deals, before the convention organizes, to recruit their ranks from among the outside delegates. Some men make a practice of regularly going up themselves as delegates, and of having their friends sent up from places where the bosses are not absolute, in order to be able to make such deals. In this way they sometimes secure some of the offices from the bosses in exchange for their votes upon others.

The objection to the convention-of-delegates system, as a system (aside from the obnoxious practices connected therewith, some of which have been referred to), is, that the individual voters cannot express their opinions in regard to the many different candidates for the various offices for which the nominations are to be made by the convention. It is impossible to select or instruct delegates so they will represent the wishes of the electors, where there are so many offices to be filled. It results that the nominations, when made, are often unsatisfactory to the voters. The people have the power of the electorate, but at present have no means of exercising it effectively in the matter of making nominations. They often have only the privilege of rebuking the party managers by defeating one or another of the machine nominees, and sometimes a whole bunch of them.

The "Oregonian" recently said:

"The present system fails to register the will of the people, whether tickets are nominated at straight party conventions, whether they are the outcome of conferences between different party conventions, or whether they are put out by organizations or cliques of individuals or petition of voters. In none of these ways do the great mass of voters of the various parties have a real voice in determining the persons whose names shall appear upon the

official ballot under party designation. The present system is provocative of bolts, splits and dissatisfaction among the masses of party voters, has a tendency to breed independent candidates, who would not bob up so freely had their claims been first passed upon by direct popular vote."

An ideal primary law is one which will give the adherents of each party an opportunity to select, by their votes, the party nominees for every office, from Constable to United States Senator, including the committeemen for all the necessary party committees and the delegates to the National Convention.

Such legislation is not an easy problem. Party association and methods must be left free in order not to infringe upon that perfect liberty of political action guaranteed to the people by our Constitution. Two primary laws have been held unconstitutional in California—in *Spier vs. Baker*, 120 Cal. 370 (52 Pac. 659), and the recent decision (July 28, 1900), nullifying the Stratton Primary Law. The opinions are suggestive, and a warning against hasty legislation upon the subject. They hold it is unconstitutional legislative interference for the legislature to prescribe the manner of selecting or electing delegates to the party conventions.

After considering the matter it seems to the writer that the proper course is not to restrict party methods, but to leave them as free as heretofore; and to prescribe by law for holding an official direct primary election, at which all electors who choose to participate may by their votes directly nominate party and independent candidates for every office. The nominees of the direct primary election to be designated as such by a prefix to the party names, just as we are accustomed to now designate some "Mitchell Republicans," others "Independent Republicans," etc. Upon the official ballot the nominees would be designated, Convention Republicans, and Direct Primary Republicans, and Direct Primary Democrats, etc. If the bosses insisted upon making the test, it would rest with the electors at the polls to decide which set of nominees should stand as the true party candidates—those nominated by the bosses at their packed conventions

or those nominated by the whole body of the electors at the direct primaries. It would simply be affording a new method, safeguarded by law, for all electors who wished to participate, to put in nomination as their party nominees those men who are the strongest among the electors, for each office, and for all the parties. The bosses might still pack the conventions, and work the caucuses, but they would cease foisting themselves and their creatures upon the party as its candidates against the wishes of the electors. The direct primary, if it would not be perfect, would go a long ways towards developing a genuine government of the people and by the people and for the people. The political manager will always be with us, but a good direct primary law would restrain him from overriding the wishes of the majority of the people. A higher view of the public service, and a livelier and more patriotic interest in political affairs by the people, must be the final remedy. But a good direct primary law would tend to develop such views and stimulate such interest. No law or method can do any more than enable the people to control. The administration will be good or bad according to the policy the people prescribe and the character of the agents elected by the people to execute it. The quality of the government, like water, will not rise higher than its source.

Such a direct primary law should provide that on a certain day—about four weeks prior to the general election—a direct primary election, to nominate candidates for public office, should be held, at which all the electors would be entitled to vote. The registration law should govern the same as at the general election. The official primary ballot should be arranged and printed the same as at present for the general election. The precincts, the arrangement of the polls, the judges and clerks, and other details should be the same as at the general elections. The returns should be canvassed and certified the same as at the general election. The several candidates for the nominations should be brought out by a petition or "nominating paper," signed by not less than 2 per cent. of the

electors residing in the State, county or district in which the candidate is to be voted for, much the same as nominations are now made by individual electors. It would be well to require the 2 per cent. to come from one-half or more of the counties, for a State office, and from one-half or more of the precincts for a county office. The candidates should have such party designations as their nominating papers give them. Republican, democratic or otherwise, but on the official ballot at the general election following these candidates should be distinguished as the Direct Primary Republicans (or other party) nominees. One independent non-partizan or citizens' nominee for each office might be permissible. To illustrate—there might be three men, A, B and C, aspiring for the republican nomination for the office of sheriff of Multnomah County, in which there are about 15,000 electors. Two per cent. would require 300 signatures. If they all secured that many signatures of qualified electors who declared they were of that party, and filed the paper in due season with the County Clerk, their names would all be printed upon the official ballot at the direct primary election, grouped alphabetically, with the party designation of republican following. If D, E and F pursued the same course as democrats, they would likewise be grouped upon the ballot, and so for other aspirants. The primary ballot would appear arranged like this:

FOR SHERIFF VOTE FOR ONE.

A	
B	Republican
C	
D	
E	Democratic
F	
G	Prohibitionist
H	
I	Non-partisan
J	

The one in each group receiving a plurality over his party competitors, would be the nominee of that party, and be so printed upon the official ballot at the general election following, with the words Direct Primary prefixed to his party designation, to distinguish him from the same party's nominee if one

was brought out through the convention system. It is not unreasonable to expect that public sentiment would practically abolish the present system of holding party conventions of delegates after such an official direct primary election system were inaugurated. If the electors generally went to the direct primaries and subsequently voted largely for the direct primary nominees, the convention nominees would have no electorate—no supporters.

In this state it is believed nine-tenths of the electors desire to have our United States Senators chosen by the direct vote of the people. If they are to be so chosen they must be nominated in some way and be presented to the people upon the official ballot to be voted for throughout the State at the general election. If each party's candidate were selected by the electors at the direct primaries (as governor would be nominated, for instance), and these strongest nominees were then matched against each other at the general election, one of them would come out with a majority, or, at all events, with a plurality of the popular vote of the State. Then have the law declare (to be enforced, of course, only through public opinion) as a sort of mandate to the legislature, that it shall elect United States Senator that person who is shown by the result of the general election to be the choice of the people for that office. Fifteen-eightieths of the legislature is always elected at each biennial election, and it would be an easy matter under the circumstances to pledge the candidates—if elected—to so carry out the wishes of their constituents. Public opinion now so controls the Electoral College in the election of President and Vice-President, and all that is needed to control the legislature is the same great power. Direct primary elections would render the thing practicable. Such a course has already been practiced in Georgia, Alabama and Texas in conducting the democratic party primaries.

In speaking of this new departure and its practical operation, the Atlanta Constitution recently said:

"The people, in the exercise of their personal sovereignty, have met at the ballot

box with all of the formalities attending their presence in the statute election, and have indicated those whom they wish to serve them, as well as the policies by which they wish the future to be guided. This departure from the haphazard system, in which chance and finesse played a larger part than the will of the people, amounts to a new era in our politics, and marks a

new interest on the part of the people in the affairs which concern them.

It would be of incalculable benefit to this State if such a change were accomplished without waiting for the constitution of the United States to be amended.



Marsh Memorial Hall.

Pacific University.

THE history of a college is almost always a history of struggle. Sometimes the last chapter records failure—closed doors, but more often, such is the desire for education and the impetus given to educational institutions, the record is one of heroic endeavor and sacrifice crowned with success. Such, if we are to judge a tree by its fruits, a college by the men it has produced and the places that they take in the world, has been the fortunate lot of Pacific University.

The causes that contributed to this result are easy to trace. It is not mere chance that brings success to any man or institution. It is striving along right lines against seemingly overwhelming odds until the result is achieved. The struggles of an institution are the strug-

gles of individual men, and no mention can be made of the history of an educational institution without referring to the men who have made it what it is. In the case of the Pacific University there are three names that stand out in bold relief in the history of the institution: Dr. Geo. H. Atkinson, President S. H. Marsh and Dr. Thos. McClelland. The work that these men have done for the cause of education in Oregon in general, and for Pacific University, in particular, can hardly be overestimated.

It was Dr. Atkinson, who, in 1848, started the movement for a thorough educational institution to be situated in the wilds of the West—a pioneer among pioneers—and it was he who succeeded in obtaining a grant of \$600 for his infant enterprise, and persuading a young Ver-



A Glance Through the College Campus.

monter, Sidney Harper Marsh, to come out to the wild West and give his life for the cause. The prospects before young Marsh were far from encouraging. There was no princely salary to urge him on, as there is nowadays for the Presidents of our large colleges. It was to be a struggle from start to finish, and he recognized it as such. Fortunately he was built of pioneer stuff, and his training and educational instincts were along the right lines. His standards were always high, and he maintained them. From the very beginning, therefore, Pacific University has been recognized as a thorough institution. Make-shifts and superficiality have never been tolerated.

The ideals instituted by President Marsh have been carried out by successive Presidents, of whom there have been

three: John R. Herrick, Jacob F. Ellis and Thos. McClelland, President Marsh having died in 1879, after serving the University as president for twenty-five years.

In 1891 Dr. Thos. McClelland became President, and under his administration the University has taken great strides both from material and educational standpoints. The University has been maintained as a place where an academic training of the highest and most thorough type could be obtained—such, in fact, as is furnished by the best institutions in the East.

Pacific University, in the true sense of the word, is not a University. It has no department of medicine, law, or theology. The training given is purely of an academic nature, and every effort is

made to improve the efficiency of the institution along academic lines. The fact that no effort has been made to establish what could not but prove inferior professional schools, may have much to do with the success of the University. Whatever it has done, has been well done. Its energies are not dissipated, and the University may rightly claim to furnish as thorough a college course leading to the Bachelor's degrees as any institution in the country.

style of architecture, unsurpassed in the State for beauty, completeness and general utility. The old Academy building, erected in 1854, has undergone transformation, and is now a modern structure of the Colonial type. It contains large, well lighted and ventilated study and recitation rooms, furnished with the best modern equipment for the use of Tualatin Academy, the preparatory school of the institution. These improvements are only a beginning of the plans formed for



Academy.

During Dr. McClelland's administration the curriculum has been greatly strengthened, the standard raised, and the corps of instructors increased. The fine campus of thirty acres, which is located in Forest Grove, Oregon, twenty-six miles from Portland, has been beautified by the erection of several fine buildings, chief among which is Marsh Memorial Hall, a stately and commodious structure of brick and stone, of the Tudor

meeting the needs of the growing work of the Pacific University. The old college building, which now contains the chemical and biological laboratories, must soon give place to a science building to cost not less than \$25,000.

Herrick Hall furnishes excellent accommodations as a home for the young women of the school, and it is the purpose to begin the erection of cottages on the campus for the use of young men as



A Room in Herrick Hall.

soon as possible.

The advancement thus indicated does not so much signify the passing of the old order of the institution, as it does the development and fuller realization of the ideals of its far-sighted founders, in accordance with modern thought and demand. The broader outlook of the Uni-

versity now presented strongly impresses the management with the necessity for greatly enlarged facilities, and no effort will be spared to meet the demands of the twentieth century, which are now crowding themselves upon the school.

The situation and immediate surroundings of a college form an important ele-



Herrick Hall.

*Old Bee Tree.*

ment in its success. In these respects Pacific University is exceedingly fortunate. "Nothing," says an Eastern writer, "can surpass the beauty of the situation, with snow-capped Mount Hood calmly looking down upon the valleys and hills and smaller mountains like a sentinel." The town of Forest Grove is noted for its picturesque situation and for the intelligence and high moral tone of its citizens.

The climate is not extreme in summer or winter. It is an ideal spot for a college.

The Academy offers three years' course of preparatory studies, leading up to the work of the different college courses. While it almost necessarily proves true that many students are not able to go farther than the end of this preparatory course, the effort is made to encourage a more extended course, and to discourage the idea that the Academy is in any sense a finishing school. Diplomas of graduation are not given to those completing the Academy course, although one of the important features of the commencement season is the Academy anniversary exercises.

The college offers three courses of study—Classical, Scientific and Literary. The work of the first two years is prescribed, while in the two upper years elective courses are offered, allowing students a wider range in the selection of studies. It is believed that the prescribed studies will furnish the framework of a liberal education, at the same time affording the student such knowledge of his individual tastes and the various departments of study as will guide him in an intelligent choice from the elective courses. It is perhaps a sufficient guarantee of the extent and character of the work to say that students from this institution have been received within the last three years into corresponding classes at Amherst and Williams without examination.

*Science Hall.*

Tuition and other expenses are made as low as possible, so as to bring a thorough education within reach of all. The college tuition per term is \$15.00, and the Academy tuition, \$10.00.

Standing for half a century for the highest type of Christian education, the future of Pacific University is unusually bright. Through the untiring efforts of Dr. McClelland the University has recently received an endowment fund of \$150,000. This sum, together with several other lesser amounts, will place the University upon a firm, if not a broad, basis, and will insure a steady and healthy financial growth. One loss that the University has to sustain is the departure of Dr. McClelland for a larger field of use-

fulness in the East. The principles that he has instilled, however, will go steadily on, and the high standard that he has so successfully maintained will still characterize the institution through its large and efficient corps of professors and instructors. The attendance of the University, one of the sure criterions of its usefulness, was the largest last year of any purely educational institution in Oregon and promises to be much larger this year. Pacific University is just entering upon a period of marked growth along all lines that pertain to the institution's welfare, and its alumni, of whom there are many its success educationally and financially with pride and gratification.

Oregon History and The Oregon Spirit.

By F. G. YOUNG, of the University of Oregon.

THERE is a rising tide of the civic spirit in Oregon. A conscious yearning pervades the state for a conception that is concrete, and, at the same time symbolical of all that is deeply and distinctively Oregonian. The history of Oregon is being diligently searched and zealously interpreted that its significance may be found and used as the divine portent for the commonwealth's mission for all the future. The spirit of the times is being analyzed for the elements to which Oregon is peculiarly responsive, and which may foster, and develop as her contribution to the civilization of the world.

This spiritual hunger on the part of the leaders and masses is auspicious. It means opportunity. It makes the "psychological moment" for the creation of an epoch.

Only now and then at long intervals, can we hope for such a strong assertion of themselves by the spiritual forces of the community. Only from the propitious culmination into noteworthy achievement of such epochal periods does it become possible for Oregon to realize her largest destiny. Disclosures

of tendencies, purposes and ends at such times call into fuller and higher use all supporting material and mental resources. These last, however, are not in the focus of Oregon's present intent. They do not constitute the chord of sympathy from which wells this new spirit. There is a profounded concern.

With the community thus on the civic *qui vive*, a message of truth brought out of past achievement on present world relationship would be for Oregon the opening of a door ushering her into larger life and activity.

Oregon has a goodly heritage from which to draw the means of satisfaction of physical and temporal needs. She feels confident that these material resources will suffice for the basis and substructure of the most complex and highly developed civilization. She has not as yet done anything marvelous with these means, but they are hers and she is progressing fairly well in the utilization of them. She is more concerned just now, at least the more thoughtful Oregonians in their best moments are more concerned, about a crowning purpose for these means—a higher good to

which these goods shall be devoted—a good which makes the goods of the field, the mine, the river and the factory really beneficent.

Many things in the history and world relations of Oregon tend to inspire the present generation of Oregonians with the feeling that they should aspire. Queries like these naturally suggest themselves: Why was this Oregon country flowing with things as good as milk and honey reserved just like a "promised land" for the people most resolutely seeking better things? It is significant too, that the difficulties and dangers involved in getting here should have constituted a process of selection, making the pioneer Oregonians a peculiar people. Civil and religious liberty and democracy, pure and complete, having been won, to what higher and more heroic work could any people have lent themselves, unwittingly though it was, than that of making their nation four square to the world for her future mission of leadership in international and world affairs? That the average early pioneer came primitively for a farm for himself rather than to help win an empire for the highest principles of polity, detracts but little from his achievement when we have regard how the great destinies have been shaped: The average patriot of the Revolution, until after '76, was fighting against a tax, and not for Independence. The Republican party was formed to restrict slavery, but was instrumental in bringing about emancipation, and is given credit therefore, so the early Oregon pioneer acted a truly heroic role. The achievement of the early Oregon community was unique, not only in making a settlement that ensured this nation's most vital expansion, but also in its self-reliant and effective defense of itself, widely isolated from the civilized world.

The supreme achievement of the community spirit of early Oregon was the formation and maintenance of the Provisional Government, through which the people were for six years virtually one of the nations of the earth, always, however with perfect poise mindful of her destiny as one of the commonwealths

in a greater whole. In this epoch of Oregon's past the newly conscious Oregon has her best earnest and inspiration of the Oregon yet to be.

Supposing that the spirit of the fathers and mothers of Oregon has descended upon her sons and daughters, let us note the depth of significance the epoch of the Provisional Government may have for Oregon's future: In the act of organizing themselves as a national state and successfully promoting their higher interests, a people show themselves competent to be used as the direct instrument of the power that shapes the destinies of the world. A national state, a status practically maintained by the Oregon people, is the clearest manifestation of the mind and power that has us in its keeping. In this political organization we have "the appearance of God in concrete form, the actualization of the spirit. "The state," says Miss Thompson, in the *Educational Review*, "is the objective manifestation of that inner law which relates all individuals as organic members of one absolute spirit. * * * The history of the state is the course of God in the world; its epochs are the outer expression of the inner labor of the world-spirit; its historic mission is the utterance of the voice of this world-spirit in its universal proclamation of truth; its citizens are its members, of whom the aim and purpose is to live in organic communion with one another, and to find fullness of developed being in the state."

The present rise of the civic spirit in Oregon is but an intimation from her glorious past, and rightly conserved and consecrated, augurs glorious things for the future.

In the light of Oregon's history it hardly seems a fortuitous circumstance that the name "Oregon," should have eclipsed all others on sea and land as the nation swung into a new orbit in the world system. An omen, it was, of things to come as the products of the new Oregon spirit wrought in highest mood in field, mine, factory, counting-house, halls of learning and council chamber.

The "Speerit of Henery."

By ADONEN.

THERE was nothin' ever upset Smithville, as that speerit-fetchin' woman did. We'd had a Woman's Righter, in short hair and Knickerbockers, who'd tried to make our wimin folks bleeve us men had done sumthin' underhand, in bein' born of the male persuasion.

Then come that Workman's Awakener, wearin' a pityin' expresison, boiled shirt, and overhauls, with a thin beard like the hair on a calf's chin. The beard was on the man, not the overhauls, of course. Well, he hollered himself hoarse about the "Nero-like capitalists" and treaded under workmen. We all joined a society for the extermination of the "Fiends of the Money Trusts," and the Awakener sold us as much as five dollars worth of corn salve. Then he left, an' the society went, too, owin' to the fact that not one of us had ever seen a "Money Trust Fiend," an' we didn't know how to hunt 'em. Also the corn salve skinned every place it was put on—so we staid at home in soft rags an' ole socks, wishin' the Awakener would come to Smithville only once more. But as I said before, all this was as a pin-feather to a peacock's tail, compared with the stirrin' up that spiritualist give us. I remember sittin' in the school house, that first night, waitin' for her to begin, and lookin' round and thinkin' what a comfortable neighborhood we was. There was Deason Styles an' his fat, good-natured wife. She was tryin' to make him notice someone's bonnet, and he a smilin' and pinchin' her by turns. Then there was Harriet Buffer, with her sweet, prim, old-maid face framed by her black hood; an' Nod Burdick was worshipin' her in silence, as he had for upward of twenty year. First he didn't speak because her bed-rid old aunt wouldn't have a man inside the door, and there was no one but Harriet to take care of her. Next his sister died and left her little orphan girls for him to bring up; but now

the old aunt is burried, the nieces grown up and married, and everyone in Smithville knows Nod is about ready to say it. Right on the front bench sat old Henery Twigit, wearin' a plaid shawl round his long, thin neck, an' a twistin' both, tryin' to look at Harriet. He'd lost two wives, and was wantin' her for a third mighty bad; but she'd never had any beau but Nod in all her life.

Well, the Egyptian Seeress, as she called herself, come out on the platform; she was a pretty, plump little creeter, an' didn't look as if she had much to do with ghosts.

But you can't tell by appearance; she went to tellin' us what speerits wanted to speak to us, in a way that was amazin'. She told me my son who had "passed over violently long ago," had a message for me. I said I never had no son; an' wife she nudged me to keep still for fear I'd hurt the young woman's feelin's. But, bless you, she never laid a hair. She jest looked me fixedly in the eye, an' ses she, "This is the son you ought to have had. He ses 'There is a man tried to do you a great injury, but his power is broke.'"

I pushed the toe of one shoe 'gainst the heel of the other, to ease my corn, an' thought of the Awakener; an' bet he'd get somethin' besides his power broke, if he didn't even "pass over violently," if I could only lay hands on him. Then she said an' old man who'd been very fond of sour crout, while in the flesh, was standin' right over Gretchen Blumerfeldt.

Gretchen she yelled "Granfadder." There was a perfume of Limberger cheese, an' the meetin' broke up in confusion, everybody sayin' Old Hans was there sure.

We talked it over mongst ourselves next day. Deacon Styles said raisin' speerits was scriptooral. Harriet Buffer said, "There's more goin' on in heaven and earth than you thought of, Horatio."

Which she said was quoted from Mark Twain's poetry. But Old Henery Twigit capped the climax when he told us that while the Seeress was talkin' he had felt somethin' ticklin' his spinal veterenary, an' it felt like a dewberry bush. Then a voice spoke to him three times. The first time it said "Hair—", the next time it repeated "Hair—", but the third time it plainly said, "Harriet!" which he bleeved had meanins. So the next night every man, woman, child and dog in Smithville was at the school house.

The men and wimen settin' close, to make room; the boys goin' behind the school house and puttin' rails up under the windows, a hitchin up 'em to peek in, an' a slidin' down 'em to snicker. The dogs a dewin as dogs have for all time; first a bristlin' up and growlin' at bigger dogs, an' then a wigglin' their tail, pretendin' they didn't mean nothin'.

Well, when the Egyptian Seeress come, she told us the speerits was out in dretful force—a fairly crowdin' over each other to git a chance to speak. She give us some of their ghostly habits, an' then called out that there was a ravishingly beautiful young woman wantin' to see Deacon Styles. But the Deacon said he never knowed her. The Medium she 'peared to be smilin' an' talkin' to some one we couldn't see, an' ses she, "Deacon, she says she knows you, an' she is ravishingly beautiful." Then the Deacon he hollered out, "By Jeminy Spruce, I never see a beautiful female." We men laughed, but the wimin didn't. An' the upshot was that the Egyptian told the Deacon how the ravishin' female was his speerit mate; the only real wife he'd ever had; how she was always near him, a lovin' him, an' that her name was Angeline.

Would you bleeve it, that old simpleton of a Deacon began twitchin' his collar, and smirkin' over his shoullder, where he sposed Angeline stood. Miss Styles looked fairly dizzy.

There was lots of messages from the speerit world; and whatever other benefits people git from dyin', it don't give them a rap more sense than they had here. Some of them didn't have anything more important to say, than "Is this cold nuff for you?" But what took

our breath, was when Harriet Buffer's old aunt told her own and Harriet's name, described how an' when she passed over, an' wound up by tellin' Harriet if she married any one but Henry Twigit, she'd be a widow in less'n hour. She told her to marry Henery right off, an' avert sufferins. You better beleave there was a time then! Some said if they was Harriet they wouldn't obey, an' some said they would; Harriet, she cried, an' Nod Burdick cussed as though he'd never seen the inside of a meetin' house; an' Old Twigit stood up an' sung "Coronation" clear through, to the tune of "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home."

Harriet refused to see Nod, after that night, an' was married to Old Henery, three days after the Seeress left. The day Harriet was married, Nod Burdick come over to the back corn patch, where I was at work, an' talked. He'd never been any hand at talkin', but that weddin' seemed to work on him like a Pentecost; so if he didn't egzactly speak with tongues, he made the one he had, go lively. Sez he, "Sposin' its all trew, about them speerits, ain't it a shame? Here's a lot of widders, old maids an' girls comin' tew that, an' men scarce nuff any heow; an' as if they had'nt it hard nuff, fightin' 'mong themselves, long comes a lot o' ready-made "Speerit Mates" not bein' tew a cent's expense for calico or ribbin'; an' every man can own one, 'thout furnishin' 'em as much as a griddle cake."

But Nod, ses I, the wimin can have "Speerit mates" too.

"They won't," ses he. "They know tew much; a woman ud ruther have a live boot-black, than a speerit prince. I hate that little Seeress," he went on; "so does Miss Styles; she ses the deacon is tew upish fur any thing, sense he come tew bleeve in speerits. That little ghost gossippin' hussy was a scandal tew," ses he, a workin' himself up; "I went tew see her, an' ask her tew take back what she'd sed tew Harriet; an' she sed it took money tew make speerits give commands, an' asked if I had as much of the needful as Old Twigit? I wasn't goin' tew put Harriet up at auction, an' so I sed; but I told that young

womern she was a reglar Sapphira.

"Why don't you take some other girl, Nod?" ses I. "There's plenty of 'em."

"Why don't yew chew gum when yew want a chaw of tobacker so bad the corner of yewer eye draws up?" ses he bitterly, a walkin' back to his lonely house.

But Henery Twigit was old; an' after marryin' his third, he wore himself out a tendin' to speeritdoin's an' rappins night an' day. Miss Styles sed she was there one evenin' an' there come an' awful rappin' an' scratchin', soundin' right close to 'em. Old Henery talked with all his and Harriet's dead relations, an' as the speerits still kep up the racket, he was goin' on through his departed wives' relation's; when Harriet went down cellar an' found the kitten with its head fast in a salmon can.

As I said, all this was wearin' on a squeaky-voiced old man like Henery; so in less than a year after his last weddin' he was reduced to the rappin' business himself.

The day after Old Twigit's funeral, Nod Burdick had his hair cut an' got a new suit of clothes. But he might have saved his money an' shears; for old Henery had made Harriet promise she would'nt marry without his speerit give consent. Furthermore, he sed, he'd be in the house with her, speeritly, all the time. Harriet didn't seem real pleased with this arrangement, but she was faithful, an' in time she got so used to the idea of havin' Henery's speerit round, that she'd ask him where the shovel was, an' tell him to shut the door; an' once, when a cow jumped sudden, an' kicked the milk on her clean dress, she said, "Henery, do let the cow alone, you never did know enough to come in a corral."

Nod went up one night and tried to talk old times over with her; but he sed she squealed out "M-m-m. Henerey's

pinchin' me!" Though he didn't s'pose 'twas anything but a flea bitin' sharp as they will when they be hungry.

That's the way things stood when my old woman, Nod and I made up our minds to take a trip to a big town; an' finally the Widder Twigit made up her mind Henery wouldn't care if she went too. I tell you, we had a great time, Only Miss Twigit was the all the time wantin' to go and hear some great medium. At last Nod found one who could bring up spirits and bodies both, if it was dark enough; as folks could see their passover friends, an' feel em to.

We all went, an' 'twas astonishin. There was speerits sliding round in every direction like sage rats in high water. All at once out stepped Old Henery, his plaid shawl round his neck as life, except that his squeaky old voice was'nt squeaky at all.

"Why, Henery," ses Harriet, "What makes you so hoarse?" He told her he'd come from a very hot climate, an' took cold a-comin'. Then he sed he couldn't be with her any more, as he was goin' into the brimstone bizness; an' would she do him the favor of marryin' Nod Burdick, as he didn't want her to stay alone.

"I will," ses she firmly. Harriet was faithful. Old Henery wanted her to come an' kiss him good-bye; an' he kissed her most affecti'nate; but Nod Burdick squirmed in his seat, an' sed "Well damn his impudence!" loud nuff for me to hear. But he never mentioned that speerit kiss after him an' Harriet was married.

Sometimes I've thought he knew more about the speerit of Henery than he ever told; for that fall when I asked him why he didn't buy the spotted oxen he'd been talkin' of buyin', he sed he'd used up considerable money on that trip to the city; but he'd ruther have what he got for it, than a carload of oxen.

To Helen Hunt.

After a happy pilgrimage to the region of the old Mission, San Buena Ventura and Camulos, the residence of the Del Valles—a typical Spanish-California home, whose beautiful scenes are so realistically reproduced in *Ramona*—"The American Story," this little tribute is offered in grateful memory of the illustrious "H. H."—H. E. B.

"The birds must know. Who wisely sings,
Will sing as they."

She must have known. On angel wings,
She sings as they.
Her sweet, sad voice still fondly rings
In memory.
To California's shores she came,
Kindness at heart.
From monied rank, or common fame,
She stood apart.
Where quaint Ventura's lonely strand
Resists the foam,
She pauses, christens the fair land—
Ramona's home.

She wisely sang. Her song is good.
Sweet symphonies
Resound amidst Camulos' wood;
The fragrant breeze
Wafts incense from the orange groves;
The mock-bird's lay,
And low refrain of plaintive doves
Fills all the day.
In Summer evening's afterglow,
I lingered long
Where Santa Clara's rhythmic flow
Blends with her song.

Camulos fair! thy beauteous scene
My heart delays;
The white adobe 'midst the green;
The old-time ways.
The mystery of thy charms to learn,
Joyous I wept:
The low veranda, where the stern
Senora slept,
Whilst sympathy o'er Felipe
Like tempest swept;
As through the yellow Jasmine tree
The sunlight crept.

I hear the loving pair of yore,
Plighting their troth;
And see Ramona bending o'er
The alter-cloth.
There in his calm siesta sits
The good Jaun Can;
Athwart the garden brightly flits
Wee "Capitan."
A meteor leaving its high place,
Came streaming down;
A tear-drop from her heavenly face!
Gem from her crown!

Alone, beneath the pitying stars
A dark form creeps.
Gods! Over yonder corral bars,
See Baba leaps!
Brave Allessandro with his own,
"Majella" keeps.
His trust. Triumphant they have flown!
Whilst the world sleeps.
Their world, strange world! new life, sad
life!
To trouble born.
The sweet girl, now an Indian's wife,
Despised, forlorn.

The Sainted Singer felt their wrong,
Ramona's face
She saw, beatified. Her song
Uplifts a race.
Still on the shadowy mountain's side
White crosses keep
Their vigils. Still, at eventide,
The gentle sheep
The silver-voiced muchachos' song
May hear, and still
The faithful Padre plods along
O'er dale and hill.
White-crowned, serene, reaching toward
INFINITY,
Old San Jacinto stands, to guard
The great Mild sea.

By San Diego's hills caressed,—
Climate that beguiles
The gold-red Sun to peaceful rest
By Mexic isles.
My Mountain! kissed by dews of morn;
O'er land and wave
Most honored since thou dost adorn
Her hero's grave.

O tell me, pray, ye birds that know!
Whither hath flown
Your blithest Comrades here below?
Our loved! Our own!
Oh, while the Rose of Castile breathes
Its offering,
Wrapt in her minstrelsy's bright wreaths,
We, too, may sing!
eBeyond Life's cares we, too, shall soar!
Blest harmonies
Break on the Everlasting Shore.
No Beauty dies!

Sweet Helen Hunt! In myriad bowers
Birds sing for thee.
And, wand'ring 'mongst the sweet wild
flowers,
Thy face we see.
Her Colorado's mountain crests
Rev'rent we view.
Upon the splendid couch she rests
Nearer Heaven's blue.
Hark! the joyous anthems ringing
All through the skies;
Evermore her pure voice singing
God's melodies.

Harry E. Burgess.

Reminiscences of "Ramona" and Its Author.

By HARRY E. BURGESS.

SHE came to California. She saw "where sets the sun, a virgin world—a mighty youthfulness that throned the horizon." With kaleidoscopic eye she viewed the golden, seagirt land in its most gorgeous and potent perspective. With passionate fondness she gathered in our landscapes as a child plucks flowers; caressed and analyzed the precious stores and sealed them up in books; and their magic impress is left upon the printed pages.

We see the awful mountains rising in their majestic grandeur; we hear the incessant rumbling of the waves upon the shore; we go tripping through the mustard fields led by Ramona's laugh, and the dazzling sea of golden bloom engulfs our senses. With words she paints the wondrous canyon's charms, and lo! the shade of alders is upon us or the sunlight filtering through branches of giant sycamores, making its beautiful mosaic of light and shade upon the rocks and earth. In uncontrollable sympathy with her mystic art, we live the story over; the soft green ferns entwine themselves about our hands; the limpid stream woe us to sip of its elixir; Iris and Columbine peep from their leafy abattis of spicy shrubs; soft creeping things start at us, look amazed and hie in haste to their fortresses in hole or crevice; the precious scent of Azaleas is in the air; and from his tower of Fir or Redwood, the sentinel Grosbeak pours out his lonely heart in plaintive song.

Inimitable "H. H.!" Enchantress of the mountain habitude! We may comprehend her art, no more than we may catch the rays of shining Pleades, or set to notes and clefs the wavelets' rythm, or the sweet andante of the wild-wood breeze. We listen whilst we trace the worded skein; the day-dream is upon us; the real becomes the ideal. Hush! Is it the downy cloud brushing the purple mountain top, or yet the moaning cataract, or wing of migrant

bird? Though under Fancy's spell, we realize; we breathe the enchanted air. The printed page is animate. We bound! We soar! The book becomes a wand with which the inspired author sways us—the open-sesame to Nature's labyrinth of wonders. Where our priestess leads we follow, for the way is illumined, and we are lost to fear. God's handiwork unfolds to us in transcendent beauty and serenity. Artist and art are one. Nature is personified. Truth's white light is upon us.

In "Bits of Travel" and "Verses," so realistically, so beautifully, with such fidelity, such irresistible force and fascination does she make her art the counterpart of Nature that we are most happily beguiled. A voice of sweetness seems calling back our childhood—when green fields were a joy, and woods were a delight; when bright skies lured us from our tasks and the cadences of hidden brooks were music to our ears; aye, all is youthfulness and joy. Intermingling strophies of softest sadness may occur, but our rejuvenated souls rejoice throughout, under the predominating force of gladness. Freed from the burden of our blinding egoism, responsive to the blissful sorcery of our trusted guide, we are buoyed upon the occult atmosphere; we breathe the blest contagion of her optimistic art.

Incomparable "H. H.!" With thee we feel a comradeship equal to adoration. Truly thou art with us ever. We view thy mountain couch of final rest and wonder at the God-like inspiration that directed the choice of tomb so magnificent, so worthy. The clover blossoms, pure and white, but symbolize thy immortal purity!

Amid the scenes of her beloved Colorado mountains, she rests in the Everlasting Peace. "The birds must know," she sings; and since the Grecians sang their gods, or since the first sacred psalms, has mortal ever sung

the human soul, or the Nature that is about us and of us with such pathos, such faultless beauty, such purity of purpose, such courage, such spontaneity and comprehensiveness, such genius for joy, such vanquishment of death, withal, such sublimity? Her versatility is unbounded. In "The Way to Sing," and "Spinning," we hear the softest, sweetest, tenderest tones. In "Resurgam," and the "Funeral March," we see the great heroic soul approaching its divinity. In "Habeas Corpus" she questions Death, and exultingly defies the Dread Messenger; and in the "Christmas Symphony" we perceive the halo of highest, purest art—a triumph and transfiguration!

"O Christmas stars! Your pregnant silent-
ness,

Mute-syllabled in rhythmic light, lead on
Tonight * * * * *

* * * * *
O, not alone because his name is Christ;
O, not alone because Judea waits,
The man-child for her king, the star stands
still."

In the writer's humble opinion, there is nothing in the whole range of literature surpassing this "Symphony" by "H. H."—her eulogium of life's highest ideal.

Colorado was her adopted home. She chose the beautiful Cheyenne Canyon as her happy resort in life; the mountain of the same name as her resting place in death. She seemed to seek the altitudes of earth with the noble instinct of the eagle that soars the heights ethereal. With the same unerring vision of the majestic bird, she scanned the horizon of humanity; her sympathies embraced the entire range that her wonderful vision covered. From her exalted view-point, she beheld the native North American race, suffering, down-trodden and despised. Swift and dreadful as the eagle's downward plunge toward its prey, she hurled her anathema of Godly wrath at the bulwark of our tyranny and injustice. From her lofty tower of truth and facts, she unfurled to the winds, that the nations of the earth might read, a banner with the inscription: "A Century of Dishonor!" As God's forces cause the earth to quiver, so the nation (the thinking portion) felt the tremor caused by this pure-souled woman's pen. In her

reasoning the great wrong must be righted; she alone would do it, or, God helping her, make the attempt. What author since Mrs. Stowe has dared the hundredth part of the task? What should be the Archimedeian lever? Her art! Omnipotent thought! She summons the muses! Realizing the futility of force and aggression, she seeks seclusion in the balmy vales and orange groves of Southern California. Here the happy magic of her personality finds vent. In mansion, cottage or rude adobe, wheresoever she tarries for a day, or even an hour, to rest a bit and beseech a cooling drink, she becomes friends-for-life; and a halo of sanctity seems ever hovering about her. She stopped two hours at Camulos (the scene of Ramona's home life) and, wonder of wonders! every detail of that typical Southern-California Spanish home is pictured in the book, with the perfection of one who might have lived there for years.

The writer found the same occupants there as when "H. H." was their happy guest—years before. Did they remember her? "O, yes, yes," she was beautiful, noble, delightful, and they spoke of her with voices trembling with emotion, of joy, and sadness for her departure.

Here, amid the perennial bloom and sunshine, where the tempered breezes off the blue ocean waft the snowy pampa's plumes and stir the giant palms of a century's growth, where the old missions suggest the feudal age, and all invites to harmony and rest; busy as the bees that usurp the rose bowers and Jasmine trees, our literary Jean D'Arc weaves her fabric of Indian life and love, of joy and tragedy—a tale so fascinating so true to facts and life, so unique and picturesque, at once so beautiful and joyous and yet so bitterly heartrending and black with cruelty, that the reading world read and was entranced, read on and wept for shame at Ramona's tortures. A great sympathy was aroused for the Indian. At any rate, it was proven that he was a success as a subject for art. Pilgrimages were made to Ramona's home. Camulos became a Mecca for tourists. No literary aim, since the great Slavery-Days work, ever went sur-

er to its mark. No author since George Eliot has wielded such power of sympathy and fascination. She saw purpose in life. She lived to see the seeds she had tossed upon the tropic winds, sown broadcast and blooming from San Diegan to Nova Scotian shores. She dared become unpopular.

In her last letters to a friend, "H. H." wrote, "I understand that 'Ramona' is arousing considerable indignation in Southern California. It is well. I am glad of it." True-hearted, noble-minded, she stood by her guns till her life-ship sank. Her triumph won; she was done with worldly strife.

As she entered her apartments at San Francisco she was heard to remark, "What a beautiful place to die." She spoke prophetically. Her friends were pained to see her seeming to welcome death as a peaceful messenger. As one dear friend took leave of her one even-

ing, saying, "I will come in the morning," "H. H." smiled and said, "You may come, dear, but I will not be here." It was then and there, answering the heavenly summons, that her brave, sad-and-joyous spirit took its flight, to mountains of eternal beauty, where flowers bloom, where joy is free and blessed harmonies resound.

"On my well-loved Cheyenne mountain,"
Such was her last request—
In a God-made mausoleum—
"There, simply, let me rest."

There may the Indian wander;
The wild-bird build its nest;
The least of God's Creation—
A welcome mourning-guest.

No costly stone above her,
White blossoms on her breast;
But she "well not be there, dear,"
She soars the regions blest!
"Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest."

A Greeley Story.

One winter night two thinly and poorly clad women entered the room of the managing editor, an asked to see Mr. Greeley. Mr. Gilmore, who was reading proof-sheets, answered that Mr. Greeley was very busy.

They were willing to wait.

Curious to see what kind of a reception he would give the women, Mr. Gilmore lingered near the doorway. As soon as Mr. Greeley had finished his editorial, he turned around and glanced at his visitors. The gentlemen were well known to him, for each man was a prominent politician; but, giving them scarcely any attention, he rose and said courteously to the women:

"Ladies, what can I do for you?"

The younger of the two stepped timidly forward and explained their errand. They were employes in a hoop-skirt factory, where the workmen had the day before suspended work and demanded an increase of wages.

"What pay do you get?" asked Mr. Greeley.

"Three dollars and a half a week," was the timid answer.

"And how much of that goes for board?"

"Three dollars."

"Do you mean to say that you have only fifty cents a week for clothes and other necessities?"

"That is all."

"It's a shame—a burning shame!" said Mr. Greeley quickly. You wish me to expose

these men. I will do it.. They shall have a column in tomorrow's Tribune."

Then, seeing Mr. Gilmore standing in the doorway, he said: "Be kind enough to show these ladies to the stairway, and" (drawing his ear down to him and speaking in a lower tone) "look at their clothes! Give them ten or twenty dollars; I'll pay it."

"Did you hear what Mr. Greeley said to me?" asked Mr. Gilmore of the younger woman, as they reached the door of the outer editorial room.

"Yes, sir; but we don't want alms—we ask for justice, not charity," she answered.

"He does not consider it a charity. He thinks it a duty to divide his large earnings with those who are underpaid. He will be offended if you refuse the money," answered Mr. Gilmore.

"We wouldn't offend him for the world," said the woman reluctantly taking the offered bank note. "I shall pray God to bless him."

"Did those women take the money?" asked Mr. Greeley after his visitors had left.

"Yes; a twenty-dollar bill—I had nothing smaller. But I'll compromise with you for ten," answered Mr. Gilmore.

"No you won't" said Mr. Greeley, fumbling in his pockets for the money. "But I haven't a dollar. You'll have to get it of Sinclair (the cashier); and mind, if you don't collect the whole, we'll have a row."

Our Point of View

The Alaska Boundary—

It is to be regretted that the United States could not find some way out of the Alaska Boundary dispute other than the relinquishment of valuable territory pending a final settlement of the matter. The concession of the strip of land to England is a virtual acknowledgment that we are wrong in our contentions, and it will be next to impossible to ever regain the territory turned over to the English flag. England's attitude in this matter, as in all other where land is under dispute, reminds one of the farmer who was so grasping that his neighbor once asked him if he did not want to own the whole world. "Not exactly that," he replied, "but I would like to have what j'ins me." England's claim, in this instance, is based upon anything but a common sense interpretation of the treaty whereby Alaska and the disputed territory were ceded to America. Ten leagues from the Coast line means ten leagues from the Coast line, and the attempt of England to prove that it means ten leagues from the coast of the islands is the sheerest buncombe. The long and short of the whole matter is that England wants a harbor—an outlet for the Klondike gold fields.

* * *

Platform English—

A new and studied variety of English came into existence with the Republican and Democratic conventions. Its chief characteristics are obtuseness, verbosity and indirection. Doubtless these undesirable traits can be found in many official documents and studied addresses, but it is believed no prepared speeches are so fearfully and wonderfully made as these two platforms. The Republican platform probably surpasses the Democratic in its exhibition of the characteristics above mentioned. It starts out with a sentence that almost any school boy could remodel with good results, but the Democratic platform contains one sentence that eclipses all

other efforts at obtuseness, and dumbfounds one with admiration. The two great parties will do a lasting favor to a suffering public if they will speedily have these platform copyrighted, and then refuse all clamors for their production.

"The Gods Aboriginal"—

"The Gods Aboriginal," written by Harry E. Burgess, at the earnest request of the editor of the Anglo-American Magazine, and published in the June number of that periodical, is the most clear, comprehensive and unprejudiced statement of the Indian's case that has ever been made. Mr. Burgess draws his conclusions from an intimate acquaintance with the people of whom he writes. He knows the Indian as it has been given few white men to know and understand him. In his early youth he lived among the red men of the plains and speaks their language as fluently as he speaks his own. The Indian, according to this eloquent advocate, "needs no printed page to show him Deity. To the warrior in his native state all is sacred, all is God."

* * *

The Names of Our Battleships—

The wisdom of the plan in naming our battleships and cruisers after the states and cities of the Union, has been amply demonstrated since the war with Spain. There was quite an outcry when this plan was first adopted from those who believed in perpetuating the names of our great admirals by naming the war ships after them, but time has proven the wisdom of the present plan. We in Oregon are proud of the achievements of our noble battleship. We feel an ownership, an interest in her that otherwise would be impossible. So it is with the ships that have been named after other states. In this respect we have a great advantage over other nations. The "Terrible," one of England's great battleships, is not a name to call forth patriotism or loyalty.

Questions of the Day

THE KLONDIKE OUTLOOK.

It cannot but be apparent to one familiar with present conditions on the Klondike that a crisis has been reached in its history as a mining camp. Although the out-put of gold for the present year is likely to closely approximate that of 1899, it seems probable that next year's will fall off at least fifty per cent.

During the past winter about five hundred and sixty claims were operated throughout the entire district, but when the clean-up was ended the balance was found to be on the wrong side for a considerable majority of those claims, whether operated directly by owners or under the lay system. It was believed that thawing by steam would so materially reduce the cost of mining that less productive gravel could be handled at a profit, but results proved that sufficient allowance had not been made for the cost of sluicing in the Spring, and this miscalculation led to many of the losses suffered by both owners and laymen. Results to laymen were so disastrous that but a very small minority realized profits on their season's work and while individual laymen suffered so severely that many were left bankrupt and heavily in debt, the disaster extended also to the majority of the laborers in their employ, many of whom received absolutely nothing for many months of arduous labor, while others were paid a small percentage of what they had actually earned. It is now evident that the system must be so modified as to compel owners to assume a much larger degree of responsibility than heretofore for the obligations of those who actually work the claims. Neither the merchant, the freighter, nor the laborer can afford to take such chances on leased properties as hitherto. A large proportion of those claims which have been recognized as the very rich claims of the district have been nearly, and some of them quite, worked out.

The laws and mining regulations of the district and their administration by the officials have all conduced to expel the prospector, with results so fatal to the growth and development of any mining camp, that there is now no prospecting being done, and therefore no growth in the district. To these adverse influences must be added the burdensome ten per cent. royalty, the excessive fees demanded from mine operators, the fact that the grants to mining properties are only annual, no owner being able to obtain title to the property which he operates, and the favoritism of the Dominion Government which has granted large tracts of land for so-called hydraulic concessions. The concessions which are with drawn from prospectors include large areas of land in which doubtless there are valuable deposits of the precious metal, and under the present restrictive policy some of the creeks with their entire water-sheds are also withdrawn for some unknown purpose from the public. Up to the present time, however, no possible advantage to the district has resulted from these concessions and reservations, for no hydraulic work has been done, and it is extremely doubtful whether any system of hydraulicking can be devised which shall successfully handle the frozen masses of muck and gravel overlying the gold-bearing strata. Residents of the district who do not find their own interests in the preservation of the present system are fully awake to the necessity of radical changes in the laws and their administration.

It does not seem unreasonable to believe that the district would at present contain a population of forty to fifty thousand people (instead of a dwindling number estimated at twelve to fifteen thousand), had a broad policy been early adopted instead of that now in vogue. Were not our English cousins too conservative to be able to learn from the ex-

perience of others, they would have realized from the start that no mining camp can thrive unless the greatest encouragement is given in every way to the prospector. The history of gold mining in Australia should have been sufficient, but they do not seem to be familiar therewith. When gold was first discovered in that colony restrictions of every kind were placed upon the miner, who soon found that he and his fellows were sufficiently powerful to compel desired changes. These were rapidly made, until even after the lapse of half a century the government still encourages the prospector in every possible way (even to furnishing him with a grub stake), and with results most satisfactory to the development of the mineral resources of the colony.

Since the necessity for change is generally recognized by residents of the Klondike it is likely to come in the not distant future (though probably without immoderate haste), and with the sure result that under a more liberal and enlightened policy the annual product will later return to high figures from the low estimates for the coming year. Although the camp at present is decadent, it is far from moribund, since vast quantities of gold are still locked up within its frozen confines. Meantime, the most energetic, resourceful and successful prospectors known to history, the Americans, have been expelled, having gone to the American side or returned to their former homes. Naturally this does not apply to owners of valuable properties, for they are still holding on and a few reaping rich returns.

The observer is much impressed with the change which has taken place along commercial lines in the district within the past two years. In 1898 nearly all the provisions, clothing, tools, machinery and supplies of all kinds were imported from the United States, whereas now nearly all come from Canadian ports, ninety-five per cent. of the freight passing through Skagway for the Klondike reaching that port in English bottoms and passing through in bond to Dawson. The percentage reaching Dawson via St. Michaels is, however, much more in favor

of the United States.

The emigration from the Klondike to Nome, the Koyukuk and the Tanana, while less than had been anticipated at the opening of Navigation, materially increased after the spring clean-up was ended and men realized how unsatisfactory had been the returns. At Dawson it is fondly hoped that many of these men will return dissatisfied from the American side to winter at Dawson, to swell the revenues of her merchants and gambling houses, and to work her mines, but as most of them will return penniless, and since the demand for labor will be much less than in the fall of 1899, they can hardly be considered a valuable accession to the population.

A. A. Lindsley.

* * *

CHINA AND THE WORLD.

While the trouble in China develops like a distant thunder cloud, and in this "land of the free" have our various, individual opinions of the problems, and the cause that has led to it. Those who think only of their daily wants, and who know of the trouble only what they have heard others say, confine themselves to the assertion that it serves us right for meddling with the barbarians. Those who are in business, and have more or less dealings with the Chinese here, refrain from giving public expression to their feelings, for fear of losing patronage. Those who are in the habit of thinking philosophically have refrained from treating the matter, perhaps from fear of stirring an inflammable multitude to untimed and ill-judged patriotism.

The newspapers, besides being baffled by the uncertainty of the news from the seat of the trouble, have many reasons for withholding the responsibility for placing the blame. The powers, who have from the first understood the necessity of immediate action, have been anxious to know where and how they are going to be paid for so great an undertaking, and, while they have been engaged in a game of chess among themselves, each one hesitating to move, for fear that some other would be in a position to gain a point later, discovered that one, by its peculiar position, had been

given sufficient cause to act independently. So the rest immediately voted to postpone the game till later.

Destiny, however, moves unchecked; and whether the usurpation of China is to be brought about by the slow process of the priest who has dared to tell her that her religion is not a religion, and who has failed to teach at the same time that for whatever charity he bestows a material recompense will be collected afterwards, or whether the date has arrived, and it is to be brought about by the complex situation that has grown out of the said slow process, and a call to arms of the world, destiny moves still unchecked, imperious, irrefutable.

Our religion says of the last days that there shall be "wars and rumors of wars." Whether the religion of China, or any other nation's religion says so or not, let any man say whether it was the selfishness of the world, or the growing necessity of a larger world that has set us face to face with this mighty problem. Let him say who shall be the final victor, and who shall be the last over whom the world shall fight. If we have two sides to the question, let any one excuse the world for its usurpation of China. Let any one blame destiny for driving us to the battlefield.

J. A. Clemenson.

The Dismemberment of the Chinese Empire.

The Rev. Dr. D. Z. Sheffield, for thirty years a missionary in China, urges in the September Century that the middle Kingdom ought not to be dismembered.

It is easy to say that it is better that China be broken up and its people reformed in its social institutions than that the past corrupt and antediluvian order of society continue; but is disintegration or continued stagnation the only alternative? What are the prospective dangers accompanying the dissolution of the Chinese government? The territory and people would be divided up between England, Russia, France, and Germany. How long could this order of things continue? As a necessity of government the Chinese in large numbers would ultimately receive Western military training and acquire skill and experience in military evolution. Under proper conditions of discipline and direction the Chinese are courageous and hardy soldiers. The nation has a deep reverence for its ancestry, a strong race attachment, a profound regard for its customs and institutions. If the people are broken apart by foreign power in the time of their weakness, they will come together again in fierce collision with that power when they have in some measure recovered possession of their strength. China is too great a prize to be divided up among the nations of the West, to become an added element of jealousy and rivalry. The suggestion of the division taxes the diplomacy of the nations to the utmost to preserve peace in their relations. It is doubtful if it can be accomplished without war, and if successfully accomplished the possession and government of this vast territory, with its people restless under the wrongs they have suffered, would increase the present international tension and continually jeopardize the peace of the world.

The Nation's Prayer.

"On to Damascus." Fierce the frown
Of threats and slaughterings fall
Upon believers hunted down
By the stern Roman Saul.
Another picture on the screen,
Glows like the setting sun;
Where the old martyr Paul is seen,
His last, grand battle won.
Christ touched the Roman's heart.

And now that up from sultry sands
The smoke of battles rise;
And news of wars in foreign lands
Are read by eager eyes—
Dear God, where from the canon rolls
The crashing, gory death,
Help each to feel that men are souls,
When falls this mortal breath.
Christ touch the soldier's heart.

Where men meet in our congress halls
To make our nation's laws—
Where greed, ambition, passion calls
Alike for peace or wars.
May every speaker feel the weight
Of blood upon the sod,
And hushing pride, self-love and hate,
Speak as men speak for God.
Christ touch our leaders' hearts.

And may all people, Lord, be taught
That each thought that has birth,
Some work for good or ill has wrought
Upon this thought-rocked earth.
With noble thoughts in every mind,
War would shrink from each land—
And men with brows transfigured find
God's kingdom was at hand.
Christ touch the people's hearts.

Adonen.

The Home

THE REVOLT AGAINST HOUSEWORK.

Underneath the whole revolt of woman is the revolt against housework, the refusal of the architect to carry the hod. Some of its prophets, seeing how the instinct of the home prevents the application of the wholesale plan, preach a coming day when the private home shall be no more, when we shall all go out for our meals, live in a caravanserai and send the children to a creche. One's head shakes of itself merely to read of it. That goes too much against the grain. We do not like wholesale cooking. We want our own kind, and we don't want anybody else to know when we have an economical dinner. The wholesale plan does not apply to things in themselves artistic, and cookery is one of them. The personal element expresses itself there quite as truly as it does in painting. No woman hates to cook when she knows that it requires a skill that she possesses. But she does hate to wash the dishes. And she hates to sweep, scrub the floors and do the washing.

But if the household work will not go to the factory, why should not the factory come to the housework? The wholesale plan has been applied with great success to apartment houses which are, when rightly considered, the most progressive of dwellings. The water is laid on and heated by the water-back of the range when it is not supplied, winter and summer, by the landlord. Steam heat is furnished to all the house at once. It takes power to do the individual work in each flat, and if this could be given by an engine that eats coal instead of an engine that eats bread and meat, all would go well. But it is out of the question to have a steam engine in the basement with shafting and pulleys and belts running through the house. That was, until recently, the only way of transmitting power from a central source, but

now that it is possible to turn motion into electrical energy, to carry that along a copper wire to wherever it is needed and there turn it into motion again, the problem of doing away with household drudgery becomes so simple that one fears only that the answer will be seen before it can be set down.

Cooking would be more of an art and less of a gamble if the heat could be put where it was wanted and no where else, and its intensity were under the complete control of the cook. The oven that will not come up to the right temperature, or that will not bake on the bottom, the chimney that draws the wrong way when the wind is from the northwest, the dampers that refuse to do what they are bid, the kindling that burns out without lighting the coal, all tend to make cooks the most ill-tempered of mortals. The gas range is admirable in that it supplies a heat that can be tempered at will, but it fouls the air. It burns up the oxygen and leaves carbonic acid gas, and if there is a gas stove connection that does not leak a little I have yet to see it. Perhaps the escaping gas may not flavor the food, but some profess themselves able to detect it in the viands. But be that as it may, dwellers in city houses need more pure air, rather than less of it. If we do not live as long as we might it is because we shut out the sunlight and the air too carefully.

The electrical kitchen is not only admirable, it is ideal in its application of heat. It does not steal oxygen; it does not foul the air; it is steady, it can be directed to the top, bottom or the thing to be cooked, for it does not depend on the combustion of fuel or the convection of hot air, but on the resistance of iron to the electrical current.

Ainslee's Magazine.

Books

A KENT SQUIRE—

By Frederick W. Hayes.

F. M. Lupton Pub. Co., New York.

It is refreshing to find one historical romance told in the third person. One tires at last of the interminable and ever-present "I" of the first person singular in the flood of novels of this class which has deluged the land for the past few years. And such heroes as they confess themselves to be! In actual life, boys of their mental calibre would be kept in knickerbockers and under the care of a guardian. The reader is on the anxious seat all through, wondering what new imbecility will develop and what trap of the villain the hero will fall into next. Of course, he is always extricated by the almost supernatural wisdom of the heroine, but it is wearing to one's patience to have, always, to apologize for his astounding lack of sense.

Mr. Hayes, in a "A Kent Squire," has taken a different line of thought and action, and had the book been compressed to two-thirds its present size, it would have been admirable. The period of the romance was the early part of the Eighteenth century, at the time of Queen Anne, the War of the Spanish Succession and Louis XIV. and Madam Maintenon. The author introduces many characters, and shows skill in the handling, but at times is prolix and makes the conversation of too great length. He displays great familiarity with the history of that period, and the work indicates care and painstaking. There is a suggestion of Dumas at times, but without any attempt to imitate. An element of the supernatural is effectively introduced now and then. The hero, Ambrose Gwynett, is a man to be proud of, judging by the narrative, but the illustrations, which are by the author, are far from flattering, and their omission from the book would have been a decided advantage. The villain, the Abbe Gaultier, is especially good, and the character is

well sustained to the end, but the heroine is neutral and colorless, which may be by design, as a protest to the trend of modern historical fiction referred to above. On the whole, Mr. Hayes is to be congratulated for leaving the too well-worn paths in literature, and by condensing can doubtless produce romances of historic value and thrilling interest.

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A CONTINENTAL CAVALIER—

By Kimball Scribner.

The Abbey Press, New York.

After the surfeit of historical novels, the public now turns wearily to new ventures in the field, and wonders when and where they will end. Occasionally one is printed that arrests the attention at once, the feeling of weariness vanishes, and the book is given up with regret. Such an one is the "Continental Cavalier," by Kimball Scribner. The former works of the author were well received, but one easily sees the advancement made in his last. It is to be regretted that this was not written and published two or more years ago, when the reading public was more tolerant and appreciative.

The romance deals with the Revolutionary war, and is supposed to be a record of events by Chevalier de Marc, aide-de-camp to the Marquis Lafayette. The story is most interestingly told, and deals with the campaign in the Carolinas and Virginia. Generals Marion and Greene figure largely in the narrative, and a charming love story is delicately interwoven with the records of war, privation and slaughter. The author writes with an earnestness that carries all before him, and will create a following which will eagerly read anything from his pen in the future.

The book is from the well-known Abbey Press, and is artistically and appropriately decorated and illustrated.

SOCIAL SINNERS—

By Emile A. Palier.
Abbey Press, New York.

This book properly belongs in the notorious "Keynotes" series, and a great mistake was made in not placing it there. It is worse than pessimistic; it is positively bad, and the author must regard the world from a very low point of view. In addition to its low moral tone, it is badly written, both as to style and construction, and it is a marvel that it was ever printed. In justice to the author, it may be that he perhaps intended to draw a moral from its immorality, but neither the moral nor its intention is obvious.

The book is elegantly printed and reflects great credit, typographically, upon the publishers.

* * *

THE WILL B. MORE LETTERS—

By Honor L. Wilhelm.
Mail Pub. Co., Seattle.

"More Letters," by Honor L. Wilhelm, is a book that may please certain readers. It is published by the author himself and "all rights of dramatization, recitation, translation and the publication of extracts are strictly reserved." The book consists of sixty-nine letters purported to have been written by one Will B. More, who has been sent out by the Cincinnati Post to unearth a murderer whom the detectives have failed to find. He receives his instructions from headquarters every few days, and seems at first to be ignorant of his real mission. He makes love to two young ladies, and his letters to the office are full of what a normal man would consider private matters. The murderer was found, and the hero married one of the girls of whom he was continually writing. The book is full of things intended to be funny, but there are some passages which are unintentional successes in that line. "When she laughs it is as the fleeting brook which murmurs sweetly and then rushes along in splash and roar," is one of the number.

A. P.

* * *

A RISE IN THE WORLD—

By Adeline Sergeant.
F. M. Buckles & Co., N. Y.

"A Rise in the World," by Adeline Sergeant, is a very readable book, al-

though the main thread of the story is improbable. It has, too, several unlikely characters. Mrs. Lionel Wyndham, the heroine, who undergoes such an astounding metamorphosis in both looks and breeding, is one of those characters, and her mother-in-law, whose gentleness and kindness produces the transformation, is another. Dr. Max Irwin is a man in the highest sense of the word, and his strength is so contrasted to the weakness of Lionel Wyndham as to produce a rather contemptuous compassion for the latter. Guendolen Ascott represents a type not unfamiliar to the observer of human nature—one who is haughty and careless of others until crushed into sympathy with them. These are the main characters of the book which is interestingly written and unusually good for one of its class. It is an excellent addition to the summer girl's library.

* * *

Literary Notes.

Eva Emery Dye's book is having a phenomenal sale, due, in part, to its flattering reception by the critics all over the country. Chicago reports it as one of the best six sellers for July, running side by side with the most popular books of fiction. Some of the Eastern critics think it too much like fiction, but those who know realize that the history of the settlement of Oregon was the most romantic of any section of the United States.

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The short story by John Fleming Wilson in the last number of "Munsey's" Magazine is attracting a great deal of attention, not so much that the author is a Portland boy, but for its real literary merit. The author is a son of Prof. Wilson, of the Portland Academy, and spent a year at Astoria, the scene of the sketch. Great surprise is expressed in finding such maturity of style and thought in so young a writer. Mr. Wilson has caught the real spirit of the sea, and the story is delightful in every way, with its undertone of longing and pathos. It is a gem—a true aqua-marine.

* * *

Anent the discussion now raging in London, as to the authorship of the

"Rubaiyat," W. L. Alden says in a recent letter: "For my own part I am of the opinion that the "Rubaiyat" was written by Lord Bacon in the intervals between his other literary labors. He may have written a Shakespeare play in the morning, a philosophical treatise in the afternoon, a play of Ben Jonson's or Marlowe's in the early evening, and a few dozen quatrains of the "Rubaiyat" at night. Lord Bacon was, of course, a busy and hard-working man, or he never could have accomplished so much, but, then again, a man who was capable of writing all the plays attributed to Shakespeare, Johnson and Marlowe, besides his other works, would surely have been able to knock off such a little thing as the "Rubaiyat" at odd moments.

* * *

The following interesting items were kindly furnished by Eva Emery Dye, the author of "McLaughlin and Old Oregon:"

The father of Harriet Prescott-Spofford, the noted writer, was the first mayor of Oregon City.

Dr. W. O. Nixon, for twenty-two years literary editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, was once an Oregon school teacher.

Prof. Washburn, of the State University, is the author of the most valuable work on Oregon birds extant.

Prof. Thomas Condon, the veteran geologist, has in preparation a most valuable work on Northwest geology.

Prof. Thomas McClelland, of Pacific University, at Forest Grove, who is aptly termed "one of the most able and popular college presidents in the United States," has been called to the presidency of the Knox College, at Galesburg, Ill., to succeed President Finley, who has accepted the newly-created chair of politics in Princeton University.

* * *

"Things Chinese," a book treating of all subjects connected with China, is being brought out by Chas. Scribner's Sons, and is designed to meet the increasing demand for information concerning the Celestial Kingdom. The book appeared originally in Hong Kong two months ago, and has

there reached its third edition.

* * *

Egerton Castle has sold the serial rights of his last novel, "The Secret Orchard," to The Delineator, and the first chapter will appear in November. The Frederick A. Stokes Company are to publish it in book form.

* * *

Col. E. Hofer, of the Salem Capital Journal, continues to tell "The Truth," though he frankly acknowledges in his May number that he is willing to call it something else if any one will suggest a name. There are so many people in this world who are afraid of The Truth, and Col. Hofer has evidently heard from some of them.

* * *

Hamlin Garland's last book is considered by those of his friends who have read it, his best and strongest. It is a story of life upon the plains, and has been long in the writing. D. Appleton & Company will publish it sometime soon.

* * *

Harper and Brothers will bring out a book this month which will complete the trilogy of war history which it has been the ambition of this house to produce. The "War of the Rebellion," was followed by "The Spanish War," and this, the third and last, is entitled "War in the Philippines."

* * *

The address of Francis W. Bakeman, D. D., on the "Over-Valuation of the Critical Element—Its Danger in Ministerial Education," appears in a neat little booklet by the American Baptist Publication Society. This address is clearly the product of earnest thought on the part of an earnest thinker. His arguments in favor of his position are all that they could be, and his diction is both simple and elegant. However much the reader's view may differ from the author's, he cannot lay this little book aside without being benefited by its perusal.

* * *

Scribner's was the first of the magazines to publish a special Summer Number devoted particularly to short fiction, and in it have appeared some of the most notable and best-remembered short stories of recent years. The August Fiction Number for this year will be found especially attractive, both in its stories and the unusual number of illustrations, as well as in the high character of its other features.

The Idler

A DEPARTMENT OF MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHAT.

In the Passion Play, which took place this year at Oberammergau, young Lang acted the part of the Christ, so long impersonated with grace and dignity by Josef Mayer. The new Christus is said to be less satisfactory in action, but looks the part to a truly wonderful degree. He is described as being

"Very tall, lithe and upright, with regular features of a refined cast, a fair beard and long, glossy brown locks, he looked in his pale lilac robe and crimson mantle, the personification of the pictures we see of Christ in all the famous galleries of the world. He is a blending of Lucas Cranach's and Leonardo da Vinci's version of the Ideal Character."

* * *

Speaking of new actors, though, it is a far cry from Oberammergau and the Passion play to America and the popular drama. It is predicted that Richard Buhler is a rising star of the first magnitude. And the public is considerably warned to watch for his photographs, which will certainly be seen in the shop windows next season.

* * *

Maude Adams may not appear in the "Little Minister" after this season, but she will always be "Babbie" to the public. I do not like Barrie. I am not far, I must confess, from detesting the man and all his works—but for the sake of the exquisite woman who has impersonated his heroine, for the sake of "Babbie," I am almost ready to forgive him for having created "Sentimental Tommy."

* * *

Have you ever reflected that actresses never experience middle age? Whether you have or not, it is true. There are no middle-aged women on the stage. There is Bernhart, forever young, wise with the wisdom of all the ages. Will Bernhart ever grow old, think you? One is reminded of Rider Haggard's "She," and it is not difficult to imagine the "divine Sára" going up in a glowing white flame

—but it is next to impossible to picture her journeying across the dull, grey level of middle-age, or being nipped by the frosts of Time. There is Ellen Terry, the sweetest woman who ever walked the boards, a grandmother twice over, yet perennially young—and Langtry—more beautiful than ever with the passing years. But actors! There are, alas, many of them who are unhappily wandering about in the waste places of life.

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Lily Hall Caine, daughter of the novelist, recently played "Glory Quayle" in Charles Frohman's "Christian" Company in Newcastle, England, with such effect that the audience was moved to tender her a banquet immediately after the performance.

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Mary Mannering is to make her debut as a star under the management of Frank McKee in "Janice Meredith," in the early autumn.

* * *

Sousa—"Le Grand Sousa!" as the French have named him, is delighting all Paris with his music and his marches. But the Berlin critics refuse to admit his band plays better than the German bands.

* * *

Edward Strauss, with his orchestra, will be heard in New York and Boston early in November. Everybody is familiar with the Strauss waltzes—and who that hath a heart has not felt it thrill to the entrancing measures of the "Beautiful Blue Danube?" But the "Frisolien" is something new to us all, and will be given here for the first time by Edward Strauss, one of the composers. It was written twenty years ago by the three brothers, Johann, Josef and Edward, but a bitter quarrel prevented its public performance.

The Month

In Politics—

The presidential campaign, which is now well under way, presents an unusual and diverting spectacle. The Republicans claim that the money question is the "paramount issue," while the Democrats are positive that it is "Imperialism." They urge, furthermore, that the campaign of '96 was fought out upon "free silver;" that Congress subsequently settled the question for some years to come by the passage of the gold standard bill, and, while the money question is still an important one, it is greatly overshadowed by the imperialistic tendencies of the administration, which threaten to change the Republic into an Empire. The Republicans take issue with all this; claim that the money question is not settled; that a President elected upon the Kansas City platform would be in a position to do untold harm; that consequently "free silver" is still the leading issue, and imperialism a bugaboo. The Democratic party is avoiding the money question, and the republican party is avoiding Imperialism as an issue. Both evidently have a very distasteful load to carry. This difference of opinion as to the real issue will doubtless disappear, in the minds of the public, at least, before the campaign progresses much further. Which can do more harm is the paramount question to decide.

* * *

It does not seem likely at this writing that there will be a third ticket in the field. The Anti-Imperialism Convention endorsed Bryan, and the Nationalist party does not seem to be able to get any man of prominence to accept its nomination, the overtures to Grover Cleveland having been declined by him. Gold Democrats, Silver Republicans, Populists, etc., are announcing their support of McKinley or Bryan, and it is too late now for any other nomination that might be made to seriously affect the chances of either.

The Chinese situation has clarified considerably by the entrance of the allies into Peking, and the consequent relief of the imprisoned ministers and legations. China has done the wise thing in suing for peace, although her overtures in this respect were unsatisfactory to the powers. The situation is still very complicated, and a disagreement among the allies becomes more probable as time goes on. Peking having been taken, the present course seems to be the capture of the Empress and her army, and to pacify the Empire. If this is the idea, the insignificant force of the allies has a herculean task upon its shoulders.

* * *

The approaching elections in England and the failure to end the Boer war, together with the Chinese imbroglio, have unsettled conditions in that small island. England has troubles of her own, and she is not to be envied.

In Science—

A very peculiar case of skin-shedding of a man in Clark county, Missouri, is noticed in a recent issue of the Scientific American, which says:

"Mr. Buskirk has shed his skin annually since his birth, which occurred in 1850. Physicians have tried to prevent this exfoliation, but they have been unsuccessful. * * * The operation requires several days * * * This remarkable case tends to disprove the entire theory of palmistry being evidence that the lines of the hands change with time, and are not unalterably preserved, as has been supposed. A piece of skin taken from his right hand when he was ten years old shows that the general conformation of the lines correspond with those of the hand today. Still, the new lines are stronger now than then, making allowance for the growth of the member as a whole. Fully a third has been attached to the famous "life" line.

* * *

Experiments in automobiles and motor cycles are being made with good results in Europe and America, some

very novel machines being turned out. One of the latest is the Marsh motor cycle, and its inventor claims to have produced a practical gasoline engine which can be attached to any ordinary bicycle. "This machine," he says, "will carry any rider of average weight from three to thirty miles an hour, and up ordinary hills, without the use of the feet."

In Literature—

"Russia and the Russians" is the title of a book to be brought out shortly by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is timely and is the work of a Boston newspaper editor.

* * *

Pearson is to issue a new magazine under the title of "The Ladies' Magazine," and Hall Caine's new novel, "The Eternal City," is to appear in it serially. It is said that in this novel the author has followed the footsteps of M. Zola.

* * *

It is at last known to the world that the author of "Elizabeth's German Garden" is the Princess Henry of Pless.

* * *

"The Banker and the Bear" is the title of a novel by Henry K. Webster, which Macmillan's are soon to publish. It is story of financial life in Chicago. Another piece of fiction, which deals with the questions of the day, is by Francis A. Adams, and will be published by the

In Art—

The equestrian statute of Washington, which was unveiled in Paris in July, is the first bronze cast in the United States that has ever been sent to Europe. It is from the Henry Bonnard Bronze Foundry, in New York City, and is all American. The sculptors who modeled it, Mr. E. C. Potter and Daniel C. French, are both American citizens. The pedestal is of marble from Tennessee, and it is presented by the women of America to the women of France.

* * *

M. Theobald Chartran, the French portrait painter, who has been spending his winters in America, has returned to Paris where, with the money earned in this country, he has built a beautiful new

house. It is claimed that his most successful portrait work is of men.

* * *

Frank Palmer, an American artist now in London, has made a new restoration of the Venus de Milo. He claimed that the statue, which was found in the undergrounds ruins of a little Greek chapel, represented the Panagra, or Holy Virgin, that it originally wore a halo and carried a child. He says:

"I am surprised that the true pose of the Venus was not discovered at once, because the muscles of the right arm, the raising of the left side of the body and the posture of the left knee all combine to prove that the Venus must have sustained a heavy weight upon her left arm. The weight could have been none other than the holy child. The statue shows that without some such weight its centre of gravity must have fallen outside the base."

* * *

Burnt wood and leather designs are growing in favor, and for interior decoration are very effective. J. William Fosdick is acknowledged to have brought the art of etching on wood with hot metal points to a stage that is remarkable, as well as profitable.

In Education—

A prominent Boston paper has this to say of the Carlisle Indian Band:

"Fifty-five Indian youths, all in charge of a full blooded Apache Indian, with no white manager or disciplinarian nor any other white man with them at all, spent a week in Boston without the smallest incident of disorder. There was no drinking, nor any other infraction of the most seemly requirements of good conduct. It is almost unimaginable that the same number of students from Harvard, Yale, Cornell, or even Amherst, should spend a week in a distant city on a concert or any other sort of tour without some of their members indulging in a spree."

* * *

The Peruvian historian, Senor Ricardo Palmer, who is also director of the National Library at Lima, after years of study, maintains that the name America was not derived from Amerigo Vespucci, but that the explorer was named for the newly-discovered continent. Vespucci's first name was really Alberico. Senor Palma is so sure of this that he has written a book upon the subject.

The history of the nations that have passed and been forgotten is being read and restored by archaeologists, for the earth has preserved the records buried in her bosom for ages. The German expedition now at work on the site of ancient Babylon has made many wonderful discoveries. The latest of importance is that of an Assyrian cylinder inscribed in the name of the Great Sardanapalus.

* * *

Fraterities of Yale are changing their attitude toward candidates for admission, and it is expected that the secret societies there will henceforth be less exclusive.

In Religious Thought—

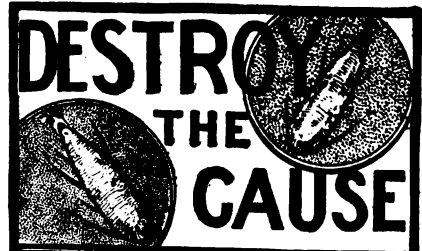
The London Spectator holds that the interest of the English Church, both spiritual and political, are safe in the hands of a man like Archbishop Temple, the present incumbent of the See of Canterbury. In his speech in the House of Lords, the Archbishop cautions that body against any policy with regard to ecclesiastical matters that "will narrow the Church of England." The right of private judgment, which requires that men accept her teachings is, he declares, founded upon the supposition that men shall think for themselves. To deny the right of divergence of opinion would be inconsistent and even disastrous. Indeed in divergence of opinion, in liberty of thought, lies the life and safety of the Church.

* * *

A leading English weekly, in speaking of the Christian Endeavor Convention, in London, makes the most pertinent criticism yet put in print of this organization of young people. The Convention also furnished the great London editor with a text for a sermon upon the growth and vitality of the Christian religion.

* * *

There is in England a noticeable lack of candidates for the priesthood. Young men, the more able and seriously inclined, who feel called to labor for the salvation of the race, are attracted to the University and social settlements rather than to the Church.



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Leading Events—

July 16—Special cabinet meeting is held in Washington to discuss the Chinese situation.

July 17—Shanghai is threatened. Foreign consuls cable for warships. National convention of the Republican League meets at St. Paul, Minn.

July 18—China is reported to have declared war against Russia. News is received in London and Washington of the capture of Tien Tsin by the allied troops. The Canadian Parliament is prorogued at Ottawa by Lord Minto.

July 19—Russia gives the Chinese minister at St. Petersburg his passport.

July 20—Secretary Hay receives a cipher message from the American minister in Peking.

July 21—Germany and England both doubt the authenticity of the Conger dispatch. Lord Roberts attacks Middleburg. Oom Paul leads the defense. President McKinley receives an appeal for aid from the Chinese Emperor.

July 22—Colombian rebel forces are reported to have captured Panama.

July 23—Communication with Peking is reopened. President McKinley promises conditional mediation to China.

July 24—Chinese government promises safe escort to Foreign Ministers in Peking. New Japanese Minister arrives in San Francisco.

July 22—Another message is received at Washington from the American Minister at Peking.

July 23—Communication with Peking is reopened. President McKinley promises conditional mediation to China.

July 24—Chinese government promises safe escort to foreign Minister in Peking. New Japanese Minister arrives in San Francisco.

July 25—Another message is received at Washington from the American Minister at Peking.

July 26—Colombian rebel forces surrender.

July 27—Battleship Oregon is docked at Kobe.

July 28—Lady Randolph Churchill married Lieutenant Cornwallis West.

July 29—National quarantine is declared against Cape Nome and Dutch Harbor. King Humbert, of Italy, is assassinated.

July 30—General Prinsloo, wit. 5000 men, surrenders unconditionally to the British.

July 31—A dispatch is received at Rome saying that the Chinese government holds 600 Europeans as hostages.

Aug. 1—The allied forces are marching on Peking. The transport Meade sails for China with 1000 American soldiers on board.

Aug. 2—An anarchist in Paris attempts to assassinate the Shah. Secretary Hay informs Li Hung Chang that the United States will not bargain with China.

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The Financial World

The British war loan of \$50,000,000—\$28,000,000 of which was taken in New York—has been the cause of considerable comment and speculation during the last month. It is pointed out that the United States is rapidly becoming a creditor, rather than a debtor nation. Henry Clews, in commenting upon it, says:

This transaction affords us a financial prestige never before enjoyed, and is another decisive step in the direction of New York's advance to the first place in the money center. It is the forerunner of the world's government securities that will ultimately find their broadest market here. We have demonstrated our immense financial strength before all nations, and now make a beginning in reaping the reward. Such a development would be utterly impossible if our finances did not rest upon unequivocal gold basis, maintaining our currency upon equal terms with that of other great nations. The leading exchanges of the world are the Royal Exchange, in London; the Paris Bourse, the Berlin Frankfurt and Vienna Bourses and the New York Stock Exchange, but the latter is now on its way towards the leadership of all these.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew, in a recent interview, spoke to the same effect:

"The sudden development of our industries," he says, "and the immense accumulation of money growing out of the fact that Europe is paying \$600,000,000 annually for American products has not only brought the bank rate and call loans up 1 and 2 per cent respectively, but the Western banks are now buying paper in the East, because there is no demand for money. The fact that half of the British war loan (all, if it had been permitted), was taken in the United States, demonstrates these conditions which have already made New York one of the financial centers of the world. If the conditions continue, and I have no doubt they will, New York will soon be a dangerous rival of London in launching the government enterprises of the world."

"The rapid information we are acquiring regarding the industrial conditions of the world, the necessity of finding a market for our increasing surplus products, and also active participation in the solution of the Chinese problem, tend to make New York an active competitor in the schemes for the development of the far East. It is a near possibility that the New York Stock Exchange will actively deal in many foreign stocks and bonds."

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"The United States, with 3000 miles of ocean from European governmental complications, will never take a military part in the rivalries and jealousies and wars of Europe. These very miseries, the wars, make the United States every year stronger as a financial factor, and will, I believe, make New York the financial center of the world.

* * *

New York's export of gold attracted much attention in Germany, the press comment being that New York is fast becoming the world's banker. Moreover, apprehension is expressed at the growing indebtedness of Europe to the United States, which will be increased during the remainder of the year in consequence of the cotton shipments, and it is feared that New York will recall gold from England and Germany before the year is over.

* * *

The government crop report was of more immediate interest to the markets than even the situation in China, and the placing of the British loan of \$50,000,000. Translated into bushels by the statistician of the Produce Exchange, the crop report indicates a total wheat crop of 513,997,000 bushels, against an indicated crop of 510,365,000 last month, and an actual harvest of 547,303,840 bushels last year. The corn crop estimate is 2,190,790,000, against 2,240,770,000 estimated last month, and a harvest of 2,078,143,933 last year. There is, therefore, an indicated decrease of 33,306,840 bushels in the yield of wheat and an indicated increase of 112,646,067 bushels in the yield of corn, as compared with last year. There is nothing in this exhibit to cause alarm or dissatisfaction. The crop of this country usually strikes the keynote of national prosperity, and this year it strikes it loud and deep.—Philadelphia Ledger.

* * *

Ineligible.

Pilson—"Are you going to take part in that guessing contest?"

Didson—"Oh, no; they'd rule me out as a professional."

Pilson—"Professional?"

Didson—"Yes; you know I am connected with the Weather Bureau."—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

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Mining

THE NOME BUBBLE.

Every returning vessel from Nome brings back hundreds of disappointed people who were among the thousands that ventured to that bleak Artic coast in the vain search for gold. Some few have good reports to bring, so far as they themselves are interested, but the remainder—who comprise about nine-tenths of those returning—cannot find words of condemnation strong enough to depict the harrowing scenes they have passed through, and are now thankful to once more set foot in the states.

The real value of the sand at Nome has been many times multiplied and grossly misrepresented by the numerous transportation companies. They have made mountains from mole hills, and have thus been able literally to coin money at the expense of many prospectors, who spent all their earthly possessions for a passage thither.

The gold beaches at Cape Nome are more or less myths. It is true that some very remarkable finds have been made—which is true of nearly all boom mining camps—and a few men have taken out some gold, but there have been no great fortunes made on the beach, nor are the prospects for such at all encouraging.

Enough machinery has been sent to Nome to turn the earth. Lines of sluice boxes, steam, gasoline and coal oil engines, dredges, etc., have been placed on the beach, but nearly every outfit has lost money, and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of machinery can be bought for less than the freight charges of getting it there. Thousands of men have lost everything and are compelled to remain in that unsanitary place awaiting funds to take them home, or else have been compelled to appeal to the government for aid. One party of Oregon men spent \$30,000 in taking up a big dredging outfit. They went blythly to work, and after a week's work cleaned up \$2 worth of gold. The machinery proved a dead

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failure, and now the immense plant is being pounded to pieces by the waves of the sea.

This wild stampede to Cape Nome reminds the writer of a little incident that happened at the opening of Oklahoma. Our party, together with many hundreds more, including an old grey haired negro mounted on a dilapidated excuse for a horse of the same complexion as himself, were lined up at the northern boundry of the Chickasaw nation anxiously awaiting the given signal which would allow us to enter and stake our claims. All eyes were centered on the old negro, and the bulk of the conversation was of a nature intended to interest pity in one so poorly equipped for a mad rush to the interior. At last the welcome signal was given and we all started at top speed—I say all, all but the old negro who jumped from his horse and made the remark that "this hear was good 'nogh for him." The rest of us rushed far on to the interior. So it is with those who have gone to Cape Nome. They have traveled over the best mining country in America while passing through Oregon, but the thoughts of the glittering beaches as represented to them urged them on to what, for many, will prove financial and physical ruin.

Every day fresh news is received of great strikes made in different mining camps throughout Oregon, with the result that practical miners, as well as mining investors, are either coming to this state themselves, or are sending representatives to look the field over and locate or purchase properties.

Probably no where is this emigration more keenly felt than among the Portland mining brokers, who report business increasing each month, which demonstrates that a large part of those coming to look the field over are sufficiently satisfied with the prospects to spend their time and money in helping to bring the state to the front ranks, where it belongs.

* * *

The Common Fate,

Like everybody else, the sea waves arrive at the shore in great style, but go away broke.—Philadelphia Record.

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Chess

Game between Napier, the Boy Expert, and Ruth.

Sicilian Defense.

Napier.	Ruth.
White	Black.
1 P-K 4	P-Q B 4
2 Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3
3 Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 3
4 P-Q 4	P x P
5 Kt x P	B-Kt 2
6 B-K 3	P-K 4
7 Kt (Q 4)-Kt 5	B-K B sq
8 Kt-Q 5	B-Kt 5 ch
9 P-Q B 3	B-R 4
10 P-Q Kt 4	K Kt-K 2
11 Kt-B 3 ch	Resigns.

Where did Black make his blunder?

* * *

The "Gambit."

The word "gambit" is derived from the Italian dare la gambetta, meaning literally "giving the leg," or tripping one up. It is applied to openings where White sacrifices a Pawn early in the game to get the attack or to bring about a rapid development. In the Evans Gambit, White gives up his Q Kt P on his fourth move. In the Queen's Gambit, he offers his Q B P on the second move. The Evans is usually accepted. The Queen's Gambit is almost always declined.

* * *

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Petroff's Defense.

G. Mayer	Dr. A. Steiner.
1 P-Kt 4	P-K 4
2 K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3
3 P-Q 4	K P x P
4 P-K 5	K Kt-K 5
5 Q-K 2	K B-Kt 5 ch
6 K-Q sq	P-Q 4
7 P x P e. p.	P-K B 4
8 Kt-Kt 3	B P x Kt
9 Kt x Kt	K-R sq
10 Q-B 4	G. Mayer.
11 Q x K B	Dr. A. Steiner
12 Q P x P	Q Kt-B 3
13 K B-K 2	Q B-Kt 5 ch
14 K x Q B	Q B x B ch
15 K home	K R x P ch
16 P-K Kt 3	Q-K R 5!
17 K R-Kt sq	R x R P!
18 Q-Q B 4	Q-Kt 5
19 Q Kt-B 3	P-Q 6

Add Black mates in two. Bravo!

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Steinitz and Tschigorin.
Queen's Gambit.

Steinitz. White.	Tschigorin. Black.
1 P-Q 4	P-Q 4
2 P-Q B 4	P x P
3 Kt-K B 3	P-K 3
4 P-K 3 (a)	B-Kt 5 ch
5 B-Q 2	B x B ch
6 Q Kt x B	Kt-K B 3
7 B x P	Castles.
8 Castles	Q Kt-Q 2
9 Kt-Kt 3	Q-K 2
10 R-B sq	R-Q sq (b)
11 B-Q 3	P-B 3
12 Q-Q 2	Kt-B sq
13 Kt-R 5	Kt-Kt 3
14 K R-Q sq	R-Kt sq
15 Kt-B 4	B-Q 2 (c)
16 P-K 4	B-K sq
17 P-K 5	Kt-Q 4
18 B x Kt	R P x P
19 Kt-Q 6	P-B 3
20 P-KR 4 (d)	Kt-Kt 3
21 Q-B 4	B-B 2 (e)
22 Kt-Q 2	R-K B sq
23 Q-Kt 3	Q R-Q sq
24 Kt (Q2)-K 4	Kt-Q 4
25 R-Q 3	B-K sq
26 R-Q Kt 3	P-Kt 3
27 R-Q R 3	P x P
28 Q x K P	Kt-B 5
29 R-K sq	Q x P
30 P-K Kt 3	Kt-R 6 ch
31 K-Kt 2	Q-K 2
32 K x Kt	P-K Kt 4
33 Kt x B	R-Q 4
34 Q x Kt P ch	Resigns.

* * *

Notes by Steinitz and Pillsbury.

(a) If Kt-B 3, then B x Kt ch; 6 x x B P-Q Kt 4; 7 P-Q R 4, P-B 3; 8 Px P, P x P; 9 Kt-Kt 5 threateningly Q-B 3) Kt-K B 3; 10 B-R 3, B-Kt 2; 11 P-B 3, Kt-R 3; 12 Kt x Kt B x Kt; 13 P-K 4, P-Q R 4, with a safe position and a Pawn more.

(b) Black should not have neglected the opportunity for 10 P-K 4, which would fully equalize matters.

(c) If now 15 P-B 4; 16 P x P, Q x P; 17 Kt (B 4)-K 5, Q-K 2; 18 Q-R 5, with a strong attack, for if P-Kt 3, 19 Q-R 4 with advantage.

(d) To prevent Black from bringing his Bishop into play by P-K Kt 4 and B-Kt 3.

(e) The position of the Knight appears fatal to Black's game. He cannot dislodge it by 21 Kt-B sq, for then would follow 22 Kt x B, R x Kt; 23 P x P, Q-Q 3; 24 P-B 7 ch and win.

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Drift

Women have the reputation of placing friendship below love, depreciating it in misunderstanding it. Alphonse Karr relates that a lady being compelled to refuse an offer of marriage, offered her friendship instead.

"Oh no, madame," the lover replied. "I love you. I want to marry you. It is enough. But to be my friend I must know you, I must respect you, we must have congenial tastes. One does not take a friend hastily. Oh no, madame. Friendship is another thing."—Harper's Bazar.

Two Receipts for Happiness.

I believe happiness comes from the harmony of a man's faculties with each other, and their activity. There is no happiness for a man unless he is active, energetic and aspiring in support of some good cause. Supreme bliss is never to be reached by aiming at it, but comes as the reflex of a difficult duty done with delight. I should say the soul's fireside is duty well done.—Joseph Cook.

It is simple: When you rise in the morning take the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done. A left off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result. You send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and suppose you live forty years only, after you commence this course, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is it not simple, and is it not worth accomplishing?—The London Atlas.

During the winter months the little colony of sixty or seventy English people at Teheran organize concerts for one another's amusement. When the weather is cold, of course, there is skating. Skating is the greatest marvel of all to Persians. A few years ago the Shah, Nasr-i-Din, saw twenty skaters twirling and curling and spinning gracefully on the ice. He was amused; he thought it wonderful. The next day he sent to the legation and borrowed a dozen pair of skates. These he made his

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ministers put on and attempt to skate on the lake in the palace grounds. The poor ministers were terribly discomfited, but it was twice as much as their heads were worth to refuse. His majesty was more amused than ever, and he nearly had a fit from laughing.

* * *

Cutting down thistles no more relieves the land of thistles than does scouring the scalp cure dandruff. In each case permanent relief can only come from eradicating permanently the cause. A germ that plows up the scalp in searching for the hair root where it saps the vitality, causes dandruff, falling hair, and baldness. If you kill that germ, you'll have no dandruff but a luxuriant suit of hair. Newbro's Herpicide is the only hair preparation in the world that cures dandruff, falling hair and baldness by killing the germ. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect."

* * *

Casster—"Doctor, a year ago you predicted that I wouldn't live three months. You see you were wrong."

Doctor—"Never mind, better luck next time."—Puck.

* * *

In a recent issue of an English periodical ten well-known literary men discuss the programme for a perfect-day. Leslie V. Shalrp thinks it is a question of moods. F. W. Saunderson says the programme would spoil the day. The perfect day must be flawless, while Conrad Weguelin declares with marked emphasis that "to make a programme for a perfect day would be a piece of presumption bordering on lunacy." Indeed he goes further and denies that there is such a thing as a "perfect day, and that if there were, a programme would mar it. "Happy days," he admits, sometimes come to us, but to pre-arrange happiness is to invite disaster. For instance, according to this pessimist, "you arrange to go boating; the day arrives. The sky is blue, the sun shines, the water gleams, everything is in perfect working order—bar your liver. The seats in the boat are hard, and there is no room for your legs, and you bark your shins against the luncheon basket. The sun glares from above and below. Your joints hurt you, and the chatter of your companions drives you mad. You are angry and bored,—angry because you recognize the absurdity of your conduct, and bored because you wish to be alone. You know full well that if you had sat in the orchard and talked to the pigs you might have spent an almost perfect day."

But this is the point of view of a dyspeptic, and not to be too seriously considered. I must confess that Percy Kent's reminiscence pleases me better.

"One must be young," he remarks meditatively, "to plan a perfect day with any hope of its realization." He was young and,

It has been said that one-fourth of a man's life is spent in dining

*HOW IMPORTANT, then, that
our surroundings and food should
be such as to induce appetite, and
produce that delightful feeling that
a satisfactory meal gives.*

✱

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"on the principle that forbidden pleasures are sweetest," he admits that every item on his programme was strictly prohibited.

On the morning of that "perfect day" which he recalls, he started, satchel in hand, to school, ostensibly, that is, for at a spot previously appointed he met two other pleasure-seekers, similarly equipped. Their satchels were deposited in a convenient shed, and they turned their faces toward a neighboring town where there was a fair in progress. Their combined pecuniary resources, of which he became treasurer, amounted to five shillings and three pence. "I should hesitate now," he says on reflection, "before undertaking to provide any friends with a perfect day at nine pence per head." But it sufficed on this occasion, even to refreshments and the circus, and a balance of two pence remaining was invested in cigarettes which they enjoyed (?) on the way home. The day after—but that was not a perfect day. "The day after never is."

The Manufacture of Leather Goods.

The manufacture of fine leather goods, belts, ladies hand bags, purses, etc., has received quite an impetus during the last few years. The demand for such goods seems to be steadily increasing, and it may not be generally known that there is a place in Portland where fine hand-made embossed leather goods are manufactured in the most approved and up-to-date style. W. H. McMonies & Co., located on the corner of Front and Oak streets, have lately been making a specialty of such goods, and their work is attracting attention wherever shown. The samples on exhibition at their store are beautiful specimens of handiwork, and are well worth seeing. Though the establishment carries a large supply of various goods on hand, the manager says that most of their work is made up on special orders, as this gives the buyer a chance to show his individual taste, and to have something a little different from anybody else. McMonies & Co. employ about forty men in their establishment, which also deals extensively in harness, saddles and all other kinds of leather goods.

The coming Portland Street Fair and Carnival, which opens September 4th and closes September 15th, promises to surpass all previous efforts along the same lines that have been made by different cities of the West. Those who have seen other street fairs, and who know of the plans and scope of the Portland enterprise, say that Portland will give what will prove a "hummer." The Fair will occupy the entire street for nearly twelve full blocks. Some very attractive buildings have been erected, and the whole enterprise promises to be a grand success. Thousands of people from over the entire Northwest are planning to come, and it is predicted that Portland will have



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the largest crowds that it ever entertained. The fair offers something new and novel, and the people of the Northwest are going to show their approval by flocking to the city in trainloads.

St. Helen's Hall.

In this month, with the reopening of the schools, it is not inappropriate to mention preferences. There is one institution of learning, that so far as location, facilities, and general desirability are concerned, is unrivalled in the Northwest. As a school for girls, St. Helen's Hall, under Miss Tebbett's administration, affords every advantage that young girls require. It is a boarding school, it is true, but pervaded with the atmosphere of the home, an ideal place for the training of the young mind, the development of character, and the acquirement of social and mental culture.

A Slander.

The Interviewer—"There is a report started, Senator, that you are intending to retire from politics."

Senator Makerox—"Young man, I am not the first man whose wealth has been overestimated."—Indianapolis Journal.

Munson—"What's the death rate in the Philippines?"

Pecke—"I don't know; why?"

Munson—"I am trying to figure out how long at the present death rate it will take us to end the revolution."—Philadelphia North American.

Maud—"Dick proposed to me last night."

Ella—"What did you tell him?"

Maud—"I said we had better ask mamma, and what do you think the wretch said?"

Ella—"Goodness knows!"

Maud—"He said he had asked her already, and she wouldn't have him."—Tit-Bits.

"Tom," said Jimmy, "do you know that some day the world will be burned up with fire?" "So I have heard replied Tom. "But, Tom," went on Jimmy, who was deeply concerned about the approaching catastrophe, "what will you do when the world is burned up?" "Oh," replied Tom, with an air of one who has provided for all contingencies, "I shall go out to Uncle Billy's and stay."—Detroit Journal.

A Coming Disease.

Dr. Squills—"What was the matter with that cab-driver you were called to see last night?"

Dr. Kallomell—"As near as I can describe what ails him it is automobilousness."—Chicago Tribune.

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The Pacific Monthly

19



OCTOBER



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IN THIS NUMBER

The Outlook in China

*By Dr. William Sylvester Holt,
for twelve years a missionary
in China.*

Oregon Writers

*By Eva Emery Dye, author of
"McLaughlin and Old Oregon."*

The Cave of the Cross

Short Story

The Umpqua River

*The fourth article in the series
on "The Rivers of Oregon."
The fifth, which is now in
course of preparation, will be
on the Columbia, and will be the
most ambitious effort of the
kind ever undertaken in the
Northwest. It will appear in
the near future.*

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Passing With the Sun

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and the politician.*



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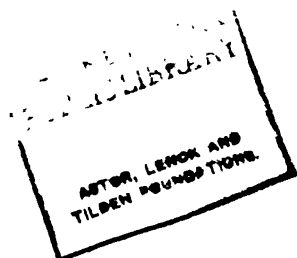
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"Passing with the Sun"—See page 258.

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. IV.

OCTOBER

No. 6.

Oregon Writers.

By Eva Emery Dye.

WHERE beautiful scenery abounds, there legends usually cluster.

This is true of the Rhine, of the Scottish Highlands, of the Hudson River, and of Oregon. Already every bold peak and smiling glen of the coast and the Columbia has its legend waiting for an artist to give it setting. Like a faint perfume this whole emerald Northwest is redolent of song and story. The earliest comers felt this. Franchère's charming "Narrative" of the Astor expedition gave Washington Irving his best glimpses of "Astoria."

The first considerable body of settlers, aside from fur-hunters and missionaries, crossed the plains in 1842. With them came Oregon's first romancer, Sidney Walter Moss, who wrote "The Prairie Flower," upon his journey. The manuscript was sent back by a returning immigrant to Emerson Bennett, who gave it to the world under his own name, prefaced by a fanciful story of the mysterious stranger who placed it in his hand. The book created a sensation in its day, and no wonder, for it was the very first story ever published of that journey, in itself sufficiently wonderful to attract attention without any embellishment of romance. For years all western stories had been imitations of Cooper, but this was another and a newer West, whose capital features were Sioux and buffalo, Fort Laramie, Kit Carson, Great Salt Lake and Oregon. Any information of that trans-Missouri

of the Rockies and the Pacific was welcome, doubly so in the sugar-coated romance of "The Prairie Flower," that in successive editions reached its ninety-second thousand. The veteran author is living yet at Oregon City.

Oregon was a state of schools from the first. The early missionaries brought colleges with them. Willamette University landed in Oregon with Jason Lee. Whitman College came over the mountains with a hero of the West. Pacific University grew from a little log school house. In the fifties, Columbia College, the germ of the State University at Eugene, counted among its students Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras.

Cincinnatus Heine Miller came with his parents and brothers and sister with the old ox-team across the plains in 1852, and grew up in Oregon. Immediately from college he went, as he himself says, * "into the heart of the then unknown and unnamed Idaho and Montana; gold dust was as wheat in harvest time; I and another, born to the saddle, formed an express line, and carried letters in from the Oregon River, and gold dust out, gold dust by the horseload after horseload, till we earned all the gold we wanted. Such rides! And each alone! Indians holding the plunging horses ready for us at relays. Those matchless night rides under the

* Joaquin Miller's Poems; Whitaker & Ray Edition, San Francisco

stars, dashing into the Orient doors of dawn—this brought my love of song to the surface. And now I travelled, Mexico, South America; I had resolved as I rode to set these unwritten lands with the banner of song."

His first little book, "Joaquin, et al.," printed by George H. Himes in Portland in 1869, was laughed at, derided, and from it he was ever afterward called "Joaquin." He had studied law, made some success, and sought a place on the Supreme Bench of Oregon, only that he might find more time to write. "Better stick to poetry," was the taunting answer. Three months later Joaquin Miller was in Europe at the grave of Robert Burns.

With all the freshness of the western winds upon him, Joaquin Miller went to Europe, a stranger and alone. With a little thin volume of poems in hand, he went boldly to the most aristocratic publisher in London. He says, "The songs my heart had sung as I galloped alone under the stars of Idaho—make up about half of my first book in London."

England looked upon Joaquin Miller as a young barbarian come out of the West, with a new harp and a new song. The Oregon boy became the lion of London. After his first poems were out, various great people wrote to him. The Archbishop of London invited him to take breakfast with him, and meet Browning, Dean Stanley, Lord Houghton, and others. The poor poet actually had not fit clothes to wear among the great folks, so he went to an old Jew to hire a dress suit. While he was fitting the clothes on, "Hurry," said Joaquin, "I am in haste to go to a great breakfast." The Jew looked at him sharply. "No," he said, "you must not wear that, you must have a suit of velvet." The good Jew never stopped until he had Miller in great state, with cane, silk hat, gloves and all. And after that, at all the great dinners, the good Jew fixed him up, and never would take a cent of pay. "I have a son of my own at college," that was all he said, but he went on fixing up Miller as if he had been that beloved son.

Lord Houghton, who was first to discover and encourage Keats, became

Joaquin's friend. George Eliot, Rosetti, Anthony Trollope, Dean Stanley, Prince Napoleon, became his associates. His triumphs were borne across the seas, and America discovered for the first time that she had a new poet in one of those homespun lads who had followed the immigrant trail to Oregon. Jean Ingelow gave him a letter of introduction to a Boston publisher. So our Poet of the Pacific reached America through foreign introductions. In Boston, Longfellow, John Boyle O'Riley, and other great singers of our time, were his friends.

He did write in the Scottish Highlands, on his back in a hospital at Rome, at Naples, where he once thought he would settle down. Some of his poems were written in the wilderness of Honduras, at Yosemite, and in the Shasta land where he fought the Modocs. His "Isles of the Amazons" was written at the instance of Dom Pedro, the last Emperor of Brazil, who invited Joaquin to make his home in that land. His magnificent "From Sea to Sea," was written during his first railroad ride from New York to San Francisco, and is full of the sweep and whirr of the flying train and changing scene. Some of his poems were written in the wilds of Washington, on the banks of the Columbia, on De Soto's River, the Mississippi, at the tomb at Mt. Vernon, in Mexico City, Alaska, wherever his roving fortunes led him. He tried all lands and came back to the Pacific. He lives now on the heights above Oakland, overlooking San Francisco and opposite that wonderful harbor entrance that Fremont named the Golden Gate.

Perhaps even nearer to the popular heart is Sam L. Simpson, sometimes called the Burns of Oregon, who crossed the plains, an infant in his mother's arms, in 1845. While yet a youth, wandering on the banks of the river, his "Beautiful Willamette" leaped into deathless melody. As on the banks of "Bonnie Doon"

"Love could wander
Here and ponder—
Hither poetry would dream."

Sensitive to the charms of the emerald state, his genius blossomed lux-



Harvey W. Scott.
Photo by Lee Moorehouse.

uriantly in verse that celebrated local events and scenes. His "Song of the Sword" has been ranked as one of the five great battle-pieces of the world. There is nothing amateur, nothing crude in Simpson's work; he has the form and completeness of a classic with the subject matter of a new land. One day Ore-

in Kansas. Her first book, "The Flower that Grew in the Sand," was published in Seattle in 1896. In the same year the Macmillan Company, of New York, secured the copyright and brought out new editions under the title, "From the Land of the Snow Pearls." In 1897 the same firm published her second book,



Frances Fuller Victor.

gon may build a shrine to the memory of him who bore

"One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die."

Another Oregon genius from "the plains across" is Ella Higginson. She, too, came as an infant, from a log-cabin

"A Forest Orchid, and Other Tales." In 1898 her first volume of poems, "When the Birds Go North Again," appeared. Her story, "The Takin' of Old Mis' Lane," won the \$500 prize from McClure, and is the one of which the New Orleans Picayune said, "We suggest that it be made the model of a perfect

short story." The scenes of Mrs. Higginson's stories are laid in Oregon and Washington.

Mrs. Higginson's sister, Carrie Blake Morgan, of Portland, is also a popular writer of stories and verse for Lippincott's, McClure's, the Overland, and other magazines.

In the same year with Joaquin Miller, Frederick Schwatka came by the immigrant trail from Galena, Illinois, when he was four years old. His life work remains among the permanent records of the nation. His books, "Along Alaska's Great River," "Children of the Cold," "The Nimrod of the North," and "In the Land of the Cave and the Cliff Dwellers," all commemorate land and naval expeditions led by this noted author and explorer.

In that eventful year for Oregon letters, 1852, the Scott family left the Elm Tree Farm in Taxewell county, Illinois, on the ox-line journey to the far, far West. It was in the dread cholera time, a scourge that took away the mother in a few brief hours. Harvey W. Scott was then a boy of sixteen. Arriving in Oregon he became the first graduate of Pacific University, and in 1865 took up his life work on the great paper of the Northwest. What Benjamin Franklin was to the Atlantic colonies, that Harvey Scott has been to the Pacific Coast—a fearless writer, constantly hammering into the people industry, economy, temperance, pure politics and plain, common sense. No account of the great editors of our time can omit the name of Harvey Scott, of the Oregonian.

Abigail Scott Duniway, a sister of the great editor, enjoys the proud dis-

tinction of being the pioneer literary woman of the Pacific Coast. In 1852, as a young lady of 19, she embodied her emigration adventures in a tale entitled "Captain Gray's Company," that has delighted two generations of readers. For many years she was editor of "The New Northwest," and for half a century her pen has been wielded in support of every good cause and work.

Mrs. C. A. Coburn, another sister of the same family, is the founder of the Portland Evening Telegram.

Among the native Oregon writers, may be mentioned Louis Albert Banks, whose delightful book, "An Oregon Boyhood," ought to be in every school library. Another of precious memory is Frederick Homer Balch, whose exquisite "Bridge of the Gods," is the high water mark of Oregon letters. This old legend of the Cascades, that a granite bridge once extended from Mt. Hood across the Columbia to Mt. Adams, has passages in it worthy of Irving. Balch died in the Portland hospital with a valise full of half-written romances at his bedside.

Edwin Markham was born at Oregon City in 1852. His most noted poem, "The Man with the Hoe," has stirred two continents with its pathos. It is a study in human conditions, depicting the unlettered peasant of Europe rather than the wide-awake American farmer.

Oregon has been rich in delvers among original documents, and of these Frances Fuller Victor and Harvey K. Hines have attained the most distinction. They have unearthed treasures commemorating the brave deeds of Oregon's early heroes.

Flight of the Birds.

Gaily whirling,
Swiftly swirling,
Dipping low o'er rippling streams;
Mounting higher,
Flitting nigher,
To the home of bright sunbeams.

Tilting slightly,
Poising lightly,
On the slender waving reeds;
Blithely soaring,
Music pouring,
Over flower-dotted meads.

Sportive racing,
Gleeful facing,
Wild pranks of the merry breeze;
Fleetly darting,
Quickly parting,
Slowly floating 'mong the trees.

Closer winging,
Louder singing,
Speed the wand'ers on their way,
While o'er mountain
And o'er fountain
Faintly rings their parting lay!

—*Adelaide Pugh.*

Passing With the Sun.

By Fred. A. Dunham.

*By Columbia's mighty river,
Where the cascades leap and roar,
With the warm and mellow sunlight
Shining on his locks of hoar,
Stood a bent and time-worn redman,—
Relic of a passing race,—
And a tinge of mournful sadness
Rested on his careworn face.*

*All his glory had departed;
Tribe and lands were his no more;
And the river, field and forest
With their free and boundless store
Woke no more the fires within him,—
For his hunting days were done,—
And his sands of life were passing,
Passing with the setting sun.*

*On the bright and sparkling river,
On the deep and tangled glade,
Where his youth was passed in gladness,—
Where his ancestors were laid,—
Passed his gaze in eager searching,
As for friends he knew of yore,
But the friends of youth and manhood
All had reached that other shore.*

*Swiftly now the evening shadows
Deepen as they gather round;
Slowly sinks the aged redman,
Staggering, falling to the ground.
For the silver thread is broken,—
Friends of yore he now has met,—
For his mortal life had ended,
And the golden sun had set.*



The Cave of the Cross.

By Muriel Grey.

I.

SEVEN o'clock A. M. saw my expedition in motion. Linc and I rode ahead. I had had some dealings with Linc before and knew him to be possessed of good judgment. He had one weakness—money. Not that he loved it too well, but that he spent it too freely, and whenever he had any to spend, he had many friends to assist him. We were followed by the team with our provisions, instruments, and camp outfit. Behind the team rode John Cline and Hal Edwards, my chain men. Our destination was the Siletz Reservation, where I had a government surveying contract.

The distance of sixty miles, over mirey, almost bottomless roads, through forests, winding in ever varying succession around stumps and trees, laboring up steep grades, and precipitously descending, the fording of numerous streams, and, above all, the solitude and rugged wildness of the scenery around us, gave me a vivid realization of what it means to cross the Oregon Coast Range with a team, though the average altitude does not exceed 3000 feet. The extremely broken and heterogeneous formations of the range make the trip a most difficult and laborious one.

The reservation contained between 300 and 400 souls—if an Indian has any soul at all, a matter very much disputed by John Cline, who was a pessimist in his views concerning the red man.

Hal Edwards, Hank Small and Linc believed there might be some good in an Indian, but subsequent events convinced me that their opinion was a qualified one, resting upon their success in driving sharp bargains with poor Lo. As to Sam Yick, he minded his own business, kept his own counsel, and always had his meals ready on time. He was on the most intimate terms with the Indians that came to the camp, apparently without the slightest motive other than to be and appear a good-natured heathen in the eyes of his visitors.

One evening, while sitting around our camp fire, smoking and telling yarns,

Hank Small, usually a better listener than a talker, surprised us all by saying he had heard of an actual buried treasure on the Oregon Coast near Cape Look-out.

"Out with it, Hank," demanded Linc; "let's hear it."

"Boys," said Hank, looking quite grave, "I can't tell you—no; it wouldn't be half as interesting to you as to hear it first hand."

"Nonsense," said Hal, "come, out with it; if we don't like your style, we'll then hear it from the other fellow, too."

"No; you'll have to hear the other fellow first."

"Well; who is he, any of the boys here?"

"No."

"The pig-tail?"

"No."

"Well; who in thunder is it, then?" asked Hall, irritably.

"Old Gabe."

"Old Gabe?" repeated the others in chorus.

"If you want to know so bad, boys," continued Hank, "I'll have Old Gabe here next Sunday."

"All right," said Linc, "you just promise him a good dinner, and he'll be sure to come."

The new agent appointed some time ago did not allow the Indians directly under his charge to leave the agency at night. Sunday, therefore, was the best opportunity of enjoying the society of Old Gabe. On the appointed Sunday, promptly before dinner, he was on hand.

After dinner we lit our pipes and settled down in the most comfortable positions, looking expectantly at Hank to introduce the speaker of the day.

But Old Gabe looked at us alternately, holding one hand to his heart, with the other rubbing his stomach, glancing every now and then furtively in the direction of the cook's quarters. "I have it!" cried Hal Edwards, "Here, you holy heathen, give this fellow something to drink."

The effect produced on Old Gabe at the sight of the cook's bottle was marvellous. His expression became one of supreme contentment. Hank then asked the Indian to tell his story of the Spanish treasure, and here it is:

"Long time ago, Dog-Face, my grandfather, he tell me; a man of his tribe, very sick, about to die, he tell 'em he help some white men bury heap things that come from big ship that was stuck fast in the sand, and by and by all fall to pieces. Well, Dog-Face, and some other Indians, all cultus—dead, help white men dig hole deep in the ground, and put in big iron box and heap other things.

"White men told Dog-Face and other Indians, never say anything about it. But Dog-Face he turn Christian; and he think about it long time, and he know he die soon, and he heap like me, he tell me all about it—that's all.

"But here, Gabe," spoke up Edwards, "you forget to tell us where they buried the treasure."

"Now, Gabe, tell us where they buried that iron box," urged Hank Small.

"Old man no tell me."

"Boys, this old fellow is giving us a sell, or I'm a liar," remarked Linc.

"Here, now, you old reprobate, tell us the truth, you know," spoke Hank sharply.

Old Gabe looked knowingly at us, thrusting both hands into his trousers, turned the pockets inside out, showing they were empty.

Of course we understood this symbolism. A collection was taken up, and, when it was safely stowed away in his pockets, he looked as bland as a clown.

"Here, Gabe," enjoined Hank sharply, "go an' finish your story."

"Hm, he bury 'em in the ground."

"You old reprobate, you," cried Hank, angrily, "did you tell me a lie?"

"No, I tell the truth."

"Then you tell all of us here what you told me."

"Hm, you tell 'em yourself, you know."

Hank, in order to set himself right, finished the story by saying that the Indian told him the treasure was buried in a cave near Cape Lookout, and that it might be recognized by a cross cut in the rock at the entrance.

II.

One year later, Linc Farnsworth, Hank Small and myself were again camped in sight of the Pacific.

Our conversation drifted upon the subject of our expedition. Linc informed me that a boat had been secured, and all arrangements perfected to cross the bay the next day. The greatest difficulty, said he, would be in transporting our boat and effects over rugged sand hills, rocky bluffs and shallow inlets, requiring at least two days before we could expect to reach Cape Lookout.

Besides the span of horses which we brought with us, we secured two Indian ponies, and with these, Linc thought, the work could be successfully accomplished.

I suggested that we had better engage a couple of Indians to help us, but both Linc and Hank rejected the idea, claiming the Indians would prove more of a hindrance than otherwise, besides, they did not wish to excite their cupidity.

Cape Lookout, proper, is a high promontory with a perpendicular front, projecting boldly towards the ocean, and with a gentle sloping on the south side. Retreating leeward, the coast line then forms a beautiful cove in the shape of a horseshoe; the broken, rocky formation being washed by the deep and comparatively quiet waters of this little bay.

It was along this cove that we slowly and cautiously steered our boat.

"See any of them holes yet, Cap?" asked Linc.

"No."

"Let her run a little closer to shore—no danger, Cap, water's deep enough—recollect, 'one—two—three—little holes—four like a saw-horse, heels up—five—big hole, flat opening"—eh?"

"Yes, I recollect, but can't see either big or little holes yet."

After rowing silently for awhile, I noticed a more gradual sloping of the rocks, with an occasional overhanging boulder forming deep cavities underneath—"Hold on, boys," I commanded, "look over there!" The boat came to a sudden halt, and both men looked in the direction towards which I pointed.

"Look, look, Hank!" ejaculated Linc; "I'll be blamed if that ain't Old Gabe

over there, digging clams, and how in Sam Hill did he get there?"

"Cap," continued Linc, after our surprise had somewhat abated, if I believed in ghosts, I'd think that was old Dog-face's ghost."

"Let's call to him; maybe 'tis a ghost," said Hank.

"All right—w-h-o-o-p—ho!" shouted Linc, with all his might.

The Indian heard it, for he looked up, startled. Perceiving us he made a move as though he wanted to run, but suddenly changing front, looked as bland and vacant as only an Indian can.

"What had we better do, go over to him, or leave him alone?" asked Hank.

"Why, go over, of course; for I tell you, boys, I think the old fellow is up to something," remarked Linc.

I was the first to jump ashore, and, throwing a tow around a rock, asked Linc and Hank to follow.

The water being quite deep and the landing quite difficult, we lost sight of the Indian for the time being, but, standing upon terra firma, Linc exclaimed, "Hello, boys; where in Sam Hill's Old Gabe?"

Hank and I now looked around, but no trace of Old Gabe could be seen—and we looked puzzled at each other.

"Never mind," said Hank, "he'll be along presently; he's an eccentric old skin—likely to be up to his tricks again."

"Look here!" exclaimed Linc, what's this? Old Gabe's pick-ax, as sure as you're born; well, well—I always thought people dug for clams in the sand with a spade and rake, here's a fellow with a pick on the rocks; how's this?"

"Prospecting, perhaps."

"Or hunting for geological specimens," said I.

"Boys," remarked Linc, seriously, "this old rascal's up to something, or I'm a liar."

Presently we heard footsteps behind us, and, looking around, we beheld Old Gabe grinning like a Chinese Joss.

"Here, old reprobate, you; what are you doing around here?" demanded Hank, sternly.

"Dig clams," said Gabe, rubbing his stomach.

"Dig clams!" exclaimed Linc, "Come out with it, old man; what are you doing here with this pick?"

Gabe kept on grinning and rubbing his stomach.

"O no, you won't fool us this time," continued Linc; "not a drop till you tell us what you're here for."

The grin on Gabe's dark and wrinkled face gave place to a woe-begone look. "Hm," he grunted, "what you here for."

"None of your lip, now; come what are you doing here?"

"Hm, you look for iron box—I come here help you find' em."

"That's more like it—give him that bottle, Hank."

Old Gabe took a liberal allowance, after which he became quite talkative. He repeated, but more fully, what his grandfather had told him about it, but now insisted a wooden cross over the entrance marked the cave where the treasure was supposed to be buried.

After a brief consultation we agreed to take Old Gabe into the boat with us and reconnoitre the coast. The Indian willingly assented, and directed us to steer further north.

The rocks now appeared more precipitous, the high tide covering the gradual ascent. We had been rowing for about a half hour, when Old Gabe pointed to a cave-like opening.

"What is it, Gabe?" I asked.

"See em hole?"

"Yes; is that the place?"

"No, boss; by em by."

Linc looked at me and I understood.

"All right," said I, "go on."

Pretty soon Gabe stopped us again; "Look, boss."

This time we noticed two openings in the rocks close together.

"Which one, Gabe?" I asked.

"No good, boss; go on."

Again we rowed, but I noticed Gabe was getting uneasy.

"Look, boss; look sharp—by em by another hole—you see cross—all right."

We shared somewhat in the Indian's nervousness; the boat drifting very slowly, while our eyes kept a sharp lookout upon the rocks to our right.

Suddenly Old Gabe stood up in the boat, and, gesticulating wildly, said:

"Stop, boss—look, look, see!"

We all looked, and sure enough, in the direction pointed out by Gabe, we saw a dark opening in the rocks, in the shape of a V.

"How does that tally, Cap?" asked Linc.

"Very well, so far; shall we go over and investigate?"

"Certainly," replied Linc, with emphasis.

We made fast our boat, and found there was a gradual ascent to the cave, which was some thirty yards from our landing.

Linc went in advance.

"Look, Cap; look!" he spoke, excitedly, as I came up to him. "Look there—if that ain't the cross, I'm a liar!"

There it was, evidently the work of human hands, for it had the appearance of two sticks of driftwood, of about an inch in thickness, fastened together in the shape of a cross, and set into a crevice in the rock. The rock formation at the entrance of the cave was a most curious formation of Nature's handiwork. The mouth was in the shape of a V, about five feet back from the projecting sides and roof. Directly in the center, lay a huge boulder, surmounted by the cross, almost barring the opening. Right above it, and seemingly suspended as if ready to fall at any moment, hung another huge rock; between these, just large enough for a man to pass through in a stooping position, was the only entrance. Threatening and forbidding as it looked, the fever was upon us and we determined to enter the cave.

Hank and the Indian, meantime, had brought up some of our implements and lanterns. We noticed Old Gabe was even more nervous than before; but being in a similar state ourselves, we thought it quite natural. Linc once more questioned the Indian:

"Gabe, you say this is the place—no humbug now, you sure this is the right place?"

"Sure, boss; you see em cross?"

"Yes, I see it, but what do you know about it?"

"Hm, old Dog-Face say white man bury box in there—you go see."

"Let him go in first," suggested Hank.

At this Old Gabe retreated a few steps, crossed himself, and, with a gesture of abhorrence, muttered: "No, no!"

"The old redskin is afraid," laughed Linc; "all right, Gabe, you can stay out here and dig clams for dinner until we get back—let's light our lanterns and explore the hole, for it seems to be as dark as a hen-roost in there."

Taking with us lanterns, pick and shovel, we clambered up the rock, Linc and Hank ahead, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in utter darkness, save for the faint glimmer of our lantern.

Judging from the descent over the rock on the inner side, we found the bottom of the cave considerably lower than the approach on the outside, so that we could walk about without even touching the roof with our hands. The atmosphere was extremely damp and clammy. One thing struck us as peculiar, a draft of cold air, plainly preceptible.

"Say, Cap," remarked Linc, as he groped his way, lantern in hand, a little in advance of us, "don't you know, my horse sense tells me this is all humbuggery—and yet my fool sense believes in it."

"One thing is certain," said Hank, "Old Gabe lied; because at first he claimed it was a cross cut in the rocks over the entrance to the cave and this morning he spoke of the wooden cross—well, it's darned contradictory; seems to me we should have explored the coast a little further before we went in here—I don't take much stock in Old Gabe."

"Well, now; I think you're a little prejudiced 'gin Old Gabe—but hark! what in Sam Hill was that?"

We stopped suddenly—a tremendous noise, like the falling of a rock, startled us. Another remarkable thing we noticed; the draft, at first so preceptible, was now no longer felt. We listened attentively for a few minutes, but all was still as the grave.

"Boys, let's go back," said Linc, with some apprehension, "something's wrong."

Slowly and silently we retraced our steps; when near the opening Linc went ahead alone. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Boys, bring the lantern."

We clambered up the rock, and, to our horror, discovered that the mouth of the cave was closed. Linc was the first to find expression: "Caught—yes, boys, we're caught like rats in a trap!"

There was no mistaking our situation, daylight was completely shut out.

"That rock we noticed hanging over the entrance fell down, that's what happened, boys," said I, as coolly as possible; "but how, whether by accident or design, that's the question."

"I bet my skin Old Gabe had a hand in this," said Hank; "let's shout for him."

This we did, singly first, but no answer came from without. We shouted in concert, as loud as our combined lung powers admitted, but with the same result. The mocking echo of our voices through the cave was the only reply we could hear. We now began to realize the extremity of our situation. One thing was certain, whether the rock fell by chance, or through some human agency, Old Gabe was gone from without, and our chances of escape depended upon our own efforts.

It was fortunate we had tools with us. A closer inspection made our situation even more gloomy. The huge rock seemed so wedged into the opening that the center of gravity lay towards the inner side of the cave, the sloping sides holding it like a vise.

For nearly an hour we tried our combined strength and ingenuity to find some crevice or force an opening, but the solid rock remained obdurate, whilst we were wasting our strength in vain. We therefore sat down in council.

"It's possible," said Linc, "Old Gabe has gone for help; somehow, I can't believe the old fellow guilty of playing this trick on us."

"I do," said Hank, emphatically, "I have an idea the whole tribe believe in this traditional treasure business, and jealously aim to reserve it for themselves. Old Gabe's conduct all through convinces me of this; isn't that your theory, Cap?"

"Its no use, now, to debate this question—the thing is how to get out of here. You recollect, when we first entered, a current of air seemed to pass through the cave?"

"Yes, that's so!"

"Well, after the fall of the rock the draft seemed to have stopped."

"Yes, but what do you make of it, Cap?" queried Linc.

"Just this, there could have been no draft unless there was a corresponding opening at the opposite end of the cave."

"That seems reasonable," said Hank.

"As long as there is life there is hope," remarked Linc, cheerfully. "Let's investigate."

Suiting the action to the word, we again set out towards the interior of the cave. For some time there seemed to be a gradual descent, and the bottom became slippery. Suddenly we came to a turn, and, upon consulting my compass, I found the direction to be north to west. This was favorable. The cave also became narrower, with a gradual ascent

"Hark!" exclaimed Linc, stopping abruptly, "do you hear that noise?"

We listened. Yes, we heard distinctly a noise like escaping steam from an engine. It seemed to be underneath our feet, as well as overhead and all around us; though no water was visible in the cave.

"Push on, boys; push on," I encouraged. Still lower and narrower and steeper in ascent became the cave. We now had to stoop and carefully grope our way; our footing, too, became more and more uncertain. For the loose boulders underneath were extremely slippery; but we pushed on, resolutely, for the encouraging signs were the comparatively fresh air and the upward and westerly direction of the now constantly narrowing cave or hole.

A shout from Linc suddenly stopped our progress. The sound of falling waters, hollow, rumbling, rushing, filled us with new consternation. Slowly and cautiously we crept forward on our hands and feet, Linc ahead. Another shout from Linc, and at the same time a current of fresh air, bedewed with the spray from the cataract, struck our faces. Directly in front of us we saw a volume of water fall with deafening roar into a dark abyss below. All further progress seemed at an end, and our late hopes were turned to despair.

"Boys," shouted Linc, above the roar, "I believe we're done for."

"Let's turn back," I heard Hank say, in a tone that too plainly indicated his sinking spirits.

"Not yet," I shouted; "go ahead, Linc, as far as you can; there must be an opening somewhere—I'll follow you."

Linc crept slowly forward, I close behind him; we had not gone more than a few steps, when we were thoroughly drenched from the falling spray.

Never in my life had I seen so sublime and awful a spectacle as this underground cataract in the faint glimmer of our lantern, and, under the circumstances, I confess it filled me with terror such as I had never before experienced. But life is dear to us, and in this extremity I realized that to lose our heads meant destruction. My only hope was kept alive by the renewed current of fresh air.

Linc stopped again and shouted back, "No use, Cap; can't go any further."

I crept up toward him when, suddenly, I lost my footing and was precipitated into an opening about five feet in depth. In falling an involuntary cry escaped my lips, and Linc, hearing it, turned around—"Here, for God's sake, Linc; give me the lantern."

Holding on to the rocks with one hand, I grasped the lantern with the other; not knowing into what danger I had fallen. It took but a glance to discover that I was at the opening of another chamber, broadening out before me in the faint glimmer, and it was from this direction I now felt the current of air.

With all my strength I shouted back, "We're saved—all right—get Hank."

Link started back with the lantern, while I remained in darkness, awaiting return of my companions. I allowed ten minutes for their return, but twenty minutes seemingly passed, and still no sign of them. The utter darkness, and terrific roar of waters increased my suspense and anxiety—another ten minutes passed, and, fearing something serious had happened, I determined to get out of the pit and grope my way back, because shouting from my position was useless.

With difficulty I clambered out and proceeded on my perilous retreat, when, to my infinite delight, I preceived the

approaching light. I waited; as Linc preceived me he shouted something, but I could not understand; a glimpse of his face, however, convinced me something was wrong.

He now came close up to me and shouted in my ear: "Hank's gone—can't find him—what shall we do?"

There was no time to be lost in deliberation, and I shouted back: "Go ahead—give me the lantern!"

Once more I entered the pit, followed by Linc. The descent was very steep, and our footing perilous; but the cave gradually became wider and higher, and fainter and fainter grew the noise behind us. Presently we reached level, and here I made a halt.

"Linc, in heaven's name, what do you think has become of poor Hank?"

"I don't know, Cap; I examined the cave carefully, as far as I went, but couldn't discover any opening he might have fallen into. The most plausible explanation I have is, that he became panicky; perhaps thought us lost, and again made for the mouth of the cave."

"I think you're right, Linc; and now let's get out of this, if there's a way out at all, and from the looks of it, I think there is. Once out, we can get to him quicker than we could by going back."

Poor Hank! Again and again I conjectured as to his possible fate; and yet, to go back was to lessen our chances of escape. These were thoughts that occupied my mind—the treasure? Well, the treasure, it was lost sight of altogether. What if we were to discover tons of gold, with starvation staring us in the face! Circumstances alter cases, and I admit in this case I felt an utter contempt for gold.

The cave where we now stood was of considerable extent—the walls on either side being scarcely distinguishable in the light of the lantern. The ceiling formed an arch almost as symmetrical as if hewed by human hands. Right above us, at least twenty feet from the ground, was a circular opening, having the appearance of a dome, through which a ray of light streamed down upon us. In our first transports of joy this ray of light was sufficient to revive our fallen hopes; but alas! upon closer inspection, our deliverance, apparently so near, was

indeed very far off; for, by no means whatever, could we reach the opening. The smooth walls and ceiling precluded all attempts in that direction. Upon a closer inspection of the ground, we found there was a corresponding depression immediately underneath the opening, forming something like an artificial basin, as if at one time it had been filled with water.

While examining this curious formation, a perceptible draft of fresh air seemed to proceed from the further end of the cave.

"Up, Linc, up," said I, "we are not far from the mouth of the cave."

This conclusion I based upon the fact that, for some time before we reached this circular opening, no draft at all was perceptible, inasmuch as the draft existed between this fissure in the rocks and the opening at the further end.

Buoyed up with new hopes we pressed on. The walls now contracted as well as the roof; but the direction being due west, I was certain we were nearing the mouth of the cave. Altogether it had the appearance of a tunnel, being so different from the one we had just passed through. We both commented upon this. Suddenly our progress was arrested. A large mass of rocks lay transversely in our path; but as we approached we also noticed, to our intense joy, a faint glimmer of light, by which we could see the jagged outline of the top-most rocks.

A few moments sufficed to convince us that this was a formation similar to the one in the other cave just at the entrance. We clambered up with an eagerness that defied all obstacles. A rattling, clattering noise as if some brazen substance had rolled down the rocks, startled us, Linc, especially.

"Cap, did you hear that?"

"Of course."

"Kinder frightened me; thought I had hold of a boulder, when the blamed thing came loose and rolled down."

"Did it roll down on the outside?"

"Yes."

"All right—we'll soon know what it is."

"Hurrah for daylight," shouted Linc.

Never, in all my life, did I behold the blessed sunshine with as much joy as I

did when we stepped out of that terrible tomb into the brightness of day.

"I feel like prayin'" said Linc; but Cap, don't let us waste a minute, let's find Hank."

III.

The tide had receded, and this enabled us to descend to the beach, which, however, was no easy task, owing to the precipitous formation of the rocks. About two hundred yards from our point of egress, we recognized, high above us, the place of entrance of the first cave; but in order to reach it at low tide, we had to make a long detour. At last, worn out and fatigued, we reached the spot.

We now examined the extent of the cave-in, and found it was caused by the ingenious deviltry of some one. "Old Gabe," said Linc, with supreme scorn.

"Yes," said I, "Old Gabe and his confederates, for no one man could have done this alone. See that heavy piece of timber there? That was used as a lever to loosen the rock; besides, you see, our boat is gone."

"Hark—don't you hear—now—Hank! Its Hank's voice."

We both called his name as loud as we could, and then listened—yes, this time I was certain I heard a faint voice within. While we were still listening, Hank's head appeared through a crevice right underneath our very feet.

"Glory, hallelujah!" shouted Linc, as he reached down to assist him out of his living tomb.

The poor fellow, more dead than alive, actually wept tears of joy at seeing us again; for, as he told us, he had given us up for lost—thought we had both fallen into the abyss of the cataract when he heard me cry out and saw the lantern disappear, whereupon he struck a hasty retreat, and inch by inch, with the desperation of life and death, dug his way out with the tools we had left behind.

Going back to where we had left our provisions, we found they were gone, except a small remnant. This we soon disposed of, and then talked over our situation and experiences. We told Hank of the incident of something metallic rolling down over the rocks, also of the wonderful formation of the cave through which we had passed; when, notwithstanding

his terrible experience, he was anxious to see it for himself.

We therefore agreed to go over to the other cave. Arriving at the spot, Linc happened to look up at the apparently smooth surface of the rocks over the entrance of the cave, when he exclaimed:

"Boys, do you see that?"

Yes, there it was—a perfectly symmetrical cross hewn in the rocks.

"How's that, Cap?"

"Well, it seems to correspond with the ghost's description of it."

"Exactly—but hang the ghost, for one of them told a lie."

"You mean—well—Old Gabe took us in."

"Well, let's get in there anyhow; I'm kinder curious to see this wonderful cave," said Hank; "but here, boys, what's this?"

He stooped down and picked up an owl—a golden owl.

Upon closer inspection it proved to be a masterpiece of the goldsmith's art; most curiously and artistically wrought. The eyes were made of precious stones. This find at once revived our belief in the buried treasure.

I took hold of the relic myself, and could not help admiring the curious workmanship. Each feather seemed a separate piece of leaf gold in close imitation of nature; the wings were movable, but so ingeniously fastened to the body that no joint or hinges were visible.

I lifted up both wings, purely accidental, and brought them down with a clap, when, to our astonishment, the golden owl opened in the center, opening like two halves of a mould, and out rolled an ancient parchment scroll.

Hank picked it up and exclaimed:

"It's covered with writing, Cap!"

I examined the scroll and found it just as he said, covered with writing in the Spanish language, which neither of us could read. But there were also a diagram and several drawings, which, upon closer inspection, were at once recognized to correspond with the interior of the cave. The most conspicuous of these drawings was the one representing the circular opening in the roof, and corresponding depression in the ground below, marked thus: (-I-). To the right of this was another sketch, showing a large

boulder with a death's head upon it, and underneath an oblong square, and inside of it, six letters in Roman characters, which, upon deciphering, spelt the word, "URSULA."

That the drawing upon the parchment had reference to certain points in the cave we no longer doubted, and, much as we desired to learn the contents of the writing, as it undoubtedly contained a key to the location of the treasure, we concluded to go ahead at once, rather than wait until we should find someone able to decipher it, deeming the sketches sufficiently plain for guidance.

We entered the cave with feelings of positive success. My companions spoke not a word as they carefully advanced. Presently we noticed a glimmer of light, and a few minutes later we again arrived at the circular opening in the roof of the cave. As it was now already late in the afternoon, but little light penetrated from above, which, blending with that from our lantern, produced a wierd, yellowish glow in which our bodies cast the most grotesque shadows.

Stooping down, we carefully examined every spot in and around the depression, but found nothing to indicate that the floor of the cavern, composed of shale and limestone, had ever been disturbed. Linc began digging in the center of the basin. The surface, to the depth of about two feet, seemed to be a soft deposit of clay and sand; but underneath, except a round hole in the center, his pick struck solid rock.

After working a half hour without success, we concluded to search in other directions. Again we examined the drawing and found the place indicated by the oblong square and the death's head was opposite the mouth of the cave, hence east, instead of south of the circular hole. Following this direction we came upon a large projecting rock. This we examined minutely, otherwise we should never have discovered the death's head rudely chiselled at the foot of its sloping side.

Yes, there it was; cross-bones, too, distinct in outline—unmistakably the work of man.

Linc and Hank at once set to work with pick and shovel while I held the lantern. Linc first tested the ground in

a circle around the rock, to discover, if possible, any former disturbance in the floor of the cave.

As they worked the space between the rock and the basin, they discovered an absence of the loose clay and shale covering which in every other place seemed to compose the floor, leaving the smooth, flat stone surface exposed. After another effort, they found these stones lay quite regular, with edges closely joined together.

They worked with renewed energy; but to loosen and lift a single one of these plates was no easy matter. At last, after much tugging and lifting, by all three of us, we raised one—and to our intense joy discovered a hole or pit underneath.

One after another we lifted the stone plates, and laid open a rectangular pit of some seven feet in length, by two or three feet in width.

"Here, here," shouted Linc, as he brought forth a metallic box, resembling a lady's jewel casket.

"Look at this, boys!"

It was an antique bronze casket.

"Open it," said Hank, with feverish excitement. But no lock being visible, Linc tried his pick, and succeeded in opening it the first lick. A lock of long silken hair, another parchment, a withered rose, and a seal ring with monogram, U. R., embossed upon it, were the contents we found in the casket. Mystified and disappointed, we turned our attention again to the pit.

"My God!" exclaimed Linc, as the rays of the lantern fell aslant into the

hollow. Startled, I looked in the direction his gaze was fixed, and with a shudder drew back—for there, as it reposing in peaceful slumber, we beheld the marble face of a human being—a woman's face, still beautiful in its fullness and expression. The body seemed wrapped in sheets, leaving the face alone visible.

I was the first to recover my mental equilibrium, and, stooping down, touched the face, but quickly withdrew my hand with an involuntary shudder—it was like marble indeed, hard and solid as the rocky tomb in which it lay.

Presently, my attention being directed toward the bottom of the pit, I noticed a dark object. Linc at once made for it. Taking hold of it with both hands, he pulled and strained, then brought to the surface an old camp kettle. It was heavy—"Got it at last," muttered he.

Removing, with nervous hands, the sand which covered the brim, he drew out, one after another, a complete set of counterfeit dies. Looking at us in blank amazement, his only word of ejaculation was "Well!"

The petrified woman proved to be nothing but a calciferous formation at the bottom of the pit, wonderfully resembling the face and form of a human being. The golden owl, when exposed to daylight, proved to be a mechanical contrivance made of—brass.

"Well," said Linc, scratching his head, "got gloriously fooled, didn't we?"

The parchments are still lying in a drawer in my secretary, to remain there a reminder of our "goose-chase," as Linc ironically terms our expedition.

Oregon October.

O golden days of cloudless skies,
When forests flame with gorgeous dyes;
When a touch of wine seems in the air,
Fields are brown, and pastures bare;
Deep purple wraps the distant hills;
And shadows gray fall on the rills;
Thro' rustling corn the zephyrs sigh,
In grief to see fair Summer die;
This is the season when lovers dream;
All Nature a fairy land doth seem.—
These are the days of "Webfoots" glory,
Sung in song—and told in story.

—J. Mayne Baltimore.

Rivers of Oregon-IV The Umpqua

♣ ♣ *By George Melvin.* ♣ ♣

A STREAM that winds, and turns, and doubles back upon itself a thousand times in its wild journeyings from the Cascades to the sea, a stream that hurries darkly below the wierd loneliness of mighty peaks, that gleams with sinister brightness on sunny gravel bars, beautiful—yes, with the sinuous charm of the serpent as it coils to strike. “A treacherous river!” That is what they say of it from whose hearthstones it has claimed a victim.

Diamond Lake, near the base of Mt. Thielsen is the fountainhead of the North Fork of the Umpqua. The South Fork rises among the crags and canyons of Old Bailey Mountain, but a short distance to eastward, and the two streams flow in an almost parallel direction, divided by lofty ridges, for many miles—only, indeed, diverging widely to north and southwest when they have issued from the gloomy grandeur of the rugged range and meet the gentle loveliness of hill and dale and sunlit meadow land. Countless tributaries swell the tides of each before their confluence near the head of the beautiful Yoncalla Valley.

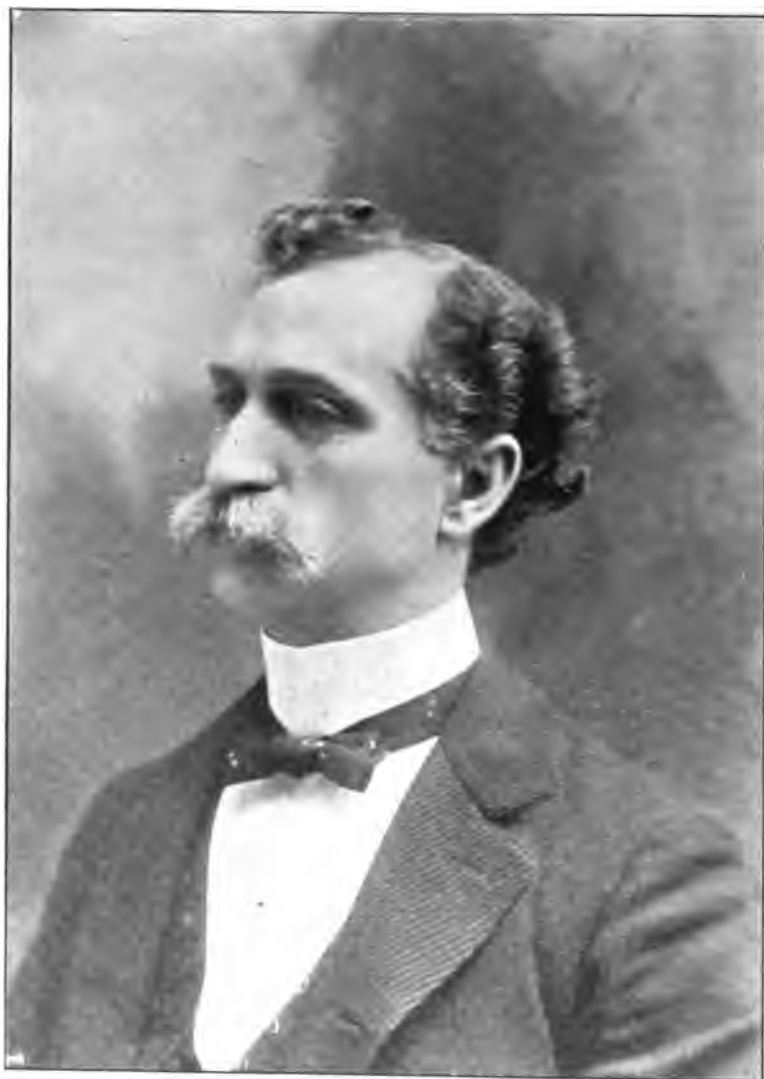
There is but one town of any size upon the Umpqua, Roseburg, situated upon the right bank of the South Fork, a few miles south of the meeting of the waters, is a quiet, but pretty place nestled among the oak-clad hills. The village of Gardiner, upon the lower river, though much smaller in point of population is not without importance, being, a large and fertile district, rich in the natural resources of a yet comparatively undeveloped country.

It is the lower river that I always recall when I hear the Umpqua mentioned, for it was where the widening current, mountain-born, meets the strong sweep of the sea that I first became acquainted with this stream. It was a dull, grey afternoon in mid-winter. The boom of

the breakers besieging the shore for twenty miles to southward, made a deafening music. The timbered headlands opposite the landing on the low, flat sands at “Barrett’s,” had a dreary, rain-washed look, and the river, turned back by the tide, reflected the gloom of the clouded sky. It was a depressing scene, with no hint of the fairy effects that were to follow.

Embarking at noon the next day on a tiny river steamer, I pursued a briefly interrupted journey inland. From the pilot house of that little boat I looked out, as we left the tide-flats behind, and climbed the freshet-swollen stream into the mountains, upon a succession of the most beautiful scenes human eye ever beheld. For softly, almost imperceptibly, at first, but gradually thickening, the snowflakes began to fall. On either hand the turreted peaks rose steeper and taller. There was barely room between, at times, for the swift current of the river. And ever as we ascended the snow fall deepened, and the white fleece thickened on each bending bough and branch and twig. The stately firs were towers of white; the myrtle, with its never-fading foliage of dark and glossy green, was like a snowy tent beside the flowing tide. The landscape was transformed. It was an enchanted world we journeyed through—a silent fairyland—and we looked out upon it bewildered and entranced, wondering if, indeed, we were awake, so like a beautiful dream was the spell of that winter afternoon.

Not until the red glow of sunset burned above the western hills and our tiny craft, her voyage ended, slid up to the steep bank at Scottsburg, did the white flakes cease to fall. We were carried ashore through snowdrifts that were like “carded wool,” and through all that long winter night we heard the Umpqua singing wierdly in the dark.



J. W. Hill



A Pioneer in Secondary Education and His Work in the Pacific Northwest. ♣ ♣ By *W. H. Shelor.*

THE problems involved in the training and education of boys are essentially of a more perplexing nature than those which have to do with girls. The boy is to be the bread-maker, the soldier, the financier, the merchant, the minister, the doctor, the lawyer of the future. He is to become a part of the great machinery that moves the affairs of men, and the question of how best to fit him for the responsibilities which he must meet is one that has puzzled fathers and mothers as well as the wisest educators and thinkers since time began.

The old Greeks were not far from being on the right track in most things, and, judging from our present day standpoint, they did not miss it far in their ideas as to the education of boys. The ideal with them was physical perfection, and everything was made subservient to it. During the many hundreds of years that have intervened since Greece was in her prime there has been gradually evolved a system of training for boys which includes the best features of Grecian education, combined with what the experience of centuries and modern thought have proven would bring about an all-around development.

The first notable exponent of this system was the United States Military Academy at West Point. The methods in vogue there and the results accomplished have attracted world-wide attention. It could not be long, therefore, before schools modeled after the same plan, but upon a broader basis and not restricting the requirements for entrance in the same way, should spring up in different parts of the country.

One of the first, if not the very first, of the leading academic educators on the Pacific Coast to appreciate the advantages which this new system offered and to incorporate it, with other desirable and advanced improvements, into his school plan was Dr. J. W. Hill, a Yale man, who has been principal of the Bishop Scott Academy of Portland, Oregon, since 1878. Dr. Hill is one of those alert educators who are in the van of progress, and the Bishop Scott Academy, under his leadership, comes as near solving the perplexing problem—what shall we do with our boys?—as is possible in this day and age. The intention here, therefore, is not so much to go into details of a life work as it is to sketch, briefly, the status of that work today. In the years that Dr. Hill has labored for the cause of

education in this region, he has accomplished a task of no mean magnitude—one that has vitally affected the well-being of the community, and which stands as a monument to his genius and far-sighted wisdom.

The Bishop Scott Academy is essentially a boarding institution, although day pupils are received as students, inasmuch as a large part of the attendance is from Portland and vicinity. The best results, however, are accomplished by the student when under the continued influence of the school. Indeed, that the boy may be brought into contact with the system at its best, it is almost indispensable that he be a boarding student. For the independence and self-reliance

to make mechanics, or especially fit boys to become architects or mechanical engineers. It is believed by many thinking people that the ordinary school work is for some boys one-sided, and that certain traits of character are not sufficiently encouraged and strengthened by the present methods of education. In other words, in many cases a boy is not fitted by his school work for his actual life work. In manual training an effort is made to develop evenly all the faculties. To accomplish this end, the studies of the academic departments are combined in proper proportions with the instructions in shop work and laboratory practice. The leading idea is the education of the individual. It must not be forgot-



that are there inbred cannot be so well attained under other circumstances.

One of the comparatively recent innovations made by Dr. Hill, in his desire to keep fully abreast of the times, was the introduction, three years ago, of manual training, or the Sloyd system. Individual carpenter's benches, equipped with tools of approved pattern, are placed in a room set aside for the purpose, and a progressive course of Sloyd work is given each boy under specially trained teachers.

The interest shown in the work and the results accomplished have amply justified the introduction of this branch. It must be borne in mind that manual training is not designed to teach trades,

ten that the object of school is education, and that manual training is and should be as broad and liberal as intellectual. Even in manual education the chief object is mental development and culture. The manual dexterity attained by means of manual training is but the evidence of a certain kind of mental power. As power to think and to do is the real object of all sound, practical education, any scheme by which the result can be brought about is certainly worthy of commendation. Habits of care, accuracy, self-reliance, neatness, promptness and perseverance, the cultivation of sight, touch and form, the acquisition of attention, perception, the right thinking and a proper respect and love of work



are some of the results of the proper kind of manual training. The wholesome moral influence of training has been abundantly shown wherever the system has been faithfully tried and practically carried out.

Neither manual training nor military discipline, however, are given undue prominence in the academy curriculum or in actual practice. The purpose of the academy, as before intimated, is all-around development. Accordingly, those parts of the course which pertain to the phys-

ical development of the boy are not permitted to interfere with the hours that should be given to the intellectual attainments nor vice versa. There is, in fact, a nice adjustment of all the courses, so that when the student holds the diploma of the academy he should be a well rounded young man, with an intellectual grasp far above the average and with a physique that will stand him in good stead for the rest of his life. These are some of the reasons that lead to a belief in the solution of the boy problem.

Of the academy itself, its buildings, its





corps of instructors, its history, its methods of instruction, and especially of the man who has made it what it is—much could be written. Concerning the first, suffice it to say that the academy enters upon its thirtieth year under the most happy auspices. Many varied and effective improvements have been made, and another prosperous year is assured. The academy buildings and grounds occupy thirty-eight city lots, located in the most fashionable residence part of Portland, and give ample room for the military drills. They also furnish an admirable place for the sports that have become an indispensable part of academic and college life.

The endowed school has already taken a well-established place in public favor for its efficiency in training boys. It is recognized as doing for American culture and citizenship what the great boarding schools of England, some of them founded and endowed three and four hundred years ago, have done for the British nation. The Bishop Scott Academy was established with this view in mind, and through that indefinable something which may be called the per-

sonal equation, it has attained a success and is held in veneration like the great schools mentioned above. In the Academy, more than in the college or university, the students partake of and are influenced by the personality of the head of the institution. He is the school, in fact. The buildings, the grounds, the equipment are mere outward show. And no school, however learned its instructors, or expensive its buildings, can ever rise to that sublime height of success attained by the famous Rugby school without the qualities of personality and leadership for which its great master was noted. So that to the sincere educator who appreciates the nobility of his profession and the responsibilities which are laid at his feet, and who holds up a high ideal of manhood to the young who are placed under his charge—to the man who does this work with a high sense of duty, the community owes a debt of gratitude which it can never pay. Such a debt is due Dr. Hill for the splendid work he has done for the cause of secondary education in the Pacific Northwest.

Death Song of Itsayaya, the Nez Perce. *By Erskine Wood.*

(In "Itsayaya" the a is pronounced like a in care.)

DEAR Manitou! I've lived too long!
I, Itsayaya, call to you.
O Mighty One! Hear my death
song—

Dying, I sing Great Manitou.
Truly 'tis time for me to go;
The buffalo have left the plains;
Few men there are to draw a bow;
No more war-feathers fleck the manes
Of horses as they tramp to war.
Wise Rolling Thunder, he is dead—
Dead Yellow Bull and many more—
Brave Looking Glass and Grizzly Head;
Dead are these chiefs, they all are gone,
And Itsayaya stays behind;
Aye, Itsayaya's left alone.
But I am coming; be not blind,
Great Manitou! I've waited long
To join the chiefs, and now the time
Is here, and I chant my death song.
I go to join those chieftains wise.
We were young men together, all;
As buzzard straight to carrion flies,
Often we ran to the chieftain's call.
How many times, Great Looking Glass,
Have you and I swooped on the Sioux?
How often rode through Lolo Pass?
I was the younger, and followed you—
O might I once again so ride!
The war-whoops piercing shrill and
clear—

A thousand warriors at my side,
Painted and deckt in fighting gear!

* * * * *

Nay, Itsayaya, thou art wrong;
Thou must not know those things again;
This hour thou'rt singing thy death song.
No more thou'lt ride home with the men,
Their naked bodies all bedaubed
With blood, and on each saddle-bow
The reeking scalps so newly robbed,
Which swing and dangle to and fro.
The captured pony herds we sent
Before—the boys drove them ahead—
And with them wailing women went;
Their cry rose upward for their dead.
So always we come home again,

Laden with booty—spoil of war;
The widows of our warriors slain,
We gave to each the share of four.
But I was young then, long ago,
And many snows since then have passed.
My heart is glad within me now;
My brothers call to me at last.
Often I've thought upon the day
When Looking Glass stretch'd on the
ground,

And near him Rolling Thunder lay;
The Sioux's dead bodies ring'd them
round.

O chiefs! Why was not I there too?
To leave me here alone was wrong;
Fighting I would have died with you;
That was the hour for my death song!
But 'twas not so—they long are dead—
Those warrior chiefs. My son, look
now,

Look on the prairie—turn thy head—
And tell me there what seest thou.
Aye, everywhere the white men are—
On mountain-top, in valley low,
Smoke from their houses rises far.
It says to Itsayaya, "Go!"

And I am going. When we rode
To war, and all the women pined,
There was no man who ever showed
That Itsayaya looked behind.

Nor shall he be a laggard now;
He comes to join you, chieftains all;
The Manitou has shown him how.

I, Itsayaya, know the call!

Bury my long lance by my side—
The one with eagle feathers, red;
Wrap me 'round with a panther's hide
And put my war-dress on my head.
Kill my black horse on my grave;
Let him and me together lie;
He is a horse to bear a brave;
He will be glad with me to die.

Hear, Manitou! I've lived too long—
I, Itsayaya, call to you!

Come Death! Come Death! this is my
song—

Singing I die, great Manitou!

A Hero.

By Chas. Stone.

HE was a cripple—"Crippled Tim," they called him—but he had always longed to be a hero. He had heard people talk of heroes when he was still very small, and his little heart beat with admiration and sympathy when he had heard of their brave, noble deeds. When he was older he learned to read and write a little, and then if he could get an account of some noble deed he would leave the other boys, and, hobbling off by himself, would read and picture in imagination the brave, thrilling events chronicled in the story.

Once, while Tim had been selling newspapers on the crowded streets, he had seen a runaway and a man dash into the street and stop the maddened horses at the risk of his life. Tim had always remembered it, and he felt that if he could have stopped that horse and heard the cheers of the crowd he wouldn't have minded being lame the rest of his life. He would rather have been that man than king of the greatest country in the world.

At another time he had seen a great fire, and he had almost forgotten to breathe as he watched with wide-eyed admiration the firemen climb through the smoke and flames into the burning building to save the lives of those within. He had lain awake most of the rest of that night and thought about it, and when he dropped asleep he dreamt that he went to heaven, and was a fireman, and had climbed into burning buildings to save people's lives.

When he stood among the crowds that lined the sidewalks and saw the soldiers marching to the transports which were to carry them to the battlefield in the distant Philippines, his heart had almost burst with envy. He didn't cry with his disappointment, because heroes wouldn't have cried, but he thought of it for days and days, and it seemed very, very hard that he must always be "Crippled Tim."

Sometimes he wondered if, should he have an opportunity, couldn't he be a hero, too, and he pictured himself doing some of the things he had read and heard about until he felt quite sure that he could do something brave if he only had the chance.

It was dusk of a winter evening, and Tim had been selling his papers, when he finally did get the chance he longed for. He was just starting across the street when he heard some one cry, "Run-away!" and the people crowded back to the sidewalk as two maddened horses and an empty buggy dashed wildly toward the crossing. They had nearly reached it when there was a sudden, frightened cry, and Tim saw a small boy who had fallen directly in the path of the horses. Tim, being lame, had not reached the sidewalk as quickly as the others, and was nearer the child than anyone else. In another moment the horses would be upon the boy and crush him under their flying hoofs, and then the crowd who gazed in shuddering horror saw someone hurry forward and drag the child from under the very feet of the horses, and a wild cheer went up from the assembled crowd—and little Tim?—for one awful moment he had closed his eyes and then he had opened them again, seen the maddened horses dash past, seen someone raise a frightened child in his arms, heard the wild cheers and knew that his opportunity had come and gone, and that he would probably never be a hero. And then "Crippled Tim" had gone on selling his evening papers.

It was during the same winter that Tim's mother fell ill and was forced to stop working. Tim was the oldest child and there were other little mouths to feed and so he worked very hard. He sold more papers and stayed out late in the cold, dreary streets to get rid of them, and he got up very early to sell the morning ones. During the day he blackened shoes and whatever he could to

earn a penny, and often he was very cold and tired and hungry. At last his mother grew better. But little Tim's crippled leg grew very bad and at last he had to stop working. He grew worse and then there was a fever, and when the doctor came he said "Crippled Tim" would die.

His mother did all she could for him, but it was no use, and when the doctor came the last day and heard the story of

how Tim had worked while his mother was sick, there were tears in his eyes and he bent over the bed and said something about a "little hero," but Tim did not hear it. He was dead. And probably if he had heard he would only have wondered what the doctor meant.

Tim did not realize that his work had saved a human life. It had never occurred to him that he was a hero.

The National Amateur Press Association; What It is and Does.

By James F. Morton, Jr.

"Vote for Brodie!"

"Thiele for Official Editor!"

"Milwaukee in 1901!"

"Smith wins the essay laureatship!"

"Ella Wheeler Wilcox has consented to act as Judge of Poetry!"

"The Pacific Coast is the most active section of the country!"

"A. J. was never in such a flourishing condition as at present!"

"Once an amateur, always an amateur."

SHOULD the average reader chance to pick up a small paper containing such notes as the foregoing, with various longer editorials telling about a certain N. A. P. A., discussing the contents of other papers, debating public questions, indulging in friendly personalities, and the like; and perhaps with a few poems, essays and stories, it might interest him to obtain a clue to these mysterious phases. He would at least learn that the paper in question was devoted to some hobby possessing unusual powers of fascination for those engaged in it.

Herein the learned reader would be quite right. If there is any pursuit more delightful for bright boys and girls, as well as for not a few of larger growth, than amateur journalism has proved itself to be, the combined researches of a whole host of the cleverest young people of America has failed to discover it. Fun, pleasant acquaintance and warm friends, practical training as writers, knowledge of journalistic methods, parliamentary practice, literary equipment, a

chance for free expression, broadening of ideas, are a part only of the benefits which accrue to the amateur editor or author.

"Every boy his own editor!" This was the thought that sprang up in the minds of Young America when the cheap printing press came into existence in the late 60's. Accordingly, every boy who could get hold of a press prepared to print a little paper for the entertainment of himself and friends, and sometimes with a view of financial profit. These were filled with whatever matter lay at hand—jokes, anecdotes, local news, personal items, puzzles, and the like; and the boys derived both fun and experience from the process. Isolated ventures had been made at different times, one of the earliest "pre-historic" amateurs being Nathaniel Hawthorne, who issued a manuscript paper in his sixteenth year. Now, however, boys' papers appeared on every side. All sorts of names were assumed, such as "Boys' Gazette," "Patriot," "Our Boys," "Dew Drop," "True Blue," "Star," "Ranger," "Whacker," "Young Enterprise," "Comet," "Cornucopia," "American Youth," and many others. Charles Scribner, now head of the famous Scribner Publishing House in New York, was one of these enthusiastic young editors, and still treasures the solitary remaining file of his little paper, "Merry Moments." I have a letter from Mr. Scribner in which he speaks in the highest terms of his pleasant recollections of amateur days.

It was not very long before some of these youthful editors began to learn of the existence of other boys who were publishing amateur papers. Correspondence and exchange of papers followed. The various editors began to vie with one another in publishing stories and essays, and criticising the contents of their contemporaries. This caused emulation in the attainment of higher literary standards. Boys and girls enjoyed their papers so much that they found their publication a pleasant pastime, even for their more mature years. In this way amateur journalism gradually became a settled institution.

A desire for closer acquaintance was prompt to make its appearance. The first amateur convention in history was held September 18, 1869, at Mr. Scribner's home in New York City. One after another numerous amateur organizations were formed, but as amateur journalism was yet in a rudimentary condition, all died out after a longer or shorter existence. It was not until 1876 that about a hundred enthusiastic amateurs met in Philadelphia and celebrated their Fourth of July by organizing the National Amateur Press Association. The N. A. P. A., or "Napa," as it is often fondly called, has, ever since its organization, remained the first love of every true amateur. Sectional and State A. P. A.'s, and local Amateur Press Clubs, have often been organized, and have done good service to the cause; but the N. A. P. A. always takes first place with the devotee of amateur journalism. Amateurdome, frequently referred to as "the 'dom," includes young people of widely varying tastes and ideas; but where the N. A. P. A. is concerned, they all fight under one banner.

Let me explain some of the salient features of this organization, around which cluster so many delightful memories. Its members are of both sexes, and reside in all parts of the country. Membership in it is open to any amateur journalist of the United States or Canada. An amateur journalist is any person who edits or writes for an amateur paper. The officers are a president, two vice-presidents, a recording and corresponding secretary, a treasurer, an official editor, a historian and three executive

judges. The N. A. P. A. publishes an official organ, called the "National Amateur," to contain reports of officers and committees, proceedings of conventions, official notices, membership list and the general news of the "'dom." To edit this organ is the task of the official editor. The historian prepares, at the end of the official year, a history of amateur affairs during that period, which is printed in the "National Amateur."

The executive judges settle disputes, and decide questions during the year, subject to a revision at a regular convention. The duties of the other officers are largely such as ordinarily prevail, except in a few matters which need not be specified here. All these officers are elected at the annual convention of the association, which is held in the month of July. A convention has just taken place in Boston, Mass., which has elected Nelson G. Morton, 51 Hancock St., Boston, Mass., president, and John M. Acee, Box 222, Atlanta, Ga., official editor. These are considered the most important offices, and lively political campaigns in behalf of different candidates add spice to association affairs. The merits and demerits of the different aspirants are discussed in the papers and in personal correspondence for months before the convention.

The annual conventions of the National Association are most enjoyable occasions to the amateur; and he will save up his spare cash for months in order to attend. Should he fail, however, by reason of living at too great a distance, he may still send in a proxy vote for all the officers, on the printed blanks which are sent to all the members several weeks before the convention. The meeting-place for the following year is chosen in the same manner in which officers are elected; so that if a member lives too far away to attend one convention, he may strive to bring the next one nearer his own section of the country. Next year the convention will be held in Atlanta, Ga. Convention pleasures can hardly be described, so as to be appreciated by one who lacks actual experience. The fraternity which prevails among amateurs is something unique; and they are a most jolly crowd when they come together. The sharp political contests, parlia-

mentary skill, bursts of eloquence, and serious discussion of constitutional questions on the floor of the convention are supplemented by the regular convention photograph, the banquet (an event to dream of, the whole year), pleasant little excursions to spots of interest, theatre parties, and social pleasures of every kind. Then there is a race between the different papers, to see which shall print the earliest and most lively account of the doings of the convention.

Special titles of honor, known as laureateships, are annually conferred on the amateur authors presenting, respectively, the best poem, story, sketch, essay and history of amateur journalism. The judges of the various articles entered in competition for laureate titles, are men and women prominent in the professional literary world, very many of whom have shown great favor to amateur journalism.

Amateur papers are published by individuals, at their own expense. They are whatever size and shape the editor pleases, and can afford; but the four or eight page "Century" size is most popular. Some appear monthly, some bi-monthly, quarterly, or at irregular intervals. All is according to the whim or ability of the editor himself, who is left perfectly free to suit his own fancies. Many amateurs who lack money to invest in publishing papers, send their poems, stories or essays, to the different amateur editors and receive the papers published, whenever they appear. The ideal amateur editor puts every amateur journalist, whether editor or author, on his regular mailing list. The author, no less than the editor, is eligible to membership in the N. A. P. A., and to all the privileges of the "'dom." "Activity"

implies the frequent publication of a paper, or frequent contributions to the amateur press. A "fossil" is an amateur who has ceased to be "active." The frequency with which old-timers return to activity, even after a lapse of several years in "fossildom," has given rise to the saying, "Once an amateur, always an amateur." Many who have risen to positions of honor in journalism and literature are among the graduates of A. J. (pet abbreviation for amateur journalism). Most of these retain their old fondness for the 'dom, and recognize the value of the training there received.

The following are among the principal amateur papers of the present day:

Dilettante, edited by Samuel J. Steinberg, 848 Cedar St., Alameda, Cal.

Villa de Laura Times, edited by Linden D. Dey, 758 West 14th Place, Chicago, Ill.

The Review, edited by Walter S. Goff, Blissfield, Mich.

The Interpolitan, edited by H. Jessen, 2807 Franklin St., Omaha, Neb.

Hebe, edited by Leston M. Ayers, 31 Peace St., New Brunswick, N. J.

All of these editors take pleasure in sending copies of their papers to inquirers, and in supplying them with information concerning the N. A. P. A.

After all, the pleasures and benefits of amateur journalism are known only to the initiated. They are living memories, not to be set down in cold type. Those who enter the charmed circle, where all are welcome, speedily learn for themselves. I record it as my deliberate conviction, from the standpoint of pleasure, no less than that from self-improvement, that amateur journalism stands head and shoulder above all other forms of recreation afforded to the youth of America.

The Postage.

"The first writing was done on stone," remarked the wise man at dinner. "Great gracious! Think of the postage!" involuntarily exclaimed the rising poet, with a shudder that rattled the dishes.—Anonymous.



American Supremacy—

The inroads that American manufacturers are making into the fields that have hitherto been held exclusively by the manufacturers of Europe, and especially by those of Great Britain, and a constantly increasing balance of trade in our favor, are fruitful subjects for speculation. At the present rate of progress it is only a question of time, and that probably within the next decade, when the commercial supremacy of the United States will be the predominant fact in the commercial world. Our tremendous natural resources—lumber, coal, iron, gold and silver—alone would make this an ultimate and inevitable result, but when we consider our enormous output in wheat, cotton, corn and wool, the remarkable strides that we are taking in manufacturing these products for the world's consumption, and the inexhaustible energy and enthusiasm that are characteristic of the American people, it is not difficult to see the place which the future holds for American commerce and manufacturers. The triumph of America in this regard means her triumph along other kindred lines. As a natural sequence to the commercial supremacy of America, American shipping will be established upon a firm basis, and must inevitably assume a more prominent place than it has ever held at any previous period in its history. The supremacy of American commerce and shipping will, in turn, be the prime factor in establishing New York as the financial centre of the world. Already the trend of events towards such a result have attracted the attention of the world's great financiers. The recent British war loan of \$50,000,000, more than half of which was taken in New York, is a fact not without much significance. Looking at it as dispassionately as possible, therefore, one cannot escape the conclusion that there is a great future for us all along these lines; so great, in fact, that we may well stand appalled at the material accomplishments

of the young nation that in less than 500 years takes the leadership of the world in this respect. But is our progress, our supremacy, to end there? May not the results in commerce and finance so wonderfully achieved, but be the precursors of far greater and more praiseworthy accomplishments in science, literature, art, music and education? May not the nation which established the greatest and most successful Republic the world has ever seen, make yet still greater advances in government and economics? These things are not only within the range of possibility, but there is every probability of their becoming established facts. It was over 500 years after William the Conqueror landed in England before English literature had reached its highest point—the Elizabethan age—and it is now over four hundred years since Columbus discovered America. While there is no exact literary parallel between the two events, there is yet a certain common significance from the standpoint of literature that may be attached to them. Both were the beginning of a new order of things. Previously in England there had been some ineffectual attempts at literature, but Chaucer did not appear until three hundred years later, and the real beginning of English literature proper may be placed in the sixteenth century. In the one hundred years that followed the climax was reached. The conditions in America were vastly different. The Indians had no conception of literature, and the pilgrims that landed in 1607 and 20 and thereafter were concerned so much with the struggle for existence that literature was neglected. The literature of America, therefore, while indebted somewhat to that of England, had its practical beginning on this continent, and while in some ways the comparison may not be altogether fair, in the four hundred years just passed American literature has accomplished far more than did English literature in the four hundred years after

the landing of William the Conqueror. According to the same reasoning, in the next hundred years American literature should reach its highest point, and should compare favorably with the Elizabethan age in English literature, as well as lead the contemporaneous literature of other nations. There are well grounded reasons for belief in the latter statement. England, France, Germany and other European countries are old nations, and the temperament of mind that creates the distinctive literature of a land—the literature that springs from the ground, as it were—has been more or less exhausted in all of them. Their literature has been given to the world. It is not so, however, in America. Judging by the history of the literature of other nations, we are just on the eve of the beginning of our great literary era as well as entering upon the commercial, financial and scientific supremacy of the world.

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The Census—

The returns of the 1900 census are now being collated, and some very surprising announcements, in addition to those already made, may be expected. Perhaps there never was a time when so much interest was manifested in the population returns as at present. The nation is eagerly awaiting the statement of the population of the entire country. Thousands of periodicals throughout the Union have offered cash prizes, through different agencies, for those who guess nearest the population, and the time is fast approaching when the exact figures will be announced by the Director of the Census. Judging by the population of the larger cities given out up to this time, the ratio of increase will be larger than that estimated by statisticians, and the figures should reach over 77,000,000, and possibly 78,000,000. It is doubtful, however, if the country at large will maintain the same ratio of increase as that of the largest cities, and the final result may bring the figures down to 76,200,000 the estimate made by Mulhall, the great statistician.

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The Weather—

Probably there is no other one subject that occupies men's minds so thor-

oughly the world over, and affects their well-being, directly and indirectly, so minutely as the weather. When we come to consider what a mystic power it exerts upon our daily lives; how consciously and unconsciously it influences our feelings, creating moods and attitudes of mind that impress themselves upon the day's work, and hence enter into the causes that produce success or failure; how it acts upon the physical being, causing health and happiness, sickness and misery, and how, as in Galveston, it brings about fearful destruction of life and property—we realize that it is, as Carlyle says of another subject, "a large topic; indeed, an illimitable one." After all is said, however, and though the weather is omnipresent, both as a fact and as a subject, neither of which we are permitted to forget long, we all feel, with Mark Twain, "thankful that we have any weather at all."

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Superficiality, A Universal Fault—

"If there is one thing more than any other," a great merchant once said, "that has caused my success, it has been the habit of doing absolutely thoroughly whatever I had to do." He might have added with equal force and truth that if there is one thing, more than any other, that prevents success, accounts for the failures on all hands, and keeps thousands of men otherwise deserving and talented, upon the low level of the commonplace, it is the habit of superficiality. Wherever we may turn, whether to the workshop, the school room, the college, the government of our cities, the handling of our troops in war, or to the business, social or artistic life of the community—it is impossible to escape the ear-marks of this pestilential malady. It has been engrafted upon our times through a senseless, hurrying, feverish desire for growth and greatness beyond the natural order of things and what the nation has been guilty of crops out in our children. Today our strongest characteristic is superficiality—nothing less. There are, of course, many cases of remarkable thoroughness, but they only serve to bring out the universal deficiency of superficiality the clearer. A reaction

against all this—a cry from the very ground for thoroughness is inevitable. Its beginnings are seen in the revolt against the cramming system in use in the public schools. Yet only a step has been taken here. There still remains an enormous amount of combined and imperative protest if any real results are to be accomplished, and it is here that the first and most important work is to be done. For it is in the public schools that American character is formed and habits of thought and work created. An idea of thoroughness effectively implanted here means more to the youth than all the grammar and arithmetic that can be stuffed into his weary brain. As it is, however, he gets superficiality crammed, jammed into him day after day for ten months a year and eight years. Is it any wonder, then, that he goes out into the world skimming over his duties in a half-hearted sort of a way and being left behind in the great battle of life in which the watch-word is "thoroughness"? What is to be done, then? "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Teach the youth thoroughness by being thorough in our teaching. Whatever we do in our schools let us have it well done, or not

at all. Instead of increasing the curriculum, cut it down. Let the student emerge from the grammar schools with a thorough knowledge of pure English and a foundation in one or two other branches that will last him through life, instead of, as now, a smattering of a good deal and a knowledge of nothing. Certainly this is not expecting too much. If it is under the present ideas of systematic education, there is something the matter with the system, and it should be remedied. If we wish to accomplish anything for the nation we must look to our homes and our public schools, inculcating there the principles which we wish to be characteristic of our men and women. It is not for ourselves or our generation that we labor—it seldom is. But those who have a great and high ideal for the future, who feel the throb of patriotism at the accomplishments of their countrymen apart from their own parental or personal interests, cannot consider too seriously this matter of the proper training of the nation's children, and the elimination from their study, environment and life of those things which do not tend to build up the thorough, manly, ideal American character.

A Peace Conference.

Once the great white bear of Russia,
Close beside his polar seas,
Called the beasts and birds to council
That the beasts and birds would please
Cease to war upon each other;
Appetite for blood should cease,
And all sovereignty be given
To the sweet white dove of Peace.

The great bald eagle from his eyrie
On the mighty Rockies' crest,
Lauded peace while he was preening
Blood of battle from his breast.

Royally the Albion lion
Licked and licked his velvet paws—
Roaring Peace to Afric jungles
With blood and feathers on his claws.

Came the great black-breasted eagle
Swooping from the Baltic's shores,
Bait for fish in Orient waters
In his peaceful talons bore.

Then the great white bear of Russia
Asked all beaks and claws to sheath—
Asked, and smiled, and showed in smiling,
His own cub's blood upon his teeth.

Far away upon her desert
In her solitude enthroned,
Peace sat desolate and weeping—
And her white dove moaned and moaned.
Slowly through the hot sun toiling,
An aged worm with ways infirm,
Stopped its homeward crawl to listen—
And the white dove ate the worm.

Madge Morris.



The Outlook in China.

The outlook is not cheering. Why? For several good reasons. It must be remembered, in dealing with China, the white man meets peculiar conditions. Today the government, if there is any, is foreign; that is, Manchu. At the same time it is intensely anti-foreign; that is, anti-European. Of this there can be no question to the well-informed person. There are associated with the anti-foreign element some men who are friendly to European nations, but they are in the minority, and it is a question of how great or how little their influence will be.

The government is not China, nor are the interests of the government and China identical. This is a peculiar statement. The government is in Peking, appointed by a "despotism" to carry out the purposes of a despot. Despotism is quoted because a representative of the Government has so called it within the past week. The "Tsungli Yamen" is the government, so far as foreign nations are concerned. What does Tsungli Yamen mean? The whole name is "Tsung li man kwok sz wu Yamen." Tsungli, direct or control; man kwok, (10,000 states) all nations outside of China; sz wu, affairs; yamen, office. Here it is in good English: The office which controls the affairs of all nations. Then, in the eyes of the government, all the European nations are under the control of the office of foreign affairs, as it is euphonically named. Hence, because there is a state of actual war, the outside states are in rebellion, and have dared to invade the northern capital. The interests of the government, then, are to get the rebel (foreign) armies out of Peking as quickly and quietly as possible, lest it become known that the Manchu dynasty

is not able to cope with the rebellion. There is an uneasy anti-governmental party always at work in China, and a successful rebellion in the North is likely to be followed by other rebellions in other parts.

The interests of China are peace, a settled state of affairs, continued trade with the world, more intimate intercourse with the nations, railroads, telegraphs, newspapers, free from official control, schools—do I dare to add churches? Yes, we will add churches. By all these means, and here let churches come first, the whole condition of China will improve. But that improvement means help for the masses who do not count now, except for taxation and the census.

The relation which foreign nations are to sustain in the future, must enter into the outlook. That the foreigner will never leave China is a foregone conclusion. Today he is a foreign devil, a barbarian, an outsider, and this, too, in spite of the Confucian aphorism, "All within the four seas are brethren." What will he be tomorrow? Whether he remains a foreign devil, barbarian and monkey in the eyes of China depends, largely, upon what is done now. The Chinese have been brought up to despise the outside barbarian. This is true throughout the Empire. Will he despise him any less after the peace commissioners have met? Not from the present outlook. It seems now that we are to be fooled through diplomacy, and that little will come from the present trouble except indemnity and promises. What else has the government done since 1843? Was the cession of Hong Kong to Great Britain, the payment of 12,000,000 of money, the opening of five

ports, granted by the treaty of Nanking, anything more than indemnity and promises? Foreign intercourse was hampered in every way possible, as everyone knows. After the allies entered Peking before, and destroyed Yuen Ming Yuen Summer Palace, as it is often called, what was there beside some more indemnity and more promises? Was the attitude of the country changed, and the white man's burden made less?

When Margary, the splendid representative of Great Britain, traveling under Imperial passport issued from Peking, was murdered in 1874, was 300,000 taels and more ports opened and residency granted in Chungking and new proclamations anything but indemnity and more promises? So on to the end of the chapter, which is not reached yet.

The statements made from Shanghai are absolutely and forever true. If the allies now withdraw from Peking it will be published over the Empire, except along the coast where the white man lives, that the rebels have been driven into the sea. This will increase the government's prestige, for it will be believed. This will give immunity to Boxers in inland cities, for they began the war of extermination. This will decrease the safety of the "Friend from a distance" and will turn back the hands on the dial of Chinese advancement.

The Shanghai people are not guessing; they know. The Black Flags always drove back the French in Annam. The Braves always defeated the Japanese. The Imperial armies always overthrow their enemies. There are the highly-colored picture sheets to show how it was all done, and official papers always prove the truth of the pictures. The vast majority of the nation will never know that the court has left Peking, and that barbarian troops have marched through the Imperial City.

Let it be remembered again that Li Hung Chang is one of the most astute men who ever entered the diplomatic circle. He has never been worsted in diplomacy. He was one of those who bought out the fleet of Russell & Co., the American merchants in Shanghai, and removed the American flag from China waters except as it flew on a few lorchas. He built, or helped build, the railroad to

the coal mines. He favored the telegraph. He and Lady Li built two modern hospitals and a college. He employed an American physician, a missionary, by the way, to attend Lady Li in serious illness. He employed an American tutor for his sons, another missionary. He has been around the world, and had both eyes wide open. But he is connected with the government, and loyalty, if the government stands, will compel him to do his utmost to secure the terms most acceptable to the government, whether they are best for the nation or not. No American, ignorant of the Chinese and the government, is a match for the great Li Hung Chang. He is a man whose ability every foreigner in China admires, and his fidelity, when weaker men would have fallen before their own ambition, has enabled him to maintain his place of authority and influence, for Earl Li is Chinese, not Manchu.

It is not for a layman in politics and diplomacy to say how we can do what we ought to do at this crisis. Nor indeed was I asked to say. But the what to do is plain. In some way get before the Chinese nation the facts about the relations and purposes of foreigners. Then, in some way, compel the government, when established, to respect these relations everywhere, until it shall be as safe for a foreigner to live in China and trade and travel, and teach, and heal, and preach, as it is far a foreigner to live in the U. S. A. and do the same things. I think it is but fair to our Chinese residents to add that from first to last of the recent trouble, I have never heard a word of sympathy with the anti-foreign crusade. It is abhorred and deprecated. But I have heard intelligent Chinese say they are glad the trouble has come, for China (the government) will now be taught some wholesome lessons.

The Chinese here are all from the extreme south. They differ from the northern people in appearance and language, and in temperament. They are the most aggressive, in a good sense, of any I have ever known, and in Central China I have heard the Canton man addressed by the same endearing epithets which were applied to white men. They have troubles of their own, but they are not Boxers.

William Sylvester Holt.



The Masculine and Feminine Viewpoint.

Whether or not the feminine mind is differently constructed, or is merely influenced by its so-called "restricted" environment, the fact remains that a woman's point of view is not the same as that of a man. The poetic and artistic temperaments, however, are essentially feminine, and when a man possesses either, he inclines strongly to the woman's view point. The musician, also, though not always to the same degree, has the chords of his being attuned to a finer key than the rest of his fellows. But even these, poets, artists and musicians, do not view life and the countless human acts and things that go to the making up of daily existence, altogether through a woman's medium, or from her coin of vantage.

A man accepts nothing that is not, or that, at least, has not the appearance of being logical. He reasons things out and arrives at conclusions by what to him appear to be scientifically defined processes. He regards life, as a rule, dispassionately, and sees the world, or thinks he sees it, as it is, illumined by the light of reason.

A woman, on the other hand, never reasons, though she infrequently tries to convince herself that she does. Her conclusions may be quite as true as those of her brother, but she has reached them by a different route, not by logical deductions, but by intuition. She knows things without knowing how she knows. Her mental processes, if she has any, are too subtly swift to be followed. It is not mental activity, but psychic insight. A man thinks and sees, a woman feels and knows.

Harris claims, in his "Psychologic Foundations of Education," that "a man's view-of-the-world shows itself in all he does." A woman has no "view-of-the-world" in the same sense that a

man has. She looks into her own heart and see there fragmentary reflections which she often mistakes for the universe mirrored as a whole.

A man's religion is something distinct and apart from his world-view. It is like a garment that he can put on and off to suit his convenience, an abstract belief, a theory with which he entertains his leisure moments. But a woman's religion is her life, inseparable from her daily and hourly existence. It colors all she sees, and though she may look in quite as many directions as a man, she never sees the same object as he sees it, for her point of view is not his. From the foot of the cross she views the world and to whatever point her gaze is directed she beholds all things either gloomed by the shadow or irradiated by the glory of the tree upon which the Christ was crucified. The agony of the crucifixion is never forgotten.

A man looks out across the years. The past, the present and the future, he takes all in one calm, comprehensive sweep. From the summit of the mountain he has builded out of moral strength, activity and manly courage and conviction, he views the world. He sees and names and acknowledges religion, philosophy, science, principle and so on, to the limit of human wisdom and comprehension, and assigns to each its place in the order of life and learning. But a woman has no philosophy. Principle is to her a word, vaguely suggestive perhaps, but not a vitalized reality. And as to religion, she is never able to separate it from herself sufficiently to obtain a comprehensive view of it. She is permeated by it, but she never sees it as an abstract thing, as a man sees it. She sees nothing, in fact, from a man's point of view. Does she see things as they are, or as she wishes them to be?

Oraarv.



The Home

The Bane of American Homes.

"Few women have the courage after dinner, when the day is done, to wash, dishes. That is drudgery. It means putting the cups and saucers, plates, platters and vegetable dishes into a big pan of hot suds, rubbing them with a dish cloth, setting them to drain, and wiping each piece with a towel. Noah's wife's dishes were cleaned in the same way and very probably Noah's wife lamented her reddened and roughened hands as the wives of less distinguished men have done ever since. Probably, too, she found that her best pieces of tableware got scratched in the process, or slipped out of her soapy hands and smashed into bits. It is not likely, though, that she bothered her head much about the condition of the dish cloth or the drying towels. Living, as she did, in that menagerie, she could hardly be blamed for not keeping everything sweet. If any of her daughters have bothered their heads much either it has been to mighty little purpose, seeing that they have not greatly improved the process. Men that keep hotels, though, being able to get only the lowest class of help to wash dishes—what a comment that is upon us men that expect the wives of our bosom to do such work—found that the bill for broken china was ruinous. Guests insisted upon being served upon fine porcelain, and refused to eat from slabs of ironstone, so some way out had to be found. A machine was invented, capable of being operated by anybody, and that could be trusted to wash thoroughly, rinse and dry the most delicate ware without chippage or breakage, all at the rate of 6000 pieces an hour. Think what an army of dishwashers such a machine must displace, and what an economy it must be! For not only is the hotel-keeper rid of the necessity of giving standing room

and subsistence to that army, but of providing captains and generals for it, and of enduring the damage that it must inflict upon friend and foe alike, after the fashion of all armies.

"The dishes are collected and scraped and then dropped into wire baskets with wooden interiors so arranged that the dishes stand on edge without touching each other. Pitchers, cups, bowls and the like go into the centre. The basket is lowered into the washing tank, where hot suds, mixed with air, so as to present thousands of sharp cutting edges, are driven against the dishes with tremendous rapidity and force. They are washed in twenty seconds. A trolley carries the basket to the rinsing tank, where two souses take off the soapsuds. They drain and dry from the heat they have absorbed from the rinsing water. China and silverware thus treated always look brighter and newer than if washed by hand."—Frederic J. Nash, in *Ainslee's*.

A Woman's True Work.

"The work of a woman in the world is not to make money, but to make a home; her true business in life is that of wife and mother," writes "An American Mother," on "Is a College Education the Best for Our Girls?" in the *July Ladies' Home Journal*. "That is true with regard to nine out of ten of these pretty girls who are tiptoeing about now in caps and gowns, and cherishing the fondest hopes that they may some day be learned Fellows and Deans. They may marry, perhaps, or remain single, helpful sisters or aunts. They will have houses to manage, marketing to do, stupid cooks to guide, babies to rear, sick children and men to nurse. Not once in a woman's life, perhaps, will she be called upon to quote from an Assyri-

an-Babylonian epic, or to dissect a cat. But three times every day a meal must be cooked under her supervision. At any minute, be she cook or countess, she may be called upon to make a poultice for a sick child, to change the sheets under him, to know why the bread is sodden and the meat uneatable, to give medicine intelligently to the baby in her arms. The college, be it remembered, takes the girl for four years out of family life in which this kind of training would be given to her. Its controllers, in their anxiety to develop their brain as fully as that of a man, forget the woman's life which is inexorably placed before her, and do not fit her for its inevitable work."

How to Cook a Husband.

More than a decade ago, in the Baltimore Cooking School, the following receipt for "Cooking a husband so as to make him tender and good," was contributed by a lady, presumably of experience. We commend it to our lady readers:

"A good many husbands are ruined by mismanagement. Some women go about as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and influence. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in a pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as the tastes differ. Do not go to the market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none unless you patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is best, but if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin it will do, with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings nicely sewed on.

Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them alive. Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes do not be anxious; some husbands do this till they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instruments into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently; watch the while, lest he lie too close and flat to the kettle, and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and you set him in too cold a place.

A Woman Should Dress the Best at Home.

At home a woman should be guided in her manner of dressing by an even greater desire to please than elsewhere. Her husband may be the most unobservant of men, but he will know when she looks neat and attractive, with hair newly dressed, and some pretty arrangement about the bodice of her gown. The practice of wearing soiled finery at home cannot be too strongly depreciated.—*July Ladies' Home Journal.*

A Sonnet to Seattle.

I saw her, lusty, sordid, wrapped in grey,
Upon her mighty ramparts, and behold!
The voice of her: "There is no God but gold,
And I his prophet," rose up night and day.
Again I saw her, and before her lay
Her winding ways of sea in silver rolled
And huge Tacoma loomed up white and old,
Mute with the mystery that has no way.
Then in my thought I saw the city grow
To marble, and a thousand masts as one
Pointing aloft. Thus, on a hill-top long
A prophet stood of old, then broke to song,
While all the tents of Jacob lay below,
Tribe after tribe, white in the morning sun.

C. K. Binkley.



A Department of Musical and Dramatic Chat.

Apropos of a national school of music, one high in authority in the musical world has this to say:

The national music of any country has come from the folk-song of its original inhabitants, and the undisputed reign of the red man gives him the prestige, for he lived, fought and died hundreds of years before the whites knew of the existence of America. That there is abundant romance contained in the lore of the North American Indian goes without saying, and from them, their legends and songs, should our composers draw their ideas and earnestly seek to clothe them with the fruits of their experience. Just as the music of the Latin races is the gradual outgrowth of Greek and Roman mythology, or the music of the Saxon races has emanated from the northern sagas, just so will, in all probability, the music of America owe its real germ, in the future, to the legends and fugitive folk-song of the aborigines of the Western hemisphere.

The attempt of Anton Dvorak to found a national music upon the melodies of the Southern negro failed because the negro is not and never was the folk of America. The laudable opera of the "Scarlet Letter," by Walter Damrosch, cannot, for the same reason, herald a national school of opera, for the characters were descendants of the English, pure and simple.

That the dramatic instinct is strong in the Indian cannot be denied. His appreciation of music and art waits only for development and the following announcement need surprise no one who has studied Indian nature: Kabaosa and Wabanosa are to Ojibways who are connected by marriage with prominent members of Boston society, and it was from Shingwauk, a patriarch of this family that Schoolcraft obtained the legend which he gave to Longfellow and out of which was spun the matchless warp and woof of the beautiful poem, "Hiawatha."

Kabaosa has become so interested in the details of the poem that he has resolved to re-enact the scenes among the "Islands of the Blessed," as Longfellow

called them. These islands are on the north shore of Lake Huron, not so many miles from Saut Ste. Marie. The family of the poet have been invited to witness the tableaux which will consist of scenes from the drama to the number of seven, given by Ojibways and which will be carefull exact as to detail. It is said that "a comparison was made between the Indian vocabulary in the poem, which is very extensive, and the language used today by these Indians, and they were found to be exactly the same, excepting in one or two places, where Longfellow has altered the accent of some Indian words to set them to his meter."

It seems to me that the "Wagnerian cult" has upset Mr. Grau's theory that audiences, and New York audiences in particular, were not interested in looking at a man's back, no matter how great a conductor the owner of said back might be. And now Mr. Grau himself is negotiating with one of the greatest and most famous conductors in Europe to come over next season and direct two cycles of the Nibelungen Ring.

The Musical Festival at Salem, Oregon, in May, was one of the most ambitious and successful events of the kind ever attempted in the state, and goes to prove that the Pacific Coast talent is in no way lacking. The Willamette Valley Choral Union has done enough to convince the music-loving public of the Northwest that its permanent existence is now a necessity. Another organization which should become a firmly-established institution in the musical world of the West is the Portland Symphony Orchestra, which has rendered some very excellent programmes during the year.



Conducted by Davis Parker Leach.

Short History of American Literature
By Walter C. Bronson.
D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

This work is practically a student's hand-book of the literature of America and designed to give, in a condensed form, its history from the time of Captain John Smith until the present day. It is divided as to epochs, and each period is conveniently subdivided into classes. Mr. Bronson illustrates, in an interesting manner, the early tendency to imitate English style, and shows in a clear and comprehensive fashion the gradual growth of the "American" idea and individuality, with its later mellowing into a smoother cosmopolitanism. He has a crisp, original way of stating things that makes his criticism even more interesting than the criticised, and many into whose hands this book will fall will be tempted to re-read much of the half-forgotten literature of the past, if only for the sake of proving, or disproving, some of the author's positive assertions.

The volume is invaluable as a reference book, for many names omitted from other works of this nature are introduced here. The appendix contains copious extracts from writers of the earlier period of American letters, and also an extensive bibliography. And through all, from title page to finis, the author's personality is made manifest, and ought indeed must be the student who is not stimulated to active interest in this fascinating subject.

Hoch der Kaiser—Myself und Gott,
By A. McGregor Rose.
A. M. R. Gerdan

This poem was first brought prominently to public notice when Captain Coghlan, of the U. S. Navy, recited it at a banquet some two years since. In view of the slight antagonism developed by the Manila affair, it was considered

an act of indiscretion on the part of the gallant Captain, and the German press was extremely severe in its criticisms.

The episode created a sensation and excited an interest in the poem, which was widely circulated. There were thirteen verses in all, but by some mistake only eight were at first printed. The Abbey Press has here given the poem in its entirety, and the illustrations, by Miss Jessie A. Walker, are admirable. The book, altogether, is a desirable addition to the library, and the reappearance of the clever verses recalls a remark made by one of our brainy women. Someone calling attention to the Emperor's exalted opinion of himself and his divine right to rule, she said: "He must be akin to those mental-science, or in-partnership-with-the-Infinite people, who claim to believe themselves omnipotent. The Emperor's position is no more ridiculous than their's."

The volume is tastefully bound and printed, and reflects credit upon the publishers.

Poems
By Frances Fuller Victor.

This volume of verse will be welcomed by all of Mrs. Victor's admirers. There are some of the old-time favorites here, but many are now for the first time published. The author retains the thoughtful tenderness and sentiment she had of old, but the later poems show an increased dramatic power that was not conspicuous in the earlier work.

It is not easy to choose where there is so much that is worthy of praise, but among the best are "The Passing of the Year," "Reprimand," and "The Poppies of Wa-ii-lat-pu." In the latter there is a glowing tribute to the memory of the pioneers of Oregon. The following stanzas are from this poem of the "Poppies."

From the Atlantic's rocky rim,
 To the Pacific's steel-bound shore,
 We trace the trails, time cannot dim,
 The men of fate have trod before,
 Leading an empire on a line
 Stretching from flashing brine to brine.

There is no place they have not been,
 The men of deeds and destiny;
 No spot so wild they have not seen,
 And measured it with dauntless eye.
 They in a common danger shared,
 Nor shrunk from toil, nor want nor pain,
 But sternly every peril dared,
 Just to be heroes, scorning gain,
 We, trembling, listen to true tale
 That turns the hardest hearer pale.

Scattered through the book are fragmentary verses that are gems in the way of style and thought. The following, entitled "On San Francisco Bay," is one of them:

"O perfect day, O sunlit Bay,
 Whene'er our souls are called to sail,
 The sunless strait where shadows wait,
 May we emerge into a vale
 Where Angel Islands guard the gate!"

Poems

By Will Skaling.
 Merchants' Printing Co., Seattle.

This collection of short poems embraces a wide range of subjects and in many instances are marked by a true poetic instinct and grace. The author seems at his best in his descriptive verse of Puget Sound and mountain scenery, and in inscriptions to friends and acquaintances. Some of his work is marred by a despairing, irreverent tone, and his yearnings for happiness will probably be fruitless until he takes a sane view of life and a more respectful attitude toward the universe and the Creator.

There is an evidence of talent in his work, and when he can write with self-forgetfulness and realize that the "Kingdom of God is within him" we look for some very meritorious productions from his pen.

A Pair of Knaves and a Few Trumps
 By M. Douglas Flattery.
 The Abbey Press, N. Y.

This is one of the class of books which should be labeled "positively bad." In the beginning, one is not favorably impressed with the title, and before the end of the first chapter the tone of the work is unpleasantly indicated. It is coarse, unnecessarily so, and a generation ago would have been eagerly caught up by

the publishers of that class of literature called "yellow backed." The book is a delight as to binding and paper, but why the publishers will print a book of this kind when there is so much good material going begging, is a question that can only be answered by themselves.

Literary Notes.

Dr. and Mrs. Eastman are now living in South Dakota. Dr. Eastman, who has been appointed Government Physician for the Sioux Indians, is himself a Sioux, and his wife is the talented writer of prose and verse, Elaine Goodale. She was the first supervisor of schools in the Dakotas. This interesting couple, for whom all manner of troubles were predicted at the time of their marriage, seem to be very happily mated. They have two handsome children, Virginia, and her baby brother of three years whose Indian name is Ohysa. Dr. and Mrs. Eastman have recently been at Carlisle.

Madge Morris, whose Easter poem, written for the Call, of San Francisco, is reprinted in the current number of the Pacific Monthly, is a most interesting woman as well as a clever writer. In this "Peace Conference," she gives evidence of unsuspected strength. Hitherto her poems have been remarkable for beauty and grace and richness of color, rather than for the rugged virility which characterizes this, her latest production.

It is said that Miss Braddon's new novel, "The Infidel," is on more ambitious lines than her former works, the scenes of which belong to the time of George II. Since the days of Haggard, Kipling, Hope and Zangwill, Miss Braddon has lost much of her former popularity, but with her ingenuity of plot and natural gift of story-telling, it is predicted that she will in new lines be successful.

Messrs. Calderwood and Aefferon, of Minneapolis, have issued a convenient pocket manual of "Politics and Finance" which they term "Pan-Partisan" or rather non-partisan. It is brimfull of useful statistics covering every line of trade, development, finance, population, etc., and should be in every voter's pocket to refute wild and reckless statements, if for nothing more. It is entirely free from advertising matter, and is sold for the low price of 15 cents.



In Politics.

The Constitutional Convention in Cuba was an event that occasioned considerable political activity. Governor-General Wood, in his speeches prior to the election of delegates to the convention, assured the Cubans of the sincerity of the United States in its promises of independence for their country. At Santiago he said: "Whatever the ultimate destiny of Cuba may be, its immediate future is independence."

A circular note from the Vatican to the Catholic powers appeals to them to relieve the pope from an intolerable situation, and declares that the condition of the papacy under Italian rule, is growing worse.

Puerto Rican discontent continues, with no sign of diminishing under present conditions. The "Ponce Diario de Puerto Rico" explains the situation at length in a recent issue, and compares the state of affairs before and after American domination in the island. The Dingley tariff, it holds, is ruining the people of Puerto Rico.

It was confidently predicted that the beginning of September would show some signs of activity in the Presidential campaign, but the signs have not materialized. The month, at this writing, is half gone and very little has been done or said that could be taken as indicative of a deep or active interest on the part of the people in the coming election. Meantime, in spite of the Chinese expedition, guerrilla warfare in the Philippines, the military occupation of Cuba and Puerto Rican discontent, the different departments of the government at Washington are "running on a steady keel."

In England all the talk is of the coming dissolution of parliament and an election that is expected to occur in November. There is still anxiety concerning the military manoeuvres in Africa.

In Science.

C. F. Burgess has developed what the scientific journals call an "interesting method of electrically depositing" some of the metals which are attacked by water.

At South Point, Wis., an iron mast 150 feet in height, has been erected for the purpose of experimenting with wireless telegraphy.

To Dr. Zierler, of Vienna, is ascribed the discovery of the successful application of electricity for the destruction of bacteria affecting the teeth. Dr. Zierler is a dental surgeon in the Hygienic Institute at Wursburg, at present.

The amount of heat given out by an ordinary incandescent lamp is greatly underestimated in the popular mind. An ordinary 16-candle power lamp immersed in a quart of water will heat it to a boiling point in an hour. Celluloid in contact with a lamp bulb may be ignited in a few minutes, while silk shades close to the bulbs are scorched in a few hours.

Some interesting experiments are being conducted in Buda-Pest, Hungary, with high-pressure rotary current for working an electric railway. It is stated that despite the high working pressure of 3000 volts which is used, the system ensures complete safety, even in its application to main line working. Experimentally, the system is to be introduced on to the Valtelina stretch of the Italian state railways, which has a length of almost 66 miles. The length of the cars which are worked by the new system is 60 feet, while the speed attained is about 37 miles per hour.

In a recently published article Mr. H. W. Conn urges the beneficial effects resulting to the human organism from the presence of certain forms of bacteria. In another scientific journal the subject of tuberculosis is discussed at length, and the writer contends that while the disease is one of the worst that afflict

humanity, its terrors are greatly over-estimated. He laments the fact that so much has been said and written to fill the public mind with horror regarding it. The evil, he thinks, is necessarily exaggerated, and the danger of infection, though existing, is nominal.

In Literature.

Marie Corelli's "Master Christian" is meeting with popular favor. One hundred thousand copies were sold before the day of publication.

Jerome K. Jerome is again in London, where he is writing a book.

The copyright on Balzac's novels has expired and cheap editions are predicted.

Woodward and Lathrop, of Washington, D. C., have just issued a little book called "The Temptation of Friar Gonsal." It is from Eugene Field's pen, and was first published in the columns of the Chicago Daily News. The two principal characters are Friar Gonsal and Friar Francis, Dr. Gonsalus, of Chicago, and Rev. Frank Bristol, of Washington, furnishing the originals.

Miss Bradon has a new novel in the press of Harper Brothers. It is entitled "The Infidel," and is a revival story.

Zitkala Sa, the Dakota Indian girl, whose articles in the Atlantic Monthly have proved such interesting reading, is a violinist. She has played in Boston during the winter, where she was well received.

W. D. Howells thinks that American women are superior to American men. He thinks that men are lacking in culture and advises them to read more novels, to the end that they may improve their minds. One may be pardoned for wishing to know whose as it is, the seaport and market place for novels one should read for mental culture, Mr. Howells' and Henry James?

In Art.

Fungus etching, it is now claimed by those in a position to speak with authority on the subject, is a form of art which has always existed among the North American Indians from Maine to Oregon. They have produced some very excellent work along this line, and the efforts of white people in fungus etching are imitations which, though sometimes not without merit, do not approach the

productions of the aborigines in either skill or beauty.

Mr. W. E. Rollins' exhibition of sketches and paintings at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, opening September 12th, was the one event to attract attention in local art circles.

James Aumonier, the English artist, who is now acknowledged one of the leading painters of the present day, was a student at South Kensington, and his first work was as a designer for printed calicoes.

The organization recently effected at Tacoma of an association of artists of the Northwest, is destined to encourage the growth of art in this particular part of the world and to stimulate the feeling and the art student at one and the same time. The first exhibition will be held in Tacoma in November. The second, which will follow in due course of time, will be in Spokane, and the third in Portland.

The critic who holds that there can be no art in mere black and white would have been inclined to modify his opinion slightly if he had seen the Rollins exhibit in pencil at the Y. M. C. A. rooms in September.

In Education.

The University of Oregon opens this fall with a larger attendance than ever before. The administration of Dr. Strong has proven most advantageous to the institution, whose affairs are in a most prosperous and promising condition. The request made by the president at the close of the school year in June, that each young man, on returning bring with him three new students, seems to have not been forgotten or disregarded.

In Religious Thought.

Revision is again up for consideration. The committee appointed by the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Philadelphia last May, met in August at Saratoga, and formulated the following questions which are to be sent out to the clerks of all the presbyteries:

(1) Do you desire a revision of our confession of faith? or (2) Do you desire a supplemental, explanatory statement? or (3) Do you desire to supplement our present doctrinal standards with a briefer statement of the doctrines "most surely believed among

us," expressing in simple language the faith of the church in loyalty to the system of doctrine contained in the Holy Scriptures and held by the reform churches? or (4) Do you desire the dismissal of the whole subject, so that our doctrinal standards shall remain as they are without any change whatever, whether revisional, supplemental, or substitutional?

Leading Events.

Aug. 3—Li Hung Chang returns an evasive reply. Allied forces still advancing toward Peking.

Aug. 4—General Chaffee starts for Peking with the British and Japanese forces. King of Serbia is married.

Aug. 5—Chinese government orders that foreign ministers have proper escort to Tien Tsin. Secretary Hay awaits China's reply to the final word of the United States.

Aug. 6—Democratic party is victorious in Alabama. Telephonic communication is opened between Paris and Berlin.

Aug. 7—The brutal behavior of Russian troops at Tien Tsin is severely condemned.

Aug. 8—Rich strike is made in Bohemia district, Oregon.

Aug. 9—King Humbert's funeral occurs.

Aug. 10—After a four hour's battle the Chinese are driven from Yang Tsun. A Peking edict authorizes Li Hung Chang to negotiate for peace.

Aug. 11—Victor, King of Italy, takes the constitutional oath before the Italian parliament.

Aug. 11—The Tsung li Yamun urges the foreign ministers to leave Peking.

Aug. 13—The French government replies that no order to leave Peking will be given before the route is safe.

Aug. 14—National party convention opens in Indianapolis. C. P. Huntington dies.

Aug. 15—General Kruger applies for temporary protection in the American consulate at Lourenco Marques.

October.

When the falling leaves flash green and gold
and the trees and the sky are gray;

When the flashing yellow-hammer flits by in
his curving flight,

And the plumed quail bursts from her ferny
Rest like a rocket on the sight;

When the gray clouds marshall in masses
and the sun shines through where they
part,

And the voice of the wind in the fir-trees
answers the voice of God in the heart;

When the river gleams in the valley like a
ribbon of burnished steel,

And the white fog rolls on a far snow-peak,
which it cannot quite conceal;

And the resinous breath of the forests that
sing on a thousand hills

Sweeps on in a mighty chorus to the treble of
countless rills.

John Leisk Tait.

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The tropical storm that devastated the Gulf coast, almost wiping out the city of Galveston, and doing damage in other parts of the country, caused reduction in the volume of business at the South, and railroads in the gulf region have probably not shown their maximum losses of earnings as yet, but even after such a catastrophe a recuperative power is shown. An added cause of hesitation in business is the strike of anthracite coal miners. Otherwise the working force has increased this week, for operations are resuming at steel mills, and the Michigan-Peninsular car plant and the Deering Harvester Works have started up, after seven weeks' idleness, with 3000 hands each. From many quarters of the West and Southeast a better distribution of merchandise is reported in jobbing and retail circles. The weather has remained favorable for the maturing corn crop, with cutting progressing and crop generally beyond danger, but damage to cotton by the storm is still an unknown quantity. Prices of staple commodities are higher for the week, hoisted by the sharp rise in cotton, but in manufactured products there is little change, though steady increases in business at the current level is satisfactory. Wheat rose above 80 cents again, in the face of receipts for the crop year thus far 8,415,956 bushels larger than last year, while exports decreased 10,251,378 bushels, including flour. Reports of heavy rains in some sections and injury to the crop, with better inquiries by foreign houses, explain the advance. More orders are being received by iron mills, and prices are steady. In structural and finished material there is much business, and activity is becoming almost universal in the iron region. Steel rails are waiting for the agreement as to prices which is expected to be reached next week. A reduction in keeping with other steel products is considered certain, and then the market will be on a settled basis. Exports of principal products in August were valued at \$51,222,249, against

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\$54,111,572, but all exports exceeded imports by \$41,636,474, a larger balance than last year. Railroads, comprising more than half the mileage of the country, have reported earnings for August \$54,418,810, a gain of \$3,365,222, or 6.6 per cent over last year, when revenues were the largest ever known for that month.—Dun's Review.


"Cotton is king" once more, the past week having been the most notable in the history of the trade. Bradstreet's, in summing up the situation, says:

"Expanding demand at advancing prices in many lines of trade, finds its chief exemplar in the market for raw cotton, which has witnessed the greatest excitement, heaviest trading and largest gain in price for at least a decade. Rarely, if ever in the history of the trade, as conducted on modern lines, has the interest displayed in that product been greater, and the manufacturing interests of the world find the situation a perplexing one, while the prospects of large prices to producers are stimulating all lines of Southern trade. English spinners, who are reported very generally short of supplies, are considering drastic methods of meeting the requirements. In American cotton goods the situation, from being a short time ago a buyer's market, is now reversed, and sellers are in a position to dictate terms."

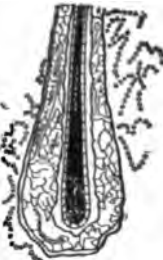
The following statement has been given out regarding the German loan:

The negotiations which were under way for some days for the placing of a German loan in the United States have been concluded. They cover a purchase by Kuhn, Loeb & Company and the National City Bank of 80,000,000 marks four per cent. Treasury notes of the German Empire, maturing in equal proportion in 1904 and 1905. There is no syndicate. An issue of the loan will shortly be made both in the United States and in Germany; preference to allotments is to be given to American subscriptions. Payments for the loan will be distributed over a considerable period, and will be made entirely in bills of exchange, no gold shipments being contemplated.

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The event of local importance during the month was the opening of the Portland Mining Stock Exchange, making two mining exchanges now doing business in Portland. While both exchanges seem to be prosperous, and have amply justified the establishment of such an institution here, it is difficult to understand the state of affairs which calls for two. There are rumors to the effect, however, that consolidation will be accomplished after certain little differences are adjusted, and that this will take place before long. This is the eminently sensible thing to do. The brokers and public all pulling for one exchange can certainly make it of more importance to this region and far more successful than two can ever be. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the differences will be speedily adjusted.

The establishment of these mining exchanges in Portland has accomplished a task that years hitherto have failed to take up. It has awakened Oregon for the first time to a sense of the extent and value of her mineral deposits. We wonder, sometimes, why it is that the prospectors rush to the Far North to endure the terrible rigors of that climate in search of gold, and in doing so pass over, in going through Oregon, one of the best mining regions in the world. It is ignorance, and that alone, which explains the situation. The miners have not known, the world does not know, indeed even we ourselves have not known, or else have been asleep to the fact, that Oregon is a great mining country. If we have known it our characteristic conservatism, to smooth it down considerably, has prevented us from talking about it among ourselves and disseminating the fact throughout the world. The mining exchanges immediately began to change all this, and they are on a fair way now to placing Oregon mines and the opportunities they present in their right light before the general public.

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The best selling stocks at the exchanges since their establishment, have been those of Helena, Helena No. 2, May Queen, and, later, the Portland Mining and Milling Co.'s stocks in its Eastern Oregon claims. The first three mentioned mines are located in Western Oregon, slightly north of the center line, where considerable development is taking place.

The Nome bubble has been effectively punctured by the returning miners from that benighted and criminally overestimated region. The man who says that there is really anything worth while up there is yet to be found, while the stories of suffering, privation and want that come from all sides are pathetic in the extreme. The fact that Nome did not pan out as a mining camp does not argue, however, that there are not still gold fields, as great in value as the Klondike, yet to be discovered in Alaska. It is to be fervently hoped, though, that whatever discoveries are made in the future shall be made in Uncle Sam's territory, unless, in the meantime, our politicians choose to turn it all over to England as a free-will offering, and not upon Canadian soil. I read with interest in your last number an article by A. A. Lind-sley, on the restrictions which the Canadian government has imposed upon mining, and with such laws it is no wonder that miners are disgusted and the output diminished. There can be no doubt as to the permanency of the Northern gold fields, and, as a result, of a great future for Alaska. But the growth there from now on will be of a slower, more healthful and substantial nature.

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shed;
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stead.
As the foam of the wine is the first that you
sup,
So the freedom from care with the child-
joys is done;
And the nectar that's held in the heart of the
cup
Is the honor and strength born of pur-
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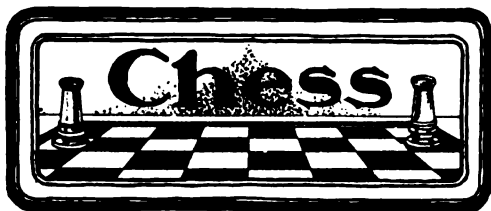
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A Brillancy Prize.

The following game was awarded the Brillancy Prize at a New Jersey Chess Association meeting. The winner is a brother of the well-known problematist, M. Lissner, and the loser a brother of the world-famous composer Sam Loyd.

Ruy Lopez.

J. Lissner. White.	I. S. Loyd. Black.
1 P-K 4	1 P-K 4
2 Kt-K B 3	2 Kt-Q B 3
3 B-Q Kt 5	3 P-Q 3
4 P-Q 4	4 P x P
5 Castles (a)	5 B-Q 2
6 P-Q B 3 (b)	6 P x P
7 Kt x P	7 Kt-K 4
8 Kt x Kt	8 P x Kt
9 Q-Q 5	9 P-Q B 3
10 Q x K P ch	10 Q-K 2
11 Q-K Kt 3 (c)	11 P x B
12 Kt-Q 5	12 Q-Q B 4
13 Kt-B 7 ch	13 K-Q sq
14 Kt x R	14 Q-Q B sq
15 B-K 3	15 B-K 3
16 K R-Qsq	16 P-Q Kt 3
17 Q-Kt 5 ch	17 Kt-B 3 (d)
18 P-K 5	18 P-K R 3
19 Q-K R 4	19 P-K Kt 4
20 B x Kt P	20 R-Kt sq
21 B x Kt ch	21 K-K sq
22 P-K Kt 3	22 R-Kt 5
23 R x B (e)	23 R x Q
24 Q R-Q sq	24 B-K 2
25 R x B ch	25 K-B sq
26 K R-Q 7	26 K-Kt sq
27 R-Q 8 ch	27 Resigns.

Notes by E. Hymes.

(a) A decided novelty, and worthy of consideration.

(b) Kt x P would here bring about a well-known variation. The text-move produces an anomaly, the Scotch Gambit idea being tacked on to the Spanish attack.

(c) White here scorns the proffered exchange of Queens, and proceeds to tangle up his opponent in truly brilliant style. The sacrifice of the Bishop is the inaugural coup of a series of master-strokes.

(d) If K-K sq; 18 R x B, K x R; 19 R-Q sq ch, and wins.

(e) Simply beautiful. From the eleventh move White's play has been of the highest order, and this last bit of ingenuity serves to make the game a gem of the purest water.

Ajeeb, or Pillsbury.

Nearly every one has heard of "Ajeeb," the

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automatic Chess-player. He was supposed to be able to beat any one who sat on the other side of the board. There is a story going the rounds, to the effect that when the Masters were busy at Hastings, a chess-player, name not given, tackled Ajeeb, and beat the Turk several games. The stranger remarked: "I can easily beat Ajeeb." Then the automaton became very angry, and from his "insides" there was heard a loud voice, saying: "Oh! you can, can you? Well, just wait till Pillsbury gets back."

A Beauty.

One of the gems of the Tournament is the game between Lasker and Lee.

Irregular Opening.

Lasker, White.	Lee, Black.
1 P-K 4	1 P-Q B 3
2 P-Q 4	2 P-Q 4
3 Q Kt-B 3	3 P x P (a)
4 Kt x P	4 B-B 4
5 Kt-Kt 3	5 B-Kt 3
6 Kt-B 3	6 Kt-Q 2
7 P-K R 4	7 P-K R 3
8 B-Q 3	8 B x B
9 Q x B	9 K Kt-B 3
10 B-Q 2	10 P-K 3
11 Castles Q R	11 Q-B 2
12 K R-K sq	12 Castles
13 Q-Kt 3	13 B-Q 3
14 Kt-K 2	14 Kt-Kt 5
15 R-B sq	15 Kt (Q 2) B 3
16 Q-R 4	16 K-Kt sq
17 P-B 4	17 Q-K 2
18 Kt-B 3	18 Q-B 2 (b)
19 P-K Kt 3	19 Q-B sq (c)
20 P-Kt 4	20 P-K 4 (d)
21 P x P	21 Kt x P (e)
22 B-K 3	22 Kt x P (f)
23 B x P ch	23 K-B 2
24 R-Q 4	24 P-Q Kt 4
25 Kt x P ch	25 P x Kt
26 Q x P	26 Kt-R 6 (g)
27 Q-R 5 ch	27 K-Kt 2 ch
28 B-B 5	28 B x B
29 P x B	29 R x R
30 Kt x R	30 Q-Q sq
31 P-B 6 ch (h)	31 K-B sq
32 Q-R 8 ch	32 K-B 2
33 Q-R 7 ch	33 K-Q 3
34 Q x Kt ch	34 K-Q 4
35 R-Q sq	35 Q-Kt 3
36 Kt-B 3 ch	36 K-K 3
37 Q-Q 6 ch	37 K-B 4
38 Q-Q 3 ch	38 K-Kt 5
39 Kt-K 5 ch	39 Resigns

Laskerisms.

(From Common Sense in Chess.)

"The losing side had the greater part of his army in positions where they had no bearing whatever upon the questions at issue. They might have been just as well anywhere else but on the board."

"The real business of development ought to be accomplished in no more than six separate moves devoted to that purpose."

John H. Mitchell

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A Texas judge was robbed of a horse, not long ago, and the thief, being apprehended, was brought before him for trial. The judge eyed the prisoner with deep satisfaction for a minute or so, and then delivered himself of the following: "Owing to the personal prejudice, the court will not hear this case. It will be tried by the balliff, who will find a verdict in accordance with the facts. In the meantime," he added, "the court will go outside and bend a rope and pick out a good tree."—Argonaut.

Science Scores Again.

Finally the scientific student has discovered a certain remedy for dandruff. When it first became known that dandruff is the result of a germ or parasite that digs into the scalp, and saps the vitality of hair at the root, causing falling hair and baldness, biologists set to work to discover some preparation that will kill that germ. After a year's labor in one laboratory, the dandruff germ destroyer was discovered; and it is now embodied in Newbro's Herpicide, which besides curing baldness, and thinning hair, speedily and permanently eradicates dandruff. "Destroy the cause you remove the effect."

A Story of Wounded Pride.

It was evident when the man rapped at the door of the backwoods cabin that he felt that he had a grievance.

"Somethin' wrong, stranger?" inquired the man who came in answer to his knock, noticing his excited condition.

"Wrong!" exclaimed the stranger. "Wrong! Well, I should think there was. I met a boy about half a mile up the road that I think belongs to you."

"Long, gawky boy, with a coon-skin cap?" asked the man in the cabin.

"That's the one," returned the stranger. "He had a gun, and was evidently out after squirrels."

"Big, old-fashioned, muzzle-loading gun?" suggested the native.

"Yes; a big gun about half a foot longer than he is," answered the stranger. "I didn't stop to see whether it was a muzzle-loader or not, but I guess it was. It didn't look new enough for anything else."

"That was Ike all right enough," said the native. "What d'ye want of him?"

"I want him thrashed," replied the stranger, with emphasis. "I want him thrashed

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good and hard, so that he'll have a little sense."

"That's takin' a purty big contract, stranger," said the native, doubtfully. "He's a right lively boy, an' there ain't anyone in these parts has licked him yet, except his dad, which is me."

"Well, you're the one, that I want to thrash him."

"Oh, that's differ'nt. I thought mebbe you was goin' to try it yourself. I don't mind lickin' him when it's needful, jest so's to keep him in line, an' teach him that the ol' man is some consider'ble yet. What's he been doin'?"

"He shot at me as I came along the road," replied the stranger.

"Sure about that?" asked the native, doubtfully.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. He yelled out that I'd scared a squirrel he was after, and he was going to wing me, just to teach me to keep out of the way. Then he took deliberate aim and fired."

"An' you're here to kick about it!" exclaimed the native. "Well, don't you worry no more about that boy, stranger. I'll tan him good and plenty, and don't you forgit it. Aimed at you delib'rate an' never hit you, did he? Why, shootin' like that'll disgrace the hull family. Glad you spoke of it, stranger. If you hear any yellin' as you go down the road you kin know I'm teachin' that boy of mine that he can't ruin the reputation of two generations without havin' to suffer fer it."—Chicago Post.

Decorattons and Garnishings.

Even slender purses can afford the luxury of a few flowers for the table in the season of flowers, and no table should be without them. They are so restful, so gratefully inspiring when one is fagged, hot or tired by general weather conditions. A flowering plant may be substituted for cut flowers acceptably, but whether a plant or flowers be used, only those without heavy odors should be chosen. It is wonderful how pretty and tasteful a table may be made with the plainest table-service if the cloth is well-laundered, each article arranged with care and order, and there is added the transforming touch of a bunch of bloom. Even a knot of field daisies sets a seal of refinement upon a table which is not to be disputed. In summer it costs but a trifle to add pretty garnishings to various dishes, and certainly such touches add to their actual enjoyment.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in July Woman's Home Companion.

A well-known Chicago physician returned from a little visit to relatives in the interior of the state last week. He had been carried beyond his destination once before, so when he boarded the car in the evening he called the porter to him as soon as that dignitary's attention could be attracted, and held the following conversation with him:

"John, here's a dollar for you."

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"Yes, sah."

"And I'm going to get off at Rockford to-night," continued the doctor.

"Yes, sah," said John.

"That means I don't want to be carried through to Dubuque."

"Yes, sah."

"So if you can't wake me up in time to dress, I want you to see that you get me off anyway, no matter what happens."

"Yes, sah," and they parted.

In due season the medical went to his berth with a feeling of blessed security. About daybreak he was awakened by hearing a feminine voice from the section just across say:

"Porter, are we in Dubuque yet?"

"No'm, we ain't dah yit," he answered huskily; but we'll be dah in half 'n 'our."

Thoroughly aroused and very angry, the Chicago man threw the curtains apart and saw the porter grinning feebly, his collar torn, his nose slit down the middle and evident contusions about each of his eyes.

"Here, you black rascal," shouted the agrieved traveler, "didn't I tell you to get me off at Rockford?"

"Lord bless my soul, mistah," said the sable brother, jumping, "is you de man dat was going to get off at Rockford?" Then adding, reflectively, as he felt of a torn ear, "I wonder who de man was dat I put off at Rockford?"—Chicago Herald.

St. Helen's Hall.

St. Helen's Hall opened the 17th of September, with a larger number of pupils enrolled than is usual at the beginning of the Fall term. The faculty has been augmented, several competent specialists having been added to the already efficient corps of teachers. Miss Tebbetts has made many important improvements in the school since taking its affairs in hand four years ago, and it is now the peer of any academic institution on the Pacific Coast. The faculty as it now stands, consists of the following named, in addition to the principal: Miss Vale, Miss Dewey, 8th grade; Miss Snell, music; Miss Langon, English; Miss Love, Latin; Miss Moulton, study hall; Miss Burns, studio; Miss Tonillon, Mesdames Thompson, Pirk, Lounsbury, modern languages. Parents sending their daughters here for instruction would do well to remember that graduates from St. Helen's Hall are admitted to Wellesley, Smith College, Bryn Mawr and Vassar, and that art and music are made a part of the year's course of study. One feature of the institution introduced by Miss Tebbetts is the kindergarten training class embracing a two years' course of study and instruction in the Froebelian system. Miss Honora D. Cannon has the direction of the course for graduate kindergarteners.

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to continue their studies under the supervision of the able instructors at St. Helen's Hall.

"Have you read Mr. Carnegie's answer to Mr. Frick's complaint?" asked the observant boarder.

"No, I haven't," replied the indolent boarder, "I shall wait till it appears in book form, in an edition de luxe, and then I will draw it from the Carnegie library."

New York Elevated Railroads.

In 1871, the first section of the elevated system was constructed, but put in operation in the following year. In that year the number of passengers carried on all the surface and elevated railroads was 138,867,000. In 1882, the total had risen to 252,800,000; in 1892, to 453,200,000; while in 1899 it was still further increased to 528,228,437, and rapidly growing. These figures are for the old city of New York, now known as the Boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx, and are for paying passengers only. In 1899 there were transferred passengers amounting to 159,560,822, not included in the above. It is interesting to not in comparison that for 1898 the United States Interstate Commerce Commission reports that there were carried on all the steam railways in the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, passengers to the number of 501,066,681, or five per cent. less than the number carried by the New York City surface and elevated railways alone.—From "Rapid Transit in New York," by Wm. Barclay Parsons, in the May Scribner's.

The Dewdrop.

A dewdrop lay in the cup of a flower,
The flower was white with a golden crest;
She smiled on the dewdrop as hour by hour
It lay there helpless upon her breast.

The morning is come, the sun will appear,
And the dewdrop is wasting away;
The sun calls the dewdrop, "Come here, come here."

The dewdrop goes with break of day.

—Mary E. Miller.

A good (and true?) story is going the round which shows to what extent the violent ebullitions and caprices of the German Emperor are regarded in his own country. An English gentleman, it appears, was walking with a friend in Unter den Linden, and in the course of a discussion on the Kaiser's conduct committed a grievous error of Lese Majestie Beleidigung. "The Emperor's a — fool," he exclaimed, whereupon an English-speaking policeman tapped him on the shoulder and said, "You must come mit me to ze police station." "What for?" asked the Englishman. "Mein herr did call ze Kaiser a — fool," replied the man. "No, no," urged the cute Briton, "it was the Russian Emperor I was talking about." "Dat vill not vash," went on the constable; "dere is no Emperor

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a — fool except the German Emperor." After which, Dame Rumor has it, the police officer and the Englishman agreed to keep each other's secret, and parted on good terms.—Westminster Gazette.

"My dear friend," Edward Everett once said to his friend, Rufus Choate, "If you are not more self-considerate you will ruin your constitution."

"Oh," was the reply, "the constitution was destroyed long ago. I'm living on the by-laws."

Nikola Tesla tells this little story in Life. It was on the occasion of one of the yearly visits of inspection by the high dignitaries of the Greek church to the school in the Balkan district. A bishop, after a very satisfactory examination of the boys in a certain school, began an impressive and kindly address on the subject of religion, in which he made the statement that God was everywhere.

"God is everywhere, my dear children," he repeated, "and you must always remember that He sees you—"

Suddenly a boy interrupted the aged prelate. "Is God in our cellar?" he asked.

The remark created consternation. The other boys were abashed at the temerity of their comrade, while the teacher looked all sorts of things at the youthful offender.

But the bishop, good-hearted man, drew the boy away from his companions and patted him on the head.

"Yes, my dear child," he said, "God is in your cellar, and—"

"You lie!" shouted the boy triumphantly. "We haven't any cellar."

A Scotchman was advised to take a shower bath and subsequently was met by the friend who had given him the advice.

"How did you enjoy the bath?"

"Mon," said the Scotchman, "It was fine! I liked it rale weel, and I kept myself quite dry, too."

"Why, how did you manage to take a shower bath and remain dry?"

"Hoot, mon! Ye dinna surely think I was sae daft as to stand ablow the water without an umbrella?"—The Red Man.

The publishers of "Monsieur Beaucaire" announce another edition of the book, which will not be from the press for ten days, owing to the time required in color printing. Meantime, no copies are to be had and the demand is increasing. During the past ten days nearly two thousand copies have been sold—not a bad hot-weather record for a small volume. While the little book has been selling steadily, preparations for its presentation on the stage have been going on. The dramatization was done by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, of Boston, and Richard Mansfield will present the play in New York next January. A number of changes were made in the story for the stage version,

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so that there might be a happy ending for the heroine as well as for the hero of the tale.

Rescued.

'Tis dark; the murky fog hangs thick and low,
The breakers roll, and jagged rocks project
Transfixed, aghast, I sit but to reflect:
Soon o'er my barque the turbid tide will flow,
And crush me down in grimy moss below—
I sink!—but see—kind heaven doth allow
A beacon light—that light, dear love, art thou.

'Tis dark; the wintry wind doth howl and rave;
My path lies over hills and rugged rifts,
Where rocks rise high and lies the snow in drifts—
Destruction's brink I've reached, no power can save,
"All lost!" I cry, "behold the yawning grave!"
When lo! a cloud is reft, and there, I vow,
A beacon star—that star, dear love, art thou.

'Tis dark; intimidating clouds o'er spread,
An dread emotions of the soul rise high
The vanities of life I now decry,
Ambition, valor, hope and love have fled;
Bereft of these 'tis better to be dead—
Despair! despair! yet comes there even now
A vision bright—that angel, love, art thou.

—W. Estill Phipps.

A Cathedral of the Ages.

My skiff is pillowed on a sunless sea,
In a lone hollow of the emerald shore,
Far from the town, far from the ceaseless roar,
And fevered hum of trade and industry;
The wild, majestic Bay of Mystery,
Rock-walled, fir-pillared shrine of eerie lore,
Mute witness of the ages evermore—
Sublime reminder of what used to be!

I feel my view of Time grow wondrous wide;
I see the world of old, and overawed,
I note the magic of the swelling tide,
Instinct with pow'r transcending human laud—
The while wind-heralds thro' the forests ride,
And fill the solitude with songs of God!

—Frank Carleton Teck.

A Query.

Wonder who us two 'ud be
Ef you wuzn't you and I wuzn't me?
An' what 'ud all our folks do
Ef I wuzn't me an' you wuzn't you?

—Adelaide Pugh.



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It is the best of advice which Charles M. Skinner gives to the world of men in his new book "Flowers in the Pare." It is reprinted here for those who may be inclined to take a pessimistic view of life:

"Do away with occasion for gloom. It is well with the rest of the world, so, why not with us? Let's be glad we were born, instead of sorry that other folks were. The hospitable state of mind is best, because it is most like nature."

Dr. Ohage's experiment in "Municipal Socialism" is attracting attention. Through his efforts an island park, with public baths in the Mississippi River, opposite the most populous part of the city of St. Paul, has been opened and presented to the commonwealth.

A record to be proud of is that of Amelia E. Barr, who has been the mother of fourteen children, has written thirty-two books, prepared a professor for Princeton College, and at three score years of age is a superb picture of vitality—as fresh and sweet of heart as a young girl.

Oklahoma and Indian Territory have Federation of Woman's Clubs that is in no wise behind the times. At the annual meeting of the federation, held recently, Mrs. Ham, a wealthy and finely educated Indian woman, read a paper on "Town and Village Improvement," which is considered worthy of favorable comment in the current number of the "Club Woman."

When it comes to a question of religion or ethics, it is not unusual to hear grown up people argue very much as the youngster in the following story:

"Which is farther away," asked a teacher, "England or the moon?"

"England," the children answered quickly. "England?" she questioned. "What makes you think that?"

"Cause we can see the moon, and we can't see England," answered one of the brightest of the class.

Queen Victoria has thirty-seven great-grand-children, the youngest of whom is a prince of the Battenburg family, the fourth child of the young Princess Louise.

The last official report gives in round numbers 126,000 Indians wearing citizen's dress out of 267,905 wards of the government; 42,000, or nearly one-fourth of the entire number, who can read; 53,000, or over one-fourth, who speak ordinary English, and 31,000 adult church members, (only partially reported.)

Queen Christina of Spain, though entitled to \$200,000 a year from the Spanish treasury, has, it is said, never taken anything from it, in consideration of Spain's straitened monetary condition.

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2 Overland Trains Daily 2



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Train No. 24 leaves Portland at 6:55 p. m., arrives at

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Return.

Train No. 21 leaves Astoria at 7:45 a. m., arrives in

Portland at 11:10 a. m.

Train No. 23, leave Astoria at 6:10 p. m., arrives in

Portland at 9:40 p. m.

Train No. 22 runs through to Seaside, leaving Seaside

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All trains leaving Astoria for Seaside or returning from

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The Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Winter Schedule is

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EAST		COMPANY

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* 7 00 p.m.	OVERLAND EXPRESS, for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans, and the east	* 9 15 a.m.
* 8 30 a.m.	Roseburg Passenger	* 4 30 p.m.
Daily except Sunday,	Via Woodburn for Mt. Angel, Silverton, West Seio, Brownsville, Springfield, and Natron.	Daily Except Sunday
† 7 30 a.m.	Corvallis Passenger.	† 5 50 p.m.
† 4 50 p.m.	Independence Passenger	† 8 25 a.m.

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Leave for SHERIDAN daily, except Sunday, at 4:30 p. m. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 a. m.

Leave for AIRLIE Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:35 a. m. Arrive at Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3:05 p. m.

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Atlantic Express 9:00 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	7:00 a. m.
Spokane Flyer 6:00 p. m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	8:40 a. m.
8:00 p. m.	Ocean Steamships. All sailing dates subject to change. San Francisco—Sail every five days.	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:00 a. m. Ex. Sunday	Willamette River. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues, Thurs. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	8:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
6:00 a. m. Tues, Thurs. and Sat.	Willamette River. Portland to Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 8:35 a. m. Daily.	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston.	Leave Lewiston Daily 9:00 a. m.

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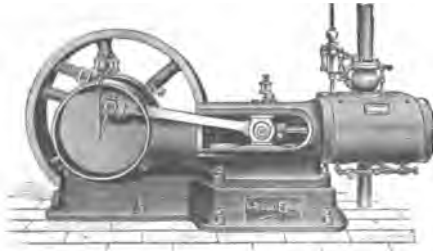
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